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SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM AND THE LAW.

So much has been said in recent years concerning the methods and policies of sensational journalism that a further word upon a topic so hackneyed would seem almost to require an explanation or an apology. Current criticism, however, for the most part, has been confined to only one of its many characteristics, — its bad taste and its vulgarizing influence on its readers by daily offenses against the actual, though as yet ideal, right of privacy, by its arrogant boastfulness, mawkish sentimentality, and a persistent and systematic distortion of values in events.

This, the most noticeable feature of yellow journalism, is indicative rather of its character than of its purpose. In considering, however, the present subject, — sensational journalism in its relation to the making, enforcing, and interpreting of law, — we enter a different field, that of the conscious policies and objects with and for which these papers are conducted. The main business of a newspaper as defined by journalists of the old school is the collection and publication of news of general interest coupled with editorial comment upon it. The old-time editor was a ruminative and critical observer of public events. This definition of the functions of a newspaper was long ago scornfully cast aside as absurdly antiquated and insufficient to include the myriad circulation-making enterprises of yellow journalism. These papers are not simply purveyors of news and com-

ment, but have what, for lack of a better term, may be called constructive policies of their own. In the making of law, for example, not content with mere criticism of legislators and their measures, the new journalism conceives and exploits measures of its own, drafted by its own counsel, and introduced as legislative bills by statesmen to whom flattering press notices and the publication of an occasional blurred photograph are a sufficient reward. Not infrequently measures thus conceived and drafted are supported by specially prepared "monster petitions," containing thousands of names, badly written and of doubtful authenticity, of supposed partisans, and by special trains filled with orators and a heterogeneous rabble described in the news columns as "committees of citizens," who at critical periods are collected together and turned loose upon the assembled lawmakers as an impressive object lesson of the public interest fervidly aroused on behalf of the newspaper's bill.

The ethics of persuasion is an interesting subject. It falls, however, outside the scope of this article. It is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule by which to determine in all cases what form of newspaper influence is legitimate and what illegitimate. The most obvious characteristic of yellow journalism in its relation to law-making is that it prefers ordinarily to obtain its ends by the use of intimidation rather than by persuasion. The

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mencement of hostilities a well-known artist, who had been sent to Cuba as a representative of one of these papers, and had there grown tired of inaction, telegraphed his chief that there was no prospect of war, and that he wished to come home. The reply he received was characteristic of the journalism he represented: "You furnish the pictures, we will furnish the war." It is characteristic because the new journalism aims to direct rather than to influence, and seeks, to an extent never attempted or conceived by the journalism it endeavors so strenuously to supplant, to create public sentiment rather than to mould it, to make measures and find men.

The larger number of the readers of the great sensational newspapers live at or near the place of publication, where the half-dozen daily editions can be placed in their hands hot from the press. The news furnished in them is, for the most part, of distinctively local interest. In their columns the horizon is narrow and inexpressibly dingy. Detailed narrations of sensational local happenings, preferably crimes and scandals, are given conspicuous places, while more important events occurring outside the city limits are treated with telegraphic brevity. These papers constitute beyond question the greatest provincializing influence in metropolitan life.

The particular local functions of sensational journalism which bring it in close relation to the courts result from its self-imposed responsibilities as detective and punisher of crime and as director of municipal officials. So far as the latter are concerned, yellow journalism has apparently a good record. Many recent instances might for example be cited where these newspapers, acting under the names of "dummy" plaintiffs, have sought and obtained preliminary or temporary injunctions against threatened official malfeasance, or where they have instituted legal pro-

ceedings to expose corrupt jobbery. As to the actual results thus accomplished, other than the publicity obtained, the general public is not in a position to judge. Temporary injunctions granted merely until the merits of the case can be heard and determined are of no particular value if when the trial day comes the newspaper plaintiff fails to appear, the case is dismissed and the temporary injunction vacated. On such occasions, and they are more frequent than the general public is aware, the newspaper takes little pains to inform its readers of the final results of the matter over which it made such hue and cry months before.

But however fair-minded persons may differ as to the results actually obtained by these newspaper law enterprises in the civil courts, there is less room for difference of opinion as to the methods with which they are conducted. They are almost invariably so managed as to convey to the minds of their readers the idea that the decision obtained, if a favorable one, has not come as the result of a just rule of law laid down by a wise and fair-minded judge, but has been obtained rather in spite of both law and judge, and wholly because a newspaper of enormous circulation, championing the cause of the people, had wrested the law to its clamorous authority. The attitude of mind thus created is well exemplified in a remark made to me by a business man of more than ordinary intelligence, in discussing an injunction granted in one of these newspaper suits arising out of a water scandal: "Why, of course Judge — granted the injunction. Everybody knew he would. There is not a judge on the bench who would have the nerve to decide the other way with all the row the newspapers have made about it. He knows where his bread is buttered."

One of the great features of counting-house journalism is its real or supposed abilities in the detection and punishment of crime. Whether this field

is a legitimate one for a newspaper to enter need not be discussed here. It goes without saying that an interesting murder mystery sells many papers, and if as a result of skillful detective work the guilty party is finally brought to the gallows or the electric chair, it is a triumph for the paper whose reporters are the sleuths. While such efforts when crowned with success are the source probably of much credit and revenue, there are various disagreeable possibilities connected with failure which the astute managers of these papers can never afford to overlook. While verdicts in libel suits are in this country generally (compared with those in England) small, and the libel law itself is filled with curious and antiquated technicalities by which verdicts may be avoided or reversed, nevertheless there is always the possibility that an innocent victim of newspaper prosecution will turn the tables and draw smart money from the enterprising journal's coffers. The acquittal of the person who has been thrust into jeopardy by newspaper detectives is obviously a serious matter for the paper. On the other hand, there are no important consequences from conviction except of course to the person condemned. Is it to be expected that the newspaper under such circumstances will preserve a disinterested and impartial tone in its news columns while the man in the dock is fighting for his life before the judge and jury? Is it remarkable that during the course of such a trial the newspaper should fill its pages with ghastly cartoons of the defendant, with murder drawn in every line of his face, or that it should by its reports of the trial itself seek to impress its readers with his guilt before it be proved according to law? that it should send its reporters exploring for new witnesses for the prosecution, and should publish in advance of their appearance on the witness stand the substance of the damaging testimony it is claimed they will give? that it should go even further,

and (as was recently shown in the course of a great poisoning case in New York city, the history of which forms a striking commentary on all these abuses) actually pay large sums of money to induce persons to make affidavits incriminating the defendant on trial? Unfortunately too often these efforts receive aid from prosecuting officers, whose sense of public duty is impaired or destroyed by the itch for reputation and a cheap and tawdry type of forensic triumph. Despicable enough is the district attorney who grants interviews to newspaper reporters during the progress of a criminal trial, and who makes daily statements to them of what he intends to prove on the morrow unless prevented by the law as expounded by the trial judge. A careful study of the progress of more than one great criminal trial in New York city would show how illegal and improper matter prejudicial to the person accused of crime has been ruled out by the trial court only to have the precise information spread about in thousands upon thousands of copies of sensational newspapers, with a reasonable certainty of their scare headlines, at least, being read by some of the jury. The pernicious influence of these journals on the courts of justice in criminal trials (and not merely in the comparatively small number in which they are themselves the instigators of the criminal proceedings) is that they often make fair play an impossibility. The days and weeks that are now not infrequently given to selecting jurors in important criminal cases are spent in large measure by counsel in examining talesmen in an endeavor to find, if possible, twelve men in whose minds the accused has not been already "tried by newspaper" and condemned or acquitted. When the public feeling in a community is such that it will be impossible for a party to an action to obtain an unprejudiced jury, a change of venue is allowed to some other county where the state of the public mind is more judicial. It is

a significant fact that nearly all applications for such change in the place of trial from New York city have been for many years based mainly upon complaints of the inflammatory zeal of the sensational press.

The courts in Massachusetts (where judges are not elected by the people, but are appointed by the Governor) have been very prompt in dealing in a very wholesome and summary way with editors of papers publishing matter calculated to improperly affect the fairness of jury trials. Whether it be from better principles or an inspiring fear of jail, the courts of public justice in that state receive little interference from unwarranted newspaper stories. Some of the cases in which summary punishment has been meted out from the bench to Massachusetts editors will impress New York readers rather curiously. For example, just before the trial of a case involving the amount of compensation the owner of land should receive for his land taken for a public purpose, a newspaper in Worcester informed its readers that "the town offered Loring (the plaintiff) \$80 at the time of the taking, but he demanded \$250, and not getting it, went to law." Another paper published substantially the same statement, and both were summarily punished by fine, the court holding that these articles were calculated to obstruct the course of justice, and that they constituted contempt of court. During the trial of a criminal prosecution in Boston a few years ago against a railway engineer for manslaughter in wrecking his train, the editor of the *Boston Traveller* intimated editorially that the railway company was trying to put the blame on the engineer as a scapegoat, and that the result of the trial would probably be in his favor. The editor was sentenced to jail for this publication. The foregoing are undoubtedly extreme cases, and are chosen simply to show the extent to which some American courts will go in punishing newspaper contempts. All

of these decisions were taken on appeal to the highest court of the state and were there affirmed. The California courts have been equally vigorous in several cases of recent years, notably in connection with publications made during the celebrated Durant murder trial in San Francisco. The English courts are, if anything, even more severe in this class of cases, a recent decision of the Court of King's Bench being a noteworthy illustration. During the course of the trial of two persons for felony, the "special crime investigator" of the *Bristol Weekly Dispatch* sent to his paper reports, couched in a fervid and sensational form, containing a number of statements relating to matters as to which evidence would not have been admissible in any event against the defendants upon their trial, and reflecting severely on their characters. Both of the defendants referred to were convicted of the crime for which they were indicted, and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Shortly after their conviction and sentence the editor of the *Dispatch* and this special crime investigator were prosecuted criminally for perverting the course of justice, and each of them was sentenced to six weeks in prison. Lord Alverstone, who rendered the opinion on the appeal taken by the editor and reporter, in affirming the judgment of conviction, expresses himself in language well worth repeating. He says:¹—

"A person accused of crime in this country can properly be convicted in a court of justice only upon evidence which is legally admissible, and which is adduced at his trial in legal form and shape. Though the accused be really guilty of the offense charged against him, the due course of law and justice is nevertheless perverted and obstructed if those who have to try him are induced to approach the question of his guilt or innocence with minds into which prejudice has been instilled by published asser-

¹ 1 K. B. (1902) 77.

tions of his guilt, or imputations against his life and character to which the laws of the land refuse admission as evidence."

In the state of New York the courts have permitted themselves to be deprived of the greater portion of the power which the courts of Massachusetts, in common with those of most of the states, exercise of punishing for contempt the authors of newspaper publications prejudicial to fair trials. Some twenty-five years ago the state legislature passed an act defining and limiting the cases in which summary punishment for contempt should be inflicted by the courts. Similar legislation has been attempted in other states, only to be declared unconstitutional by the courts themselves, holding that the power to punish is inherent in the judiciary independently of legislative authority, and that, as the Supreme Court of Ohio says, "The power the legislature does not give, it cannot take away." But while the courts of Ohio, Virginia, Georgia, Indiana, Kentucky, Arkansas, Colorado, and California have thus resisted legislative encroachment upon their constitutional powers, the highest court of New York has submitted to having its power to protect its own usefulness and dignity shorn and curtailed by the legislature. The result is that while by legislative permission they may punish the editor or proprietor of a paper for contempt, it can be *only* when the offense consists in publishing "a false or grossly inaccurate report of a judicial proceeding." The insufficiency of such a power is apparent when one considers that the greater number of the cartoons and comments contained in publications fairly complained of as prejudicing individual legal rights are not, and do not pretend to be, reports of judicial proceedings at all, but are entirely accounts of matters "outside the record." If the acts done, for example, in any of the cases cited as illustrations above, had been done un-

der similar circumstances in New York, the New York courts would have been powerless to take any proceeding whatever in the nature of contempt against the respective offenders. The result is that in the state which suffers most from the gross and unbridled license of a sensational and lawless press the courts possess the least power to repress and restrain its excesses. A change of law which shall give New York courts power to deal summarily with trial by newspaper is imperatively needed.

To the two examples which have just been given of the direct influence which counting-house journalism seeks to exert upon judges and jurors might be added others of equal importance would space permit. But all improper influences upon legislators or other public officials, or upon judges or jurors which these papers may exercise or attempt to exercise, are as naught in comparison with their systematic and constant efforts to instill into the minds of the ignorant and poor, who constitute the greater part of their readers, the impression that justice is not blind but bought; that the great corporations own the judges, particularly those of the Federal courts, body and soul; that American institutions are rotten to the core, and that legislative halls and courts of justice exist as instruments of oppression and to preserve the rights of property by denying or destroying the rights of man. No greater injury can be done to the working people than to create in their minds this false and groundless suspicion concerning the integrity of the judiciary. In a country whose political existence, in the ultimate analysis, depends so largely upon the intelligence and honesty of its judges, the general welfare requires not merely that judges should be men of integrity, but that the people should believe them to be so. It is this confidence which counting-house journalism has set itself deliberately at undermining. It is not so important that the people should believe in the

wisdom of their judges. The liberty of criticism is not confined to the bar and what Judge Grover used to call "the lawyer's inalienable privilege of damning the adverse judge — out of court." There is no divinity which hedges a judge. His opinions and his personality are proper subjects for criticism, but the charge of corruption should not be made recklessly and without good cause. It is noticeable that this charge of corruption which yellow journalism makes against the courts is almost invariably a wholesale charge, never accompanied by any specific accusation against any definite official. These general charges are more frequently expressed by cartoon than by comment. The big-chested Carthaginian labeled "The Trusts," holding a squirming Federal judge in his fist, is a cartoon which in one form or another appears in some of these papers whenever an injunction is granted in a labor dispute at the instance of some great corporation. Justice holding her scales with a workingman unevenly balanced by an immense bag of gold; a human basilisk with dollar marks on his clothes, a judge sticking out of his pocket, and a workingman under his foot; Justice holding her scales in one hand and with the other conveniently open to receive the bribe that is being placed in it, — these and many other cartoons of similar character and meaning are familiar to all readers of sensational newspapers. If their readers believe the cartoons, what faith can they have left in American institutions? What alternative is offered but anarchy if wealth has poisoned the fountains of justice; if reason is powerless and money omnipotent? If the judges are corrupt the political heavens are empty.

There is no occasion to defend the

American judiciary from charges of wholesale corruption. They might be passed over in silence if they were addressed merely to the educated and intelligent, or to those familiar by personal contact with the actual operations of the courts. That there are many judicial decisions rendered which are unsound in their reasoning may be readily granted. That some of the Federal judges are men of very narrow gauge, and that, during the recent coal strike for example, in granting sweeping, wholesale injunctions against strikers they have accompanied their decrees at times with opinions so unjudicial, so filled with mediæval prejudice and rancor against legitimate organizations of working people as to rouse the indignation of right-minded men, may be admitted. But prejudice and corruption are totally dissimilar. There is always hope that an honest though prejudiced man may in time see reason. This hope inspires patience and forbearance. Justice can wait with confidence while the prejudiced or ultra-conservative judge grows wise, and the principles of law are strongest and surest when they have been established by surmounting the prejudice and doubts of many timid and over-conservative men. But justice and human progress should not and will not wait until the corrupt judge becomes honest. To thoughtful men the severest charge yet to be made against this new journalism is not merely the influence it attempts to exert, and perhaps does exert, in particular cases, but that wantonly and without just cause it endeavors to destroy in the hearts and minds of thousands of newspaper readers a deserved confidence in the integrity of the courts and a patient faith in the ultimate triumph of justice by law.

George W. Alger.

ACADEMIC FREEDOM IN THEORY AND IN PRACTICE.

I.

ONCE or twice every year the public hears of differences of opinion between teachers in our collegiate institutions and those who hold the appointing power. The conflict which thus arises is often serious enough to claim a large amount of newspaper discussion. The subjects at issue are as varied as the range of human interests. Sometimes the difference hangs on the method employed in the creation of the world; sometimes on the proper definition of a dollar in the laws of the United States. One man is called to account for his views about the condition of the wicked after death, another for his opinions concerning the reciprocal duties of rich and poor, a third for his teaching as to the stability of organic species, and a fourth for his judgment upon the physiological effects of alcohol. The champions of freedom point out the evils to which we are subject if men are estopped from teaching what they believe to be the truth by those who are in the nature of things less expert in the particular subject of inquiry than is the teacher himself. The champions of authority retort by emphasizing the dangers to good morals which may ensue if freedom has reached a point where it degenerates into license; and they insist that in a school or a college, no less than in any other organization, the trustees are primarily responsible for the prevention of such license.

The outcome of the conflict is generally in favor of the corporation, be it public or private, and against the individual teacher or group of teachers. This is partly due to the corporation's material advantage in holding the base of supplies; but it is perhaps even more largely due to its moral advantage in having the practical and tangible side

of the argument, as against the theoretical or abstract one. The authority which seeks to suppress freedom of teaching may be right or it may be wrong in what it says, but at any rate it has perfectly intelligible reasons to give. If it believes that the eternal salvation of the pupils will be jeopardized by certain views as to the creation of the world, or if it believes that the commercial prosperity of the country is dependent upon certain theories of political economy, its duty seems to lie plain before it; and the community tends to support it for its steadfastness in thus doing what it believes to be its duty. Against this plain obligation of the authorities the champions of liberty of teaching can only oppose a theory of freedom which is somewhat abstract, and, as popularly stated, somewhat incorrect also.

For the question of academic freedom is not one which stands by itself, or can be settled by itself. The problem of the liberty of teaching connects itself with other problems of civil liberty; and all these problems together reach back into past history, and can be properly analyzed only by historical study. Only by placing them all in their proper relations to one another can we understand either the reasons or the limitations of our system of academic freedom as it exists at the present day. To the modern observer liberty in its various manifestations is neither an abstract right to be assumed, as Rousseau would have assumed it, nor a pernicious phantom to be condemned and exorcised, as Carlyle or Ruskin would have condemned it, but an essential element in orderly progress; not without its dangers and not without its limitations, yet justified on the whole because the necessary combination of progress and order can be better secured by a high

degree of individual liberty than in any other fashion. Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill and John Morley have successively contributed to the formulation and proof of this idea, until it has become a well-established principle, accepted by the great majority of active thinkers. "The doctrine of liberty," says Morley, "rests on a faith drawn from the observation of human progress, that though we know wheat to be serviceable and tares to be worthless, yet there are in the great seed-plot of human nature a thousand rudimentary germs, not wheat and not tares, of whose properties we have not had a fair opportunity of assuring ourselves. If you are too eager to pluck up the tares, you are very likely to pluck up with them these untried possibilities of human excellence, and you are, moreover, very likely to injure the growing wheat as well."

If we go back far enough into the beginnings of history, we find the different forms of authority by which men's actions are now regulated merging more and more closely into one. What we now call morals is in the earliest times represented by a body of tribal customs, rigidly enforced upon all members of the community by discipline and habit. What we now call law is represented by a system of punishments, rigidly enforced by all members of the tribe against him whom they suspect to be recalcitrant in deed or in thought. What we now call science is represented by a series of myths, giving supernatural reasons for the tribal customs and the fierceness with which any infraction of those customs must be punished. Under such circumstances there is no freedom of action, and — if we may put the matter in Hibernian fashion — even less freedom of thought; for while an action at variance with the customs of the tribe might possibly be treated as an accident and expiated by some atonement short of the death of the offender, independence of thought seems an act

of impiety against the gods, deliberate, intentional, and inexpiable.

This view of the origin of law and morals is tolerably familiar. As far as concerns the ancestry of modern science, it may provoke more surprise or dissent. Yet I conceive that it is hardly open to doubt. Not only were the priests the first teachers of anything like an explanation of the universe, but the things which they taught had a certain degree of scientific merit. The theory that some god would destroy the tribe if it did not wash at a particular time was a very crude explanation of an observed fact; but it nevertheless had its merits. It caused the tribe to wash occasionally, — a thing which otherwise it would never have done, — and to an age which judges science by its practical results this is no small achievement. It furnished a theory which tended to prevent disease; and of few modern physiological theories can so much as this be asserted. It recognized the truth which bacteriological science has only just grown up to in the present generation: that the penalty for violation of law was visited not so much upon the individual as upon the whole community. Nay, the very forms in which the explanations were given were perhaps not so far behind those of recent philosophic thought as we to-day fondly imagine. We may laugh at the fire god or the cloud myth as a figment of the imagination; but they were apparently just as real as the caloric of which our grandfathers talked so glibly, and perhaps no more unreal than the electricity of which we to-day hear so much and know so little.

The cardinal fault with this early science was not so much its error as its intolerance. It failed to provide for progress. It claimed to be a revelation which was not only good as far as it went, but prohibitory of all change. The reasons for this intolerance were obvious enough. As Bagehot well says: —

"In early times the quantity of gov-

ernment is much more important than its quality. What you want is a comprehensive rule binding men together, making them do much the same things, telling them what to expect of each other,—fashioning them alike and keeping them so: what this rule is, does not matter so much." . . . "All the actions of life are to be submitted to a single rule for a single object, — that gradually created 'hereditary drill,' which science teaches to be essential, and which the early instinct of men saw to be essential too. That this régime forbids free thought is not an evil, — or rather, though an evil, it is the necessary basis for the greatest good; it is necessary for making the mould of civilization and hardening the soft fibre of early man." . . . "There is no 'limited liability' in the political notions of that time; the early tribe or nation is a religious partnership, on which a rash member by a sudden impiety may bring utter ruin. If the state is conceived thus, toleration becomes wicked: a permitted deviation from the transmitted ordinances becomes simple folly, — it is a sacrifice of the happiness of the greatest number; it is allowing one individual, for a moment's pleasure or a stupid whim, to bring terrible and irretrievable calamity upon all."

But when this cohesion was once established, it was the next essential step to provide for progress. And it so happened that some of the very means used by the priesthood to strengthen the authority of their teachings gave an opening for new and sometimes better teaching. Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall, in his articles on the Origin of Religious Expression, has gone far to establish the view that the ceremonials of which ancient worship so largely consists were in fact devised for the purpose of creating a recurrence of that pathological condition of the mind under which supernatural explanations of facts are most readily accepted. A man who is

well fed and full blooded tends to look out for his own obvious interests and to disregard the commands which have been placed upon him in the interests of the community. He must therefore be occasionally reduced to a state of fasting, where the supernatural terrors will have more than their ordinary effect. If he is told to do an unpleasant thing because the spirit of his grandfather commands it, he must occasionally be brought back to the condition where he sees, or thinks he sees, the spirit of his grandfather. This is, in brief, the principle on which Marshall explains satisfactorily many of those tribal usages for which Spencer and other previous writers have found it difficult to account. But it is obvious that these same fastings and ceremonies, which thus strengthened the authority of the priesthood, provided also a receptive audience for persons, within that priesthood or outside of it, who might believe themselves possessed of new revelations to communicate. If a man was placed in the condition where he would see the spirit of his grandfather, he was likely to see some other things not dreamed or intended by those who brought him to this state. A time of religious frenzy gave every opportunity for an innovator to say things which at soberer times the people would not have dared to listen to, and which he himself might not have dared to think. A man of oratorical temperament, who at other seasons would have been stoned to death as a blasphemer, might now be welcomed as a prophet. This was the beginning of liberty of teaching. Where the priests represented scientific conservatism, the prophets represented scientific progress. It is needless to say that there was none too much love between priests and prophets. The former would as a rule willingly have exterminated the latter. But over and over again it is related that "they feared the people." The new word which the prophet had uttered had received such a hearing that

there was greater danger to the priestly authority in its suppression than in the unwilling toleration of its continuance. To justify themselves in this toleration, without at the same time encouraging all other men to a similar defiance of their authority, the priests adopted the simple method of treating the prophet as legally irresponsible. They said, in short, that he was crazy; and this explanation was quite readily accepted. Even at the present day, the majority of hard-headed business men believe that poets, professors, and other classes of idealists have a bee in their bonnets; and if this is true now, when men of these classes are held amenable to the law of the land, much more necessarily was it the case when they were openly proclaimed as madmen and encouraged, if not compelled, to adapt their conduct to the character thus thrust upon them.

But this system, while it prevented absolute stagnation, was a very unsatisfactory means of securing progress. It was perhaps exhibited at its best in the history of Israel, where the prophetic books have given to the world the foundation of its profoundest philosophy of human conduct. Yet even here the fact that the leadership of the progressive element was entrusted to men whom society supposed to be mad, rendered it wholly impossible for that society to defend itself against outside enemies. And here again also, when a prophet arose in the person of Jesus, whose moral philosophy was too practical to be embodied exclusively in a rhapsodic form, the people who had been ready to follow him enthusiastically in any extravagant claims which he might make joined with the priests in his condemnation. For real progress in teaching it was necessary to find a legal basis for quiet and sensible propagation of truth, as distinct from irresponsible and revolutionary deliverances. It was necessary to develop some new system under which the champion of new doctrines could be treated as a sane man without

at the same time loosening those bonds of social cohesion which had rested on the general acceptance of the old doctrine.

This possibility was found in the separation of the conceptions of law and morals, which is such an important element in modern civilization.

In the very earliest times, as has already been said, the two are wholly indistinguishable. The customs of the tribe were enforced by the tribe as a whole. Any deviation from them was prevented by a system of terrorism. An act that offended the gods was punished by a sort of lynch law. But as time went on the process of punishment began to be organized and the offenses themselves to be classified. Certain violations of the detail of ceremonial could be expiated without the death or banishment of the offender. Others which constituted an immediate menace to public safety were of necessity avenged more speedily and swiftly. Particularly was this true of violations of military discipline in time of war or when war was imminent. Of such offenses immediate cognizance was taken by the chief of the fighting force, rather than by the high priest of the gods. Even when, as frequently happened, these two functions were united in the same person, the procedure in the one case was different from the other. Out of this system of punishments for offenses prejudicial to discipline there grew up a military law necessary for protection against foreign enemies, and afterward a civil law necessary to secure safety at home, different in its content and in its sanction from that wider body of tribal customs whose exponents were the priests, and whose sanction was found in the divine displeasure upon the tribe which tolerated their violation or their questioning.

Law, in this view, was created by a gradual delegation on the part of the tribe or people of certain parts of the old morality to the military authorities

for enforcement. The process was of course a slow one, and it took different forms in different countries. We can see these differences in the history of the nations of antiquity with whose inner workings we are most familiar. In the Jews, as in most other Oriental peoples, it was but slightly developed, — at least, until they came under the influence of Greek, and afterward of Roman civilization. In the Greeks the actual separation of the conception of law and morals was carried very far, but without the development of such an independent system of law as characterized the Roman world, which was strong enough to stand intact when the sanctions of morality were shaken or altered. But whether the separation was slight or considerable, imperfect or complete, it carried with it one possibility which was of great importance for freedom of thought and freedom of teaching. It allowed separate treatment of the actions of men on the one hand, and of their moral and scientific theories on the other. The law was primarily concerned with the act; the theory or intent was of but secondary importance. It therefore became possible for a man to change his theories widely, and come into direct conflict with many of the teachings of the priests and of the more conservative citizens, without violating any law or interfering with public safety. It was not necessary to restrain him or to treat him as insane. He could make his experiments and investigations without jeopardizing the framework of the political structure. Under such circumstances a system of free thought could be tolerated by the authorities, because it strained none of the principles under which they were accustomed to administer the law; and it could be endured complacently by the community, because it did not undermine a social order which was founded on a conception of law and a habit of legal obedience independent of supernatural sanctions. Rome could endure transmutations of

thought which Athens could not, because Roman law represented a more coherent system than the law of Athens, and had behind it a discipline which secured a degree of obedience and self-subordination for which the Athenian state could find no parallel. To sum the matter up in a single word, the separation of law and morals made the system of free thought possible.

How completely this possibility was realized is seen by the conditions which prevailed at Rome during the later republic and early empire. The control of the state over men's actions was pretty rigid: its tolerance of their opinions was absolutely unbounded. Different religions could exist side by side in the empire, and in Rome itself, without provoking so much as a suspicion of hostility. The persecution of the Christians was not for their religious opinions, but, primarily at any rate, for their habit of holding irresponsible assemblies, of which the Roman law was profoundly jealous, and of enunciating theories of sovereignty which seemed to conflict with that law itself. The same habit of toleration was seen in Europe in the centuries immediately preceding the Reformation. The settlement of the conflicts between Guelph and Ghibelline had left the line of secular and ecclesiastical authority so distinct in politics that a surprising degree of toleration was exercised, not only by the secular authorities, but by the Church itself. It is the custom in some quarters to sneer at this fourteenth-century toleration as the result of moral apathy, and worse than no toleration at all. This is an error. The apathy, as far as it existed, was a bad thing; but the toleration, just as far as it existed, was a good thing, and was in fact the means which enabled the thinkers of the generations following to rise above the levels set by their predecessors. The Reformation, on the other hand, by the violence of the religious wars which it aroused, tended to obliterate the distinction

between law and morals, and made not only Catholic and Protestant churches, but Catholic and Protestant sovereigns, for the time being intolerant of that liberty which a few centuries previous would have been taken as a matter of course. This effect made itself felt alike with Papist and Anabaptist and Calvinist, with Jesuit and Cromwellian. Nowhere does this condition with its accompanying results manifest itself more strikingly than in our early New England communities, whose theories indeed provided for the sovereignty of individual judgment, but whose practice rendered the exercise of that judgment illusory or impossible.

But however complete the separation of law and morals may be, the resulting freedom of thought does not necessarily carry with it freedom of teaching. For teaching is more than a theory; it is an act. It is not a subjective or individual affair, but a course of conduct which creates important social relations and social obligations.

It is necessary to dwell on this point, because much of the popular discussion treats freedom of teaching and freedom of thought as synonymous. In many of the cases which come up at the present day, a restriction on the liberty of the instructor is regarded as a corresponding violation of liberty of thought. The reason for this is not far to seek. In the ages which have immediately preceded our own the actual restraints which were placed upon the teacher were based upon the broad ground of religious opinion rather than on the narrower and more concrete ground of social expediency. They were, in general, restraints imposed by the church rather than by the state. Galileo was forbidden to teach that the earth revolved around the sun because it was considered wrong for him to think that the earth revolved around the sun. Deny liberty of thought and you deny liberty of teaching as a matter of course. But it does not follow, because you approve of liberty

of thought, that you thereby sanction a corresponding liberty of teaching, even among teachers of the highest grade. The expediency of free thought can be settled by broad generalizations from human history; the expediency of teaching some of these thoughts in the school can only be decided by a careful examination of the circumstances of each particular case.

The first instance on record in which the question of liberty of teaching was made the subject of an extended legal inquiry was that of Socrates, reported at length, though probably with a somewhat partisan coloring, in the *Apology* of Plato. The case is in many of its aspects an exceedingly modern one, and illustrates the principle, so often emphasized by men like Dr. Arnold or Lord Macaulay, of the essential nearness of the ancient Athenian to the Englishman or American of the nineteenth century.

As frequently happens even at the present day when these questions are pushed to an extreme, the occasion of the trial appears to have been a political one. Socrates was disliked by the group then dominant in Athenian politics, and was made a victim of this dislike. But the actual indictment against him was apparently based on two distinct grounds: that of impiety, in that he was said to condemn the old gods and substitute a new demonism of his own; and that of corrupting the youth who came under his influence. Although he was finally convicted of the former charge, the really active discussion hinged about the latter. Two things were urged against him in this connection: the habit of analytical inquiry, which destroyed the old beliefs through asking more or less sophistical questions, and the character of his disciples themselves, whose social and political careers, notably that of Alcibiades, showed in some instances a sad falling off from the old virtues of faith and patriotism. Whatever we may think of

the decision actually rendered, — and in judging this it is to be remembered that only partisan reports have reached us, — there can be no question that the accusers of Socrates had at least an arguable case. Alcibiades, for the time being the most noted pupil of Socrates, had been a distinctly bad man. In the life and death struggle in which his country had been engaged with the Lacedæmonians he, from motives of personal pique, had not only deserted to the enemy, but had given that enemy the suggestion which enabled it to carry the conflict to a conclusion which had deprived Athens of its power and threatened the city itself with destruction. His tardy return to the side of his native country did not suffice to prevent this disaster. It simply showed that he was ready to serve one side or the other, as selfish interest might demand. Other pupils of Socrates who had gone into politics, — Critias for instance, — though falling short of the conspicuous demerit of Alcibiades, yet stood in distinctly bad odor with many of their fellow countrymen. More than this: it might well be urged that the selfish course of conduct of these men was the result of the very teachings which Socrates had inculcated — to rely on their own reason, to question all authority, to look to enlightened selfishness as the only motive for right action, to despise all who could not render an analyzed reason for their beliefs. This evil was not confined to individual students, nor did it stop with the mere rejecting of beliefs. In the wholesale destruction of the Hermæ the Athenian student body committed an act of wanton sacrilege, to the detriment of art and civic duty which they should have respected, even if they cared not for what the images represented to the older generation. These were incidents of the new scientific method. We may well believe that Socrates himself was a good man, and that the results of his teachings, as exemplified in his own person, stopped

short of the effects which they showed in some of his light-headed disciples. Yet even on the evidence of his favorite pupils, the fact stands out that he took inadequate care of his family, was given to somewhat notorious indulgence in drink, and, in short, was very far from the type of respectability which would have been necessary to offset the public dislike of an Alcibiades, or even of a Critias. To those who deemed conduct of more importance than knowledge, and who were not willing to abandon a belief because they could not answer successfully the sometimes flippant questionings concerning the grounds for holding it, such a man might well seem a dangerous character.

And what are the lines on which Socrates replies? Concerning the badness of his disciples, he simply says that he has no disciples. He teaches what it is given to him to teach; any one may come and hear him. If these individual youth are harmed thereby, why do not their natural guardians step in and protest? Why are they not called as witnesses against him? And concerning the general objections as to the influence of his philosophy, he makes answer that a worse man cannot harm a better; that if it be true that his teachings represent a lowering of moral standards, the very excellence of that which he attacks will preserve it from contamination.

The first thing which will strike a modern reader of this reply of Socrates is that it is a defense of freedom of thought rather than of freedom of teaching. In the case of a skillful instructor, dealing with men younger than himself, it is false to say that the worse cannot harm the better. The conflict is not on even terms. His experience gives him a power which they do not possess the means of resisting. And if such a teacher attaches to himself a group of pupils, it is nonsense for him to say that he has no disciples. That which is tolerated by the law when it takes the form

of individual thought, or even of casual discussion, may become a menace to society when it is made the subject of systematic communication to the young.

Under these circumstances, with the flagrant misconduct of one of his favorite pupils and the serious lawlessness of many of the others fresh in their minds, it is perhaps hardly to be wondered that the verdict of the Athenian jury should have gone against the innovator. He had failed to meet the practical issue which was raised against him; and just as many a modern discoverer under similar circumstances is condemned to lose his post, so Socrates was condemned to lose his life. Yet when asked to propose, as was the wont in Athenian courts, some milder alternative sentence, which there seems little doubt that his judges would have been glad to adopt in lieu of inflicting the death penalty, he rises to the height of the occasion and grasps in its full significance a point which he has hitherto fallen short of apprehending. What the authorities shall do to him if they do not kill him, is the question; and his answer is, that they shall maintain him at public expense in the Prytaneum as a benefactor of the state. As a piece of legal tactics, nothing could be more fatal than this. It served to consolidate against him the adverse majority, and even to turn to the other side some who had originally voted in his favor, so that the final death sentence was passed by a majority somewhat larger than that which had first decreed his conviction. Yet from the standpoint of accurate analysis and of profound social philosophy his alternative was justly framed,—framed to apply to the case of every radical free-thinker who undertakes to teach views which loosen the cohesion on which the old order is based. To a large part of the more susceptible youth who came under his influence, whether light-minded or reckless or calculatingly selfish, the effect of teaching which loosened the bond of tradition was for the mo-

ment a menace to social order. It is only in later generations, when the methods and traditions which Socrates impugned have crumbled to dust, while the strength of the philosophy which he inspired in a few of his best pupils continues to have its power over the world, that his great service stands out clear. He has been at once a corrupter of the youth and a benefactor of the human race. For the one he deserves banishment or death; for the other, public maintenance and honor. He has played for a coronet or a scaffold. One at least he has earned, — perhaps both.

Not to all teachers is such measure of opportunity given as fell to the lot of Socrates. Not for all are the prizes so high, the hazards so treacherous. The intellectual mobility of the Athenian youth, which gave the principles of Socrates such a ready hearing and rapid propagation, rendered his pupils exceptionally liable to make a bad use of the habits which he inculcated — to despise piety no less than the shams which had grown up about it, and to disobey the laws as soon as the religious sanctions for those laws were weakened. At Rome the progress was less rapid, but the danger was also less acute. Not only were the minds of the Roman youth slower than those of the Athenians, but the system of Roman law was strong enough to command obedience by the weight of its own authority and make the republic comparatively safe against the results of theoretical speculation. And thus it happened that the philosophers at Rome, though hated by conservatives like Cato with a hatred no less deadly than that of the most recalcitrant Greek in the days of Socrates, were nevertheless allowed, with but brief intervals of molestation, to pursue their teachings in peace. The modern world has fallen heir to the system of Roman law and its results. It has fallen heir also, in general, to the Roman slowness rather than to the Greek agility of thought.

Yet in all countries and conditions, even down to the present day, the antithesis between the duty of the discoverer who would find new truth and the duty of the teacher who would consider his country's safety remains a stumbling-block; less perilous, perhaps, but no less unavoidable than in the days of Socrates. Can we so order our institutions that this antithesis shall be less sharply felt, this stumbling-block less obnoxious?

In the field of politics we have gone far toward removing the corresponding difficulty which once existed, when all institutional reform carried with it, or at any rate seemed to carry with it, the danger of revolution. We have learned to draw the line between the group of actions which Mill characterized as self-regarding, and another group which more immediately concerns the safety or interest of others. By permitting liberty in the former field and restricting it in the latter, we seem to have secured the advantages of freedom without exposing ourselves to the worse dangers. We have combined the maximum

of progress with the minimum of revolution. But in educational matters we have not yet learned to draw this line. We have not learned to separate the rights of the discoverer from the duties of the teacher, or to secure the advantages of freedom without the dangers. Nay, that very progress of legal conservatism which lessens the teacher's dangers in one direction binds him by closer shackles in another, and renders his conflict of duties more perplexing. The establishment of a well-ordered legal system, which gives the teacher permanent position and recognition in the state, tends to make him in fact, if not in name, a part of the public service, engaged in preparing others for that service; and it brings him under a contractual relation with authorities, public or private, who pay him for his teaching and conceive that they have the right to say what he shall teach.

An account of some of the circumstances which have shaped this relation and the consequences which have arisen therefrom will be given in another article.

Arthur Twining Hadley.

HARBORS.

FULL many a noonday nook I know
Where Memory is fain to go
And wait in Silence till the Shade
Of Sleep the Solitude invade:

For there the resting-places are
Of Dreams that, journeying afar,
Pause in their migratory flight
This side the continent of Night.

John B. Tabb.

MY OWN STORY.

II. FIRST EXPERIENCES AS A WRITER.

TRAVELING by packet boat on the Erie Canal, from Rochester, and by steamboat down the Hudson from Albany, I arrived at the pier in New York at daybreak on the morning of May 15 (1847).

And what a daybreak it was! The great river, the shipping, the mast-fringed wharves, the misty morning light, the silent streets of the hardly yet awakening city, the vastness and strangeness and mystery of it all, kindled my enthusiasm and made me glad I had come. In all that mighty metropolis I knew not a single soul; I brought no message to any one, not a letter of introduction; I knew no more what was before me than if I had dropped upon Mars or the Moon; but what of that? Here was life, and I was young!

It was characteristic of my impressive and impulsive nature that I strolled about City Hall Park and down Broadway to the Battery, where I sat long on the benches, enjoying the novel scenes, the sails and steamboats, the dashing waves, the cool breeze from the water, then crossed by ferry to Brooklyn and back, before I thought of looking for a boarding-place. Then I found one on the shady side of Duane Street, quite near Broadway, and not very far from the steamboat wharf, where I had left my trunk. In country fashion I knocked at the door, and wondered why nobody came to let me in. I was so green I did not know a doorbell.

The door was opened by a smiling little doctor, who, I must do him the justice to say, continued to smile (perhaps he smiled all the more) when he learned that I had come for board and not for a prescription. He instructed me in the mysteries of the bell-pull, and a maid conveyed me upstairs to the

landlady. It was a boarding-house "for gentlemen only," the "gentlemen" being for the most part dry goods clerks, and young men — elderly men, too, as I was soon to discover — out of business and seeking employment.

I had a room-mate at first, a companionable fellow, who began at once to enlighten me in the agreeable vices of city life, offering to "take me everywhere." He was so well dressed and so frankly friendly, and the allurements he described were, from his point of view, such matters of course for any one privileged to enjoy them, that I did not realize at all that my first city acquaintance was a dangerous one. Indeed, he was not dangerous to me. I listened to him with curiosity and perfect toleration, and took one or two walks with him; but soon withdrew from his society, simply because our tastes were not congenial, and I had aspirations to which his atmosphere was not the breath of life. I told our landlady that I must have a room by myself, or go elsewhere, — that I not only wished to write and study a good deal, but that the mere presence of a room-mate was irksome to me. She gave me a small room with one window, high up in the house, — the conventional garret, in short, — and I was happy.

What, after all, was the motive that had brought me to New York? That I had secret hopes of becoming an author is certainly true; but I had not confided them to my most intimate friend, I scarcely dared acknowledge them to myself; and I was not presumptuous enough to suppose that at the age of nineteen, ill equipped as I was for such a career, I could start in at once and earn a living by my pen. I carried with me my manuscripts and

books, and habits of study and composition, in which I had satisfaction for their own sake, and which I fondly believed would reward me with happiness, if not fortune, in the near future; but in the meantime I flattered myself that I was looking for some business of a practical nature.

I answered an advertisement for a young man who wrote a good hand and knew something of accounts, and found a crowd of applicants at the place before me. I visited an employment office, which got my dollar on the false pretense of insuring me a good situation within a week, but rendered me not the slightest service. I had cherished, like so many country boys, romantic dreams of going to sea; I frequented the wharves, and observed the sailors, and was quickly cured of any desire to ship before the mast, but still fancied I would like to be a supercargo, or something of that sort; even a voyage or two as cabin boy might have its attractions. I had also heard of such a position as that of navy captain's secretary, which I thought would be peculiarly desirable for a youth of some literary capacity wishing to see the world. One day, perceiving a man-of-war in port, and a fine-looking officer on the quarter-deck walking to and fro under an awning, I ventured on board, and accosted him, with all due respect, as I thought then, and as I still believe. I have quite forgotten what I was starting to say, but I remember well the curt command that cut me short: "Take off your hat when you address a gentleman!" uttered without discontinuing his walk, or turning his face, which he carried high before him.

If he had hurled a binnacle at me, or a bow-anchor, or anything else naval and characteristic, I could not have been more astounded. Seeing that he wore his own cap (handsomely gold-laced, as I have him in my mind's eye still), and we were in the open air but for the awning, I could not possibly discover how I had merited so brutal a rebuff. I stared

at him a moment, stiffing with astonishment and humiliation, and indignant enough to hurl back at him anything in his own line, a capstan or a forecastle — I was too angry to make a discriminating choice. Fortunately I had sense enough to reflect that he was in his own little kingdom, and that if I was not pleased with the manners of the country the sooner I took myself out of it the better. I turned my back on him abruptly and left the ship, choking down my wrath, but thinking intently (too late, as was my habit) of the killingly sarcastic retort I might have made. Thus was quenched in me the last flickering inclination for a seafaring life.

Meanwhile I went about the actual, unpractical business which, unconfessedly, I had most at heart. I offered a volume of verses — metrical tales chiefly, in a variety of styles, derived from Byron, Scott, and Burns, with here and there a reminiscence of Hudibras — to two or three publishers, all of whom but one declined even to look at them (perhaps looking at the author's face was sufficient), telling me, kindly enough but firmly, that no book of poems unless written by a man of established reputation could possibly attract public attention. The one who did at last consent to examine my manuscripts returned them with even fewer words, no doubt thinking he had already wasted too many on a hopeless case.

"I must make a reputation before I can get anybody to print my volume," I said to myself; and I could see but one way of doing that. I selected some of the shorter pieces from my collection, and began offering them to the weekly papers, along with some prose sketches which I had brought from the country, or completed after my arrival. I did not find editors anxious to fill their columns with my poetry; and though my prose articles met with more favor, I was told even by those who expressed a willingness to print them that they did not pay for "such things."

I was a shy youth, and it really required heroic effort on my part to make these calls on editors and publishers, and offer them my crude literary wares, which I was pretty sure to have handed back to me, perhaps with that cold silence so much more killing even than criticism to a young writer's aspirations. How often in those days I stood panting at an editor's door, waiting to still my heart-beats and gain breath and courage for the interview, then perhaps cravenly descending the stairs and putting off till another day the dreaded ordeal! I could never forget those bitter experiences, which I trust made me somewhat tender of the feelings of literary aspirants, when in later years it came my turn to exercise a little brief authority in an editorial chair.

Rebuffs from other sources made me peculiarly sensitive to the first kind words of encouragement that I remember receiving in those days. I suppose I was all the more grateful for them because they came from one of those whom it required most courage to meet. In my boyhood I was overawed by imposing reputations; and in 1847 Major Noah was one of the prominent men of New York. He had originated two or three daily papers, and was then editor and proprietor of the *Sunday Times*. To him, among others, I submitted a specimen of my verse. He looked up from his desk, in a small, littered room, where he was writing rapidly his weekly editorials for the *Times*, and told me dryly that it would be of no use for him to read my poem since he could not print it.

"It may be of use to me, if you will take the trouble to look at it," I said; "for I should like to have some person of experience tell me whether there is any chance of my earning money by my pen in this city of New York."

"Anybody who wishes to do that must write prose and leave poetry alone," he replied. Whereupon I told him I had at my boarding-place an un-

finished story I would like to show him. "Finish it," he said, "and bring it to me. I shall not probably be able to use it, but I may direct you to somebody who can. At all events, I will tell you what I think of it."

From the moment when he spoke to me I was relieved entirely of the diffidence with which I had approached him. When I went to call on him again I felt that I was going to see a friend. Meanwhile I had finished my story — the most ambitious thing I had yet attempted — and sent it to him.

He offered me a stool beside his chair and laid out my manuscript on his desk.

"Young man," said he, "I think you have it in you." I was speechless, shivering with joy. "This," pushing my poem aside, "is well enough; you may get to write very good verse by and by. But don't write any more while you have to earn your living by your pen. Here is your stronghold," laying his large but delicate hand on my story. "I have n't had time to read much of it, but I see that you have struck the right key, and that you have had the good sense not to make your style too dignified, but lively and entertaining. You have humor; you can tell a story; that's a great deal in your favor."

This is the substance of his kindly comment, which the novelty of the circumstance and the immense importance to me of the occasion impressed indelibly upon my mind. He then inquired if I had any other means of support.

"None whatever," I replied, "unless I go back to farming or school-teaching, which I don't mean to do."

"All the better," he said; "necessity will teach you sobriety, industry, thrift. You will have to work hard; you will meet with a great deal of discouragement; but writing for the press is a perfectly legitimate profession, and if you devote yourself to it, there is no reason why you should n't succeed."

I do not know that ever in my life any words had made me so happy as these.

In subsequent days of struggle, when more than once I was on the point of flinging down my pen, I sometimes wondered whether they were wise for him to speak or good for me to hear. But now that more than half a century has passed, and I can look back upon my early life almost as dispassionately as if it were that of another person, I can thank him again for the first authentic judgment ever pronounced upon my literary possibilities.

"Come with me," he said, putting on his hat; and we went out together, I with my roll of manuscript, he with his stout cane. Even if I had been unaware of the fact, I should very soon have discovered that I was in company with an important personage. Everybody observed him, and it seemed as if every third or fourth man we met gave him a respectful salute. He continued his friendly talk with me in a way that relieved me of all sense of my own insignificance in the shadow of his celebrity and august proportions. Looking back upon myself now, through the glass of memory, I behold a very different figure from that which retired so precipitately from the unmannerly officer's quarter-deck hardly two weeks before. One is a confident youth, stepping hopefully beside his noble guide and friend; the other, an abashed and verdant boy. There seem to be two of me on those curiously contrasted occasions.

The Major took me to the office of a publisher in Ann Street, who did not chance to be in. He left my manuscript, with a good word for it, and a promise to call with me again. Twice afterwards he took me to Ann Street, with no better success. Such disinterested kindness, on the part of an old and eminent and fully occupied man, to a strange lad from the country warms my heart again with reverence and gratitude as I think of it at this distant day.

At last he gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Williams, the Ann Street publisher, and advised me to find

him when I could. I did at last find him, with a smile on his face and my own manuscript in his hand, reading it with manifest amusement, when I handed him Noah's letter. It was a story, as I recollect, in some ten chapters, in which I had made an attempt to portray Western scenes and characters as I had observed them during my year in Illinois. After some talk about it, he asked me what price I expected to receive for it. I replied that I had not put any price upon it. "Major Noah," I said, "advised me to leave that to you." But as he urged me to name a "figure," I said I had hoped it might be worth to him about a hundred and twenty-five dollars.

"Hardly that," he said, with a smile. "We have never paid so much for any writer's first story."

"Oh, well," I replied, "name your own price."

He named twenty-five dollars. That seems a ludicrous falling away from my figure, but I did not regard it as at all ludicrous at the time. Twenty-five dollars, as the first substantial earnings of my pen, was after all a goodly sum, for one in my circumstances, and vastly better than the return of my manuscript into my hands. That a production of my pen could be deemed to have *any* money value was a consideration that carried with it present satisfaction and hope in the future. I gladly accepted his offer, and saw him lay my story away on a shelf beside a number of others awaiting each its turn at the newspaper mill of novelettes attached to the publishing shop.

Soon after that Major Noah took me to the office of Mr. Holden, publisher of Holden's Dollar Magazine, so called because it was sent to subscribers for one dollar a year, although, as I found, it earned a still further claim to the title by paying its writers one dollar a page. An introduction by Major Noah insured me polite attention from Mr. Holden, who read promptly the

story I offered him (a sort of backwoods adventure), accepted it, and printed it in his forthcoming number. These were the first contributions of mine ever accepted by "paying" publications. The Holden story was quite short; it made only five or six pages, and I remember having to wait for my five or six dollars until it appeared between the covers of the magazine. It was copied into Howitt's *People's Journal*, of London, and reprinted in many papers in this country, and was the cause of my indulging illusory dreams of a brilliantly dawning reputation.

After getting a second story accepted by Holden's, and one by another periodical of some literary pretensions, of which I have forgotten even the name, I determined to devote myself solely to writing for magazines and newspapers. I have now to tell how, after I had given up all thought of seeking other employment, other employment sought me.

Among the Duane Street boarders was an Englishman of somewhat distinguished appearance, Dr. Child, with whom I soon became quite intimately acquainted, although he was my senior by about fifteen years. Perhaps we were all the more interested in each other because of the contrast in our early lives; he had been confessedly a prodigal, and he told me of the opportunities he had wasted, while I confided to him mine, which I had shaped for myself against adverse circumstances. His father had been a successful oculist in a provincial English town, in whose office he had had experience as an assistant, and upon whose death he had essayed to succeed him in his practice. Failing in that, and in several other ventures, he had come to this country with an eye-water which he hoped to transmute into a Pactolian stream. He had been some time in New York, looking for a partner in his enterprise, — the doctor to furnish the formula, as an offset to the ten or twenty thousand dollars necessary for the manufacture and advertising.

He had a professional habit of scrutinizing people's optics, and perceiving signs of the chronic irritation in mine, he presented me with a bottle of Child's Magical Remedy (or Radical Remedy; I have forgotten just what he called it, but one name is as good as another), which he guaranteed would cure them in ten days. This was the beginning of our friendship, which would have continued till this time if it had lasted as long as the ailment has that he proposed to relieve.

I had known him barely a month when he one day drew me aside to ask if I had a little money I could spare. "Not for making eye-water," I replied jokingly; but he was profoundly serious. He went on to say that he had left a wife in England, that she had followed him to America (rather against his wishes, I inferred), and was then staying with a relative in Hoboken. He was planning to set up housekeeping with her, and had selected a small tenement suitable for their purpose in Jersey City. But the furniture was all to be bought, and he was out of money. The Hoboken relative (an engraver of gold watch-cases and watch-dials) would help him a little; but he needed about forty dollars more; and could I accommodate him to that amount?

"I have as much," I said (I had just got my twenty-five dollars from the Ann Street shop), "but I shall probably need it to pay my board before I get more."

"Advance me forty dollars," he replied, "and come and live with us and board it out;" arguing that a quiet home, like the one offered me, would be much pleasanter, and better for my literary work, than the Duane Street boarding-house.

I was easily persuaded, and handed over to him nearly all the money I had, rather rashly, as it seems to me now; but although, in his rôle of oculist and self-styled "doctor," I considered him a charlatan, I trusted him as a friend.

The house was furnished, and I went to live with the reunited pair, in very modest quarters, in Jersey City. There I passed the rest of that summer quite comfortably, taking long rambles on the Jersey side, a salt water bath every morning on a tide-washed beach of the great river, and frequent ferry trips to New York. I had a good room to write in, with which indispensable convenience I felt I could be happy almost anywhere.

In the shop of the Hoboken relative the doctor had learned to do a little ornamental work with the graver, chiefly on gold pencil-cases; and some time in the autumn he set up a little shop of his own, in the back room at home. I used to sit by his table, watching him; and one day, borrowing a graver and a strip of zinc, amused myself with them while we talked. After a little practice I could cut his simple rose-petals and little branching scrolls as well as he could, and soon found myself working on the pencil-cases. Gold pencils were the fashion in those days, and as Christmas was approaching, he had more work than he could do without assistance. On the other hand, the periodicals I was writing for had accepted as many of my articles as they could use for some time to come, and, as I generally had to wait for my pay until the day of publication, I was in need of money, and glad of a chance to earn it. So, when he proposed to take me into partnership I accepted the offer, bought a set of gravers, and settled down to the work, which was quite to my taste, and which, almost from the start, I could turn off as rapidly as he. It required something of a knack to make with a free hand the clean, graceful strokes, of varying width and depth, taking care never to cut through the thin material.

Those were pleasant hours for me, in the small back room. The doctor was excellent company. He had done a good deal of miscellaneous reading, and seen a life as widely different from mine as

his provincial England was distant from my own native backwoods and Western prairies; and (if his wife chanced to be out of earshot) he delighted to impart to me his varied experiences. Some of these were not, from a moralistic point of view, particularly to his credit, but I was an eager student of life, and nothing human was foreign to my interest.

His eye-water having failed to float his fortunes, it is difficult to conjecture what would have become of the Jersey City housekeeping, and of me and my forty dollars, but for this industry, to which he was introduced by the Hoboken relative. I boarded out his debt to me, according to our agreement; and through the connection thus formed I was by the middle of December earning two or three dollars a day at the trade picked up thus by accident.

After Christmas, work was less plenty, and occasionally there was none at all. We now experienced the disadvantage of not having acquired the handicraft by a more thorough apprenticeship. The New York factory, pleased with our pencil-cases, proposed to me to take silver combs to engrave; and I remember how reluctant I was to admit that I had learned to do pencil-cases only. The surface of the high silver comb (such as ladies wore in those days) called for a breadth of treatment quite beyond my experience. The foreman thought I could do it, and, after my frank confession, I was willing to make the trial. I took home one of the combs and carved on it a design that must have astonished him by its bold originality. I recall the peculiar smile with which he held it up and regarded it. I can also still imagine the galaxy of bright faces that would have been turned toward any lady venturing to bear that cynosure aloft on her back hair in any civilized assembly. It would have been just the thing for the Queen of Dahomey, or a belle of the Cannibal Islands. But the factory was not making combs

for those markets. Blushing very red, I remarked, "I told you I could n't do it."

The foreman replied, "I guess you told the truth for once!"

We had a good laugh over it, which he probably enjoyed more than I did. I knew as well as he how grotesquely bad it was, and was surprised when he added, —

"For a first attempt you might have done worse. You need practice and instruction." He then proposed that I should come and work in the shop, assuring me that I should be earning a good living in the course of a few weeks. He knew my friend's Hoboken relative, who was easily earning his seven or eight dollars a day by cutting miniature setters and pheasants, nests with eggs, and tufts of grass, on gold watch-dials, and thought I could do as well in time. The proposal was alluring, and it required courage to decline it. But I had chosen my calling, and could not think seriously of another.

Soon after that, the supply of pencil-cases ran so low that there was not work enough even for one; so I withdrew from the partnership and returned to my writing, — which, indeed, I had never quite abandoned. I passed the winter pleasantly and contentedly enough. But one such winter sufficed. Then in spring the young man's fancy lightly turned to a change of boarding-place.

One forenoon, as I was strolling on Broadway, not far above City Hall Park, I saw in a doorway the notice, "Furnished Room to let." There were similar notices displayed all over the city, and I must have passed several that morning; but at that door, up a flight of steps (there was a wine store in the basement), something impelled me to ring, — my good genius, if I have one. It proved to be the one domicile in which, if I had thought of it beforehand, I should have deemed it especially fortunate to be received. If I had sought it I should probably never have

found it; and I had come upon it by what appeared the merest chance.

A French maid admitted me, and a vivacious Frenchman, who spoke hardly a word of English, showed me the room, and introduced me to his wife, a stout, red-faced woman, as voluble and friendly, and as delightfully ignorant of English, as himself. They seemed as happy at the prospect of having a lodger who could speak their language a little as I was pleased to enter a family in which only French was spoken. They took no boarders, and the room alone — a good-sized one, up three flights, with an outlook on Broadway — cost two thirds as much as I had paid for board and lodgings together in Duane Street and Jersey City, — far too much for my precarious income; but I could not let pass such an opportunity for acquiring a colloquial familiarity with the language I had as yet had but little practice in speaking. As I was to get my meals outside, I thought I could, when necessary, scrimp enough in that direction to offset the higher room rent.

I hastened back to Jersey City, packed my books and baggage, and took leave of the friends in whose home I had been an inmate for about nine months. I was a home-loving youth, and it was always painful for me to sever such ties, even after they had become a little irksome; but in this instance any regrets I may have felt were lessened by the immediate certainty of a desirable change. I was like a plant that had outgrown its environment, and exhausted the soil which had for a season sufficed for its nourishment; and the very roots of my being rejoiced in the prospect of transplantation.

I saw little of the Childs after the separation, and soon lost track of them altogether. I often wondered what had become of the doctor, with his eye-water, and his pencil-case engraving, so incompatible with his English dignity, and of domestic little Mrs. Child, with her dropped *h*'s, — into what haven

they could have drifted, out of the fierce currents of our American life, which they seemed so incompetent to cope with,—but I never knew, until, some five and twenty years afterwards, a tall, elderly gentleman, with grizzled locks, and of rather distinguished appearance, sought me out, in Arlington. It was my old friend the doctor. He had come to make me a friendly visit; but it seemed that it was, after all, partly woman's curiosity that had sent him; Mrs. Child having charged him not to pass through Boston, where he had business, without learning for a certainty if J. T. Trowbridge, the writer, and so forth, was the person of the same name who, when little more than a boy, had engraved pencil-cases and sat up late nights over his books and manuscripts in the Jersey City cottage. I was gratified to learn that they had found a port of peace, into which Providence itself seemed to have guided their bark, after many vicissitudes of storm and calm. They had at last found their proper place in an Old People's Home, or some such institution, in Baltimore, not as dependent inmates, I was glad to know, but as superintendent and matron. I could hardly imagine a more ideal position for him with his affable manners and mild dignity, and for her with her strict domestic economy,—not too strict, I trust, for the inmates under their charge. Another quarter of a century, and more, has swept by since the doctor's visit, and the two must long since have fallen in with the procession of those who have entered that Home, from the world of struggle and failure, and, after a sojourn more or less brief in its tranquil retreat, passed on into the shadow of the Greater Peace.

My Broadway landlord was M. Perrault, one of the best known members of the French colony in New York: an accomplished violinist and leader of the orchestra at Niblo's Garden. The family was as characteristically French and

Parisian as the Jersey City household had been English and provincial. Although only a lodger, I was welcomed at once to the small salon, and made to feel so much at home in it, that from the first I spent much of my leisure time with the Perraults and their friends who frequented the house. The very first Sunday after my arrival I was invited to dinner, and made acquainted with French cookery, and that indispensable attendant upon it and promoter of good cheer, Bordeaux wine. There were only four at table, the two Perraults, their son Raphael, a boy of nine, and myself, the only guest. But it was a dinner of courses,—not very expensive, I judge, and certainly neither lavish nor ostentatious; every dish simple, individual, and prepared in ways that were at once as novel to me as they were agreeable. Perrault was himself an amateur cook, of a skill that might have qualified him as a chef, if he had not been making a good income more satisfactorily by conducting Niblo's orchestra, teaching the violin, and copying scores. He was the inventor of a *sauce Perrault*, which, Madame boasted, was popular among their New York compatriots, and even had some vogue in Paris. Every few days after that, memorably on Sundays, he would come to my room and smilingly announce that he had given the finishing touches to the dinner, and had come to take me down with him, perhaps adding gentle force to urgent persuasion. If I remonstrated, "Not so soon again; you are altogether too kind!" he would assure me that my dining with them was considered by both him and Madame as a favor, and she especially would be *désolée* if I declined. Nor could I believe him in any way hypocritical; there could be no motive for their proffered hospitality but the satisfaction there was in it for them and for their guest. They were kind-hearted, fond of society, and ardent in friendship, and if their Gallic cordiality was sometimes

effusive rather than deep, it was not insincere.

I had been with them but a short time when another opportunity was opened to me, — golden, glorious, to an impecunious youth! Might Perrault have the pleasure of taking me to the theatre? When Niblo's was n't crowded he could at any time smuggle in a friend. Of course I was enchanted to accept; and well I remember the awesome mystery of the dim stage entrance, — his violin preceding him, as we passed the obliging doorkeeper, and I following, fast held by his other hand; — then the tortuous way behind the scenes and under the stage, to a seat in the front row, near the orchestra (there were no orchestra stalls in those days). The house was filling rapidly; the musicians took their places; quiet succeeded the rustle of music leaves and the tuning of instruments, and suddenly, in an instant, what there was of me was converted into a bundle of thrills from head to foot, my joy in the music quickened by the novelty of the situation and the pride I felt in Perrault's leadership.

The performance that followed was not by any means my first play; but I had never before seen a great actor in a great part. The piece was *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and from that coigne of vantage, an end seat in the front row, I for the first time beheld Hackett as Falstaff, to my mind then, and as I remember it still, an amazing personation of the greatest comic character on the stage. Other good acting I witnessed that season at Niblo's, under Perrault's auspices, but everything else fades in the effulgence of Falstaff, and the rainbow hues of a troupe of ballet girls that came later. Could it have been any such troupe of frilled and lithe-limbed nymphs that Carlyle saw on a London stage, and scornfully described as "mad, restlessly jumping and clipping scissors"? — those leaping and pirouetting, curving and undulating shapes, miraculous, glorified, weaving their dance,

every movement timed to the strains of the orchestra, a living web of beauty and music! For such indeed they were — not jumping scissors, in whirling inverted saucers! — to my dewy adolescence.

Among the advantages enjoyed in my new lodging, I must not omit a large miscellaneous collection, mostly in paper covers, of the works of French authors. It was not lacking in the earlier classics, but it was especially rich in the productions of contemporary writers, novelists, dramatists, poets, then at the zenith of their celebrity, or nearing it, — Sue, Balzac, Victor Hugo, George Sand and her confrère, Jules Sandeau, Lamartine, Dumas, Scribe, Soulié, and a long list beside. These I read indiscriminately and with avidity, in days of discouragement and forced leisure, while waiting for my accepted articles to appear, or for others to be accepted by the periodicals I was writing for. My solitude was peopled and my loneliness soothed by a world of fictitious characters in *Monte-Cristo* and *Les Trois Mousquetaires* (I wish I could read them now, or anything else, with such zest!), *Le Juif Errant* (I had my own choice copy of *Les Mystères de Paris*), Hugo's *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*, George Sand's *Indiana*, and, among others not least, Scribe's *Pequillo Alliaga*, a romance of adventure, eclipsed by the number and popularity of the author's dramas, but worthy, I then thought (I wonder what I should think now), to take rank with *Gil Blas*. Perrault was a scoffer at superstition and prudery (I shrink from saying religion and virtue, which might perhaps be nearer exactitude), and he did not mind the risk of corrupting my youth by putting into my hands Voltaire's *La Pucelle* and Parry's *La Guerre des Dieux*. But the risk was not great. Something instinctive afforded me a ducklike immunity in passing through puddles.

It might have been possible for me

to live by writing stories at one dollar a page or two dollars and a half a chapter, if I could have got them published after they were accepted or paid for when published. To widen my field and secure, as I hoped, better compensation, I sent an essay to the Knickerbocker, then the foremost literary periodical in the country. It quickly appeared in those elegant pages, to which Irving and his compeers had given character; and full of confidence in this new vehicle for my productions, I went one morning to call on the polite editor. He received me cordially, appeared somewhat surprised at my youth, and assured me that the covers of his magazine would always be elastic enough to make room for such papers as that which I had given him. "Given" him, I found it was in a quite literal sense, for when I hinted at the subject of compensation, he smilingly informed me that it was not his custom to pay for the contributions of new writers. As he had rushed my essay into print without notifying me of its acceptance, or consulting me as to the signature I wished to have attached to it, and as I had purposely withheld the pseudonym under which I was writing for less literary periodicals, and had not yet begun to write under my own name, he had published it anonymously, so that I did not even have the credit of being a contributor to Knickerbocker. I was then using chiefly the pseudonym of Paul Creyton, which I kept for some years for two reasons, — first, because I was well aware of my work being only that of a 'prentice hand, and wished to reserve my own name for more mature compositions; and, second, as Paul Creyton grew in popularity, I found an ever increasing advantage in retaining so good an introduction to editors and readers. If I had put off using my own name until I was conscious of doing my best work, I might never have used it; so that, as it seems to me now, I might as well have begun using it from the first, — or, rather, a modified

form of it, writing it Townsend Trowbridge, omitting the J. or John for greater distinctiveness, and to avoid confusion of identity with any other Trowbridge.

I can hardly remember now what periodicals I wrote for, or what I wrote; but one story I recall, which I should probably have forgotten with the rest, if it had not come to light again, like a lost river, a few years later. It was a novelette in three or four installments, that was accepted by the Manhattan Flashlight (although that was not the name of the paper) with such unexampled promptitude, and in a letter so polite, complimentary, and full of golden promise, that once more the tide in my affairs seemed at the flood. Or nearly so: each installment was to be liberally paid for when published, and the first would be put into the printers' hands immediately upon my acceptance of the editorial terms. Accept them I did with joyful celerity; then, having waited two or three weeks, I called at the publication office, only to find the door locked, and the appalling notice staring me in the face, "To Let — Inquire Room Below." At "room below" I inquired with a sick heart: "What has become of the Flashlight?" and was told that it had "gone out." The proprietor had decamped, leaving behind him nothing but debts; and I could neither come upon his trail, nor recover my manuscript.

Two or three years afterward a Boston editor asked me how it chanced that I was writing a continued story for a certain New York weekly paper of a somewhat questionable character; a paper I had never heard of before. It was my lost river reappearing in the most unexpected of desert places. I wrote to the publisher for explanations, and after a long and harassing delay was informed that he had received my manuscript with the assets of some business he had bought out (not the Flashlight), that I must look to his predecessor for

redress, and that he would be pleased to receive from me another story as good! He must have been lacking in a sense of humor, or he would have added "on the same terms." Redress from any source was of course out of the question.

About this time, in Boston, I knew of a similar adventure befalling a story by an author of world-wide reputation. After the publication of the *Scarlet Letter* had made "the obscurest man of letters in America" one of the most famous, the gloomy but powerfully impressive story of Ethan Brand, which was written several years before, and had lain neglected in the desks of unappreciative editors, appeared as "original" in the columns of the Boston Literary Museum. Knowing the editor, I hastened to inquire of him how he had been able to get a contribution from Hawthorne. Complacently puffing his cigar, he told me it had come to him from some other office, where it had been "knocking around," that he did n't suppose it had ever been paid for, and that he had printed it without consulting the author. He rather expected to hear from him, but he never did; and it is quite probable that Hawthorne never knew of the illicit publication. He must have kept a copy of the strayed Ethan Brand, which not long after appeared in authorized form elsewhere.

Among the few friends who used to climb to my third-story room on Broadway was old Major Noah, whom I can remember flushed and puffing like another Falstaff, as he sank into a chair after ascending those steep flights. He would stop on his way down town, to give me a kindly greeting, and to inquire about my prospects; he also gave me a little work to do in the way of translation from the French. He once brought me a volume of Paris sketches, from which, not reading the language himself, he desired me to select and translate for him such as I deemed best suited to the latitude of New York.

The surprising similarity of the life of the two cities was exemplified by the fact that the translations I made were printed with but few changes in the columns of the Sunday Times, and served quite as well for New York as for Paris. I quickly caught the trick of adaptation, and soon had the pleasure of seeing these social satires appear in the Major's paper (anonymously, of course), with many local touches I had given them before they passed under his experienced pen.

Another good friend I had was Archibald McLees, an expert line and letter engraver, and a man of very decided literary tastes. I found his shop a delightful lounging-place; seated on a high stool, with his steel plate before him, in white light, he would talk with me of Dickens and Scott, Béranger and Molière, turning now and then from his work, with an expressive look over his shoulder, to give point to some story, or a quotation from Sam Weller. We dined together at the restaurants, took excursions together (he knew the city like a native), and once went together to sit for our phrenological charts in the office of the Fowlers. The younger Fowler made a few hits, in manipulating our craniums; but on coming away, we concluded that, except for the names written on our respective charts, it would have been difficult to distinguish one from the other. McLees had as much literary ability as I, according to the scale of numbers; while I seemed fully his equal in artistic taste and mechanic skill. As the object I had chiefly in view, in consulting a phrenologist, was to get some outward evidence of my aptitude for the career I had chosen, the result was disappointing. Fowler's first words, in placing his hand on my forehead, — "This brain is always thinking — thinking — thinking!" — led me to expect a striking delineation; but I afterwards reflected that, like other remarks that followed, they would have applied equally well to any num-

ber of heads that passed under his observation. He made a correct map of the country, yet quite failed to penetrate the life of the region, or to take into account the electric and skyey influences which, quite as much as the topographical conformation, causes each to differ from any other. About this time I went with a young man of my acquaintance to attend one of Fowler's lectures. My friend was a rather commonplace fellow, but he had a massive frontal development, and Fowler, who singled him out from among the audience and called him to the platform for a public examination, gave him a Websterian intellect. Websterian faculties he may have had, yet he somehow lacked the spirit needful to give them force and character. The mill was too big for the water power.

I carried out heroically enough my plan of retrenching in other ways to offset, when necessary, my increased room rent. This necessity came not very long after my installment at Perrault's. I stopped buying books, but that was no great sacrifice as long as I had access to shelves crowded with the most attractive French authors; and an evening now and then at Niblo's made it easy for me to forego other places of amusement. Then I could enjoy a band concert any fine summer evening sitting at my open window.

To keep myself comfortable and presentable in the matter of dress was always my habit; I bought nothing on credit (probably I could n't have done otherwise if I had tried); and I should have felt dishonored if ever my laundress delivered her bundle and went away unpaid. So that there remained only one direction in which my expenditures could be much curtailed.

I had begun with three meals a day at the restaurants, which I soon reduced to two, then a few weeks later to one, and finally on a few occasions to none at all. I did n't starve in the meanwhile; on the contrary I lived well

enough to keep myself in the condition of perfect (although never very robust) health, which I enjoyed at all seasons, and at whatever occupation, through all my early years. Hungry I may have been at times, but no more so, probably, than was good for me, and never for long. When I could n't afford a meal at the restaurants I would smuggle a sixpenny loaf up my three flights and into my room (I was ashamed of this forced economy), with perhaps a little fruit or a wedge of cheese. This I might have found hard fare, and unsatisfactory, had it not been sauced with something that made up for the lack of luxuries; a pure and wholesome light wine, *vin ordinaire*, which through Perrault I could get in the store downstairs at the importer's price of a shilling a bottle (twelve and a half cents). With a glass of this I could always make a palatable meal off my loaf and fruit; the worst feature being the solitariness of it, and the absence of that which renders a frugal repast better than a banquet without it, friendly converse at table. In this respect the restaurant was not much better, except when I had a companion at dinner, which was n't always convenient; so that I soon became weary enough of this unsocial way of living. Sometimes I hardly knew where the next loaf was coming from; but then I would get pay for an article in time to keep me from actual want and out of debt; or I would raise money in another way that I shrink from mentioning, not from any feeling of false pride, at this distant day, but on account of the associations the memory of it calls up.

When necessity pressed, I would take from my modest collection the volumes I could best spare, and dispose of them at a second-hand bookstore for about one quarter what they had cost me, yet generally enough for the day's need. One night I even passed under the ill-omened sign, that triple emblem of avarice, want, and woe, the pawnbroker's three balls; an occasion rendered

memorable to me by a painful circumstance. I parted with a flute that I had paid two dollars and a half for when I had a boyish ambition to become a player, and which I was glad to pledge for the cost of a dinner when I had given up the practice and did n't expect ever to resume it. The money-lender's cage had two wickets opening into the narrow entry-way; while I paused at one of these, the slight, shrinking figure of a woman all in black came to the other, and pushed in, over the worn and greasy counter, a bundle which the ogre behind the bars shook out into a gown of some dark stuff, glanced at disapprovingly, refolded, and passed back to her with a sad shake of the head. She had probably named a sum that did not appeal to his sense of what was businesslike; and she now said something else in a choked voice, in reply to which he once more took in the garment, and gave her in return a ticket, with a small coin. A wing of the little stall where she stood had concealed her face from me while she was transacting her sorrowful business, but I had a full look at it as she went out, and so pinched with penury and wrung with distress did it appear, that a horribly miserable and remorseful feeling clutched at my vitals, as if I were somehow implicated in her calamity, and ought to put into her hand the two or three shillings (whatever the sum may have been) that I had received for the flute. I should have been happier if I had done so. I was young, stout-hearted, patient with ill fortune, if not quite defiant of it, and sustained by the certainty that my need was as temporary as it was trivial; while hers, as I fancied, was a long-drawn desolation that only death could end. Her image haunted me, and for many days and nights I could never pass a pawnbroker's sign without feeling that clutch at my heart.

The band concert I have spoken of should also be enumerated among the advantages of my Perrault lodging.

Opposite my room, but a block or two farther down Broadway, was the *Café des Mille Colonnes*, a brilliant house of entertainment, with a balcony on which an orchestra used to play, on summer evenings, the popular airs of the period, to which I listened many a lonely hour, sitting by the window of my unlighted chamber, "thinking — thinking — thinking!" The throngs of pedestrians mingled below, moving (marvelous to conceive) each to his or her "separate business and desire;" the omnibuses and carriages rumbled and rattled past; while, over all, those strains of sonorous brass built their bridge of music, from the high café balcony to my still higher window ledge, spanning joy and woe, sin and sorrow, past and future, all the mysteries of the dark river of life. Night after night were played the same pieces, which became so interwoven with the thoughts of my solitary hours, with all my hopes and doubts, longings and aspirations, that for years afterward I could never hear one of those mellow, martial, or pensive strains without being immediately transported back to my garret and my crust.

I wonder a little now at the courage I kept up, a waif (as I seemed often to myself) in the great, strange city, a mere atom in all that multitudinous human existence. I do not remember that, even at the lowest ebb of my fortunes, I ever once lost faith in myself, or a certain philosophical cheerfulness that enabled me then, as it has always since, to bear uncomplainingly my share of rebuffs and discouragements; I never once succumbed to homesickness or thought of returning to my furrows. I have only grateful recollections of those times of trial, which no doubt had their use in tempering my too shy and sensitive nature, and in deepening my inward resources.

This way of living could not have continued long before it was relieved by a change as welcome as it was unexpected. Although I managed somehow to pay

my room rent when due, the Perraults must have suspected my impecuniosity, for their invitations became more and more frequent, until I found myself dining with them three or four times a week. If this hospitality had meant only social enjoyment and a solace to my solitude, it would have been pure satisfaction; but it had for me, moreover, a money-saving significance that touched my self-respect. So I remarked one day, as I took my customary seat at their table, that I could n't keep on dining with them so often unless they would consent to take me as a boarder. Before this they had declared that they would not receive a boarder for any consideration; I had now, however, come to be regarded as one of the family, and they readily acceded to my proposal. One of the family I then indeed became, and as intimate a part of their French ménage as I had been of the English household in Jersey City.

It was a rather rash arrangement on my part, for the terms agreed upon, though moderate enough in view of the more generous way of living, made my weekly expenses nearly double what they had been at Dr. Child's or in Duane Street, and this at a time when I had only a vague notion as to how I was to meet them. That my horror of debt should have permitted me to rush into this indiscretion is something I can hardly explain. Circumstance led me a better way than prudence would have approved; I obeyed one of those impulses that seem often to be in the private counsels of Providence, and are wiser than wisdom. I had had enough of the restaurants, and bread eaten in secret had ceased to be pleasant. I felt no compunctions in exchanging those useful experiences for French *café au lait* and French cookery, a more regular home life, and daily good cheer.

I became more at ease in my mind as to money obligations; and from that time I do not remember to have had much difficulty in meeting them. The

Perraults trusted me implicitly, and were always willing to await my convenience when my weekly reckonings fell in arrears. Perrault overflowed with good-fellowship, and with a vivacity akin to wit; and Madame had but one serious fault, — that which accounted for her too rubicund complexion. Quite too often, after the midday lunch, poor little Raphael was sent downstairs with her empty bottle, to be filled at the wine-shop below with something more ardent than Bordeaux or Burgundy. I was fain to go out when I saw the cognac come in, to take its place beside snuff-box and tumbler, on her sitting-room table; but would sometimes be persuaded to sit with her while she sipped and talked, and took snuff and grew drowsy, and then perhaps in the midst of a sentence dropped asleep in her chair, to awaken not seldom in an ill temper that vented itself on poor little Raphael if he chanced to be near. At other times she would be as indulgently good to him as became a mother; and me she always treated with the utmost courtesy and kindness. I never had a word of disagreement with her save on a single topic; in the discussion of which she herself unconsciously presented a living argument on my side, — an argument, however, that I could not with propriety adduce. I would never unite with her in lowering the contents of the bottle.

Meanwhile I was enjoying increased facilities for acquiring a colloquial familiarity with the French language. When I entered the house I could read and translate it readily enough, and I had gained a good accent from my French-Canadian teacher in Lockport; but I spoke it stiffly and bookishly, and it was difficult for me to follow a rapid and careless enunciation. In a company of French-speaking people I would lose a large part of the conversation that was not addressed directly to me. But I was passing happily through that transitional stage, and getting a practical

use of the language that was to be of inestimable value to me all my life. I may add here my belief that in no other language is the disadvantage so great of having first learned it by the eye only, and not by the ear; often in such a case the ear never quite catches up with the eye in understanding it.

I was so well satisfied with my later domestic arrangements that I rested in the comfortable feeling that they would continue indefinitely. But they were to be suddenly interrupted.

I had been with the Perraults only about five months as a lodger, and the latter half of that time as a boarder, when another of those circumstances that override our plans took me away from them and from the city. In August of that year, 1848, — fifteen months after landing on the pier, early that May morning, from the North River boat, — by the advice of a literary acquaintance I made a trip to Boston, chiefly for the purpose of securing new vehicles for my tales and sketches, in the periodical press outside of New

York. My cheery "Au revoir!" to my French host and hostess proved to be a final farewell. I found the latitude of Boston so hospitable to those light literary ventures that I prolonged my stay, and what was at first intended as a visit became a permanent residence.

Thus ended, before I was yet twenty-one, the New York episode of my youth. I had not accomplished what I secretly hoped to do, I had passed through trials and humiliations, and tasted the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. But I had come out of the ordeal with courage and purpose undiminished, a heart unscathed by temptation and unembittered by disappointment. My first stumbling steps were no doubt better for my discipline and right progress than the leap I vaguely aspired to make at the outset. It is well that we cannot always bend the world to our will; and I long since learned to be thankful that no publisher was found undiscerning enough to print my first thin volume of very thin verse.

J. T. Trowbridge.

(To be continued.)

EPISODES OF BOSTON COMMERCE.

EMERSON was more than a maker of pleasant phrases when he wrote of his birthplace —

"Each street leads downward to the sea
Or landward to the west."

Down these streets, and out into the widest world, some of the people of Boston may well be followed, not only for the light they throw upon the town itself, but because their work typifies what may be done by men who carry a local spirit abroad, and enrich their native place by what they bring back to it.

Followers of the sea more than the people of any other place in America

before the Revolution, the men of Boston could not but return, in the general restoring of normal conditions, to their interest in maritime affairs. How could it be otherwise? At their very feet lay the inviting bay, with its best of harbors, safe from the sea, of which it is less an arm than a shoulder. At their very doors lay all the materials for ship-building. How entirely the Constitution, finished in 1797, was a home-made vessel, and therein a typical product, Mr. H. A. Hill has pointed out in his monograph on Boston commerce: "Paul Revere furnished the copper,

bolts and spikes, drawn from malleable copper by a process then new; and Ephraim Thayer, who had a shop at the South End, made the gun-carriages for the frigate. Her sails were made in the Granary building at the corner of Park and Tremont streets; no other building in Boston was large enough for the purpose. There were then fourteen ropewalks in Boston, so that there could be no difficulty in obtaining cordage; and there was an incorporated company for the manufacture of sailcloth, whose factory was on the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets, and which was encouraged by a bounty on its product from the General Court; this product had increased to eighty or ninety thousand yards per annum, and is said to have competed successfully with the duck brought from abroad. The anchors came from Hanover in Plymouth County, and a portion of the timber used in what was then looked upon as a mammoth vessel was taken from the woods of Allentown, on the borders of the Merrimac, fifty miles away." Surely the provocation to seafaring was sufficiently strong.

All this was in the Revolutionary century. With the coming of peace it might have been expected that the doors of commerce would be thrown immediately open. Yet it would have been hardly human for the mother country to smooth any paths for the child that had cast off all parental authority. The British West India trade was of course subject to English legislation. It was not long before the merchants of Boston, as of all our ports, found themselves forbidden to bring their fish to the islands or to carry the island products to England. These products, if brought first to New England, could not even be carried to England in British ships. This prohibition was followed in 1784 by that of exporting anything from the West Indies to the United States except in British vessels. Here the citizens of Boston asserted themselves, and entered

as of old into agreement to buy none of the wares so imported. The Massachusetts legislature passed measures of retaliation; and the national laws of navigation and commerce reflected for some years the British policy of restriction. If success is determined by obstacles, the commercial enterprise of Boston could not have had a more favorable beginning.

Not content with the difficulties nearest home, the merchants of America, in the earliest days of peace, began turning their eyes to the distant trade of China. To New York belongs the credit of sending out the first vessel in this trade, the *Empress of the Seas*, which set sail for Canton in February of 1784, and was back in New York in May of the next year. Her supercargo was a Boston youth of twenty, Samuel Shaw by name, whose service on General Knox's staff in the Revolution had already won him the rank of major. In his journal of the outward voyage he tells of landing at St. Jago, an island of the Cape de Verde group. The officer of the port was a Portuguese. "On telling him," says Shaw, "by the interpreter, a negro, that we were Americans, he discovered great satisfaction, and exclaimed, with an air of pleasure and surprise, 'Bostonian! Bostonian!'" With this — and the Boston supercargo — to remember, the New England town may comfortably orient herself with the first of the Chinese traders.

It was not long, however, before the town could claim as her own a commercial venture of the first importance and magnitude. The journals of Captain Cook, the navigator, were published in 1784. Through them the great possibilities of the fur trade on the northwest coast of America were made known. Five Boston merchants, including the Bulfinch whose architecture still dominates the local landscape, and one merchant of New York, joined themselves to enter this new field. The vessels they secured for the expedition were two: the

Columbia, a full rigged ship of two hundred and twelve tons, eighty-three feet in length; and the Washington, a sloop of ninety tons. Let those who dread six days of the Atlantic on liners of fifteen thousand tons' burden stop a moment and picture these cockleshells — as they must appear to-day — and the spirit of the men who embarked in them for the North Pacific, and — in the Columbia — for the complete circling of the globe. Before they set sail, September 30, 1787, they provided themselves plentifully with silver, bronze, and pewter medals commemorating the expedition, and with useful tools and useless trinkets, jews'-harps, snuff-boxes, and the like. Rounding the Horn, and sailing northward, it was the little Washington which first reached the northwest coast. While waiting for the Columbia, the sloop's crew had an encounter with natives who gave them good reason to call their anchorage "Murderers' Harbor." Then the Columbia came, with scurvy on board. But the cargo of furs was secured, and, in pursuance of the owners' plan, was carried to Canton for sale. Stopping on the way at Hawaii, Captain Gray took on board the Columbia a young chief, Attoo, promising to send him back from Boston as soon as might be. From China the ship, loaded with teas, sailed for home by way of the Cape of Good Hope. In August of 1790 she dropped anchor in Boston harbor, the first American vessel to circumnavigate the earth. There were salutes from the castle and the town artillery, formal greetings by the collector of the port and Governor Hancock. Beside Captain Gray, young Attoo marched up State Street, wearing "a helmet of gay feathers, which glittered in the sunlight, and an exquisite cloak of the same yellow and scarlet plumage." Never before had the ends of the earth and the "happy town beside the sea" been brought so near together.

In spite of the fact that this unprecedented voyage of the Columbia was

not a financial success, four of her six owners proved their faith in the undertaking by sending her directly back to the northwest coast. This second voyage, on which she sailed September 28, 1790, was destined to write the good ship's name on the map of the country. It was nearly two years later when, having taken Attoo back to Hawaii in the humble capacity of cabin boy, and having spent a winter on the coast, Captain Gray, cruising to the southward, saw what he took to be the mouth of a mighty river. There were breakers to warn him against entering it. To this forbidding aspect of things we may owe the entry in Vancouver's journal at the same point: "Not considering this opening worthy of more attention, I continued our pursuit to the northwest." For Captain Gray the breakers were an obstacle only to be overcome. After several efforts he drove the ship through them, and found himself in a noble stream of fresh water. Up this river he sailed some twenty-four miles, and having assured himself that he might continue farther if he chose, returned to the sea. The headlands at the mouth of the river he named, like a true son of Boston, Cape Hancock and Point Adams. He raised the American flag, buried some coins of his young country, and named the river after his vessel, the Columbia. Upon this discovery and the explorations of Lewis and Clark in the next decade, the American government based its successful claim to the Oregon country. Yet for the Boston merchants whose enterprise wrought such momentous results, the second voyage, like the first, was but a small success. In spite of the abundant salutes and cheers which greeted the Columbia when she sailed into Boston harbor in July of 1793, the ship and her inventory were sold at once by auction at a Charlestown wharf. It was hers, however, to open the way to an important commerce. In the years immediately following, a lucrative trade, largely in the hands of Boston mer-

chants, was carried on in direct pursuance of the *Columbia's* example, even in the matter of circumnavigation with stops at the Sandwich Islands and China.

The slender tonnage of such vessels as the *Columbia* and the *Washington* allies them closely with the infancy of commerce. From the extreme youthfulness of many of the shipmasters and supercargoes of Boston ships sailing to distant seas, the reader of later years draws the same impression of beginnings. Mere boys found themselves filling posts of responsibility, which could not but bring the man in them to the quickest possible development. Edward Everett, in his sketch of the chief marine underwriter of the early days of Boston commerce, has given us this bit of record: "The writer of this memoir knows an instance which occurred at the beginning of this century, — and the individual concerned, a wealthy and respected banker of Boston, is still living among us, — in which a youth of nineteen commanded a ship on her voyage from Calcutta to Boston, with nothing in the shape of a chart on board but the small map of the world in Guthrie's *Geography*." In the service of the Messrs. Perkins, John P. Cushing went out to China, at the age of sixteen, in 1803, as clerk to the agent of the firm's business, a man but little older than himself. This superior in office soon died, leaving to young Cushing's care the conduct of large sales and purchases, which he managed so well and promptly as to win himself a place in the important firm. Captain Robert Bennet Forbes, another nephew of the Messrs. Perkins, and a typical merchant of the somewhat later time in which he flourished, gives this summary of his early career: "At the age of sixteen I filled a man's place as third mate; at the age of twenty, I was promoted to a command; at the age of twenty-six, I commanded my own ship; at twenty-eight, I abandoned the sea as a profession; at thirty-six, I was at the head of the largest American house

in China." This was the boy who at thirteen began his nautical life "with a capital consisting of a Testament, a 'Bowditch,' a quadrant, a chest of sea clothes, and a mother's blessing." To this equipment should be added the advice of another uncle, Captain William Sturgis: "Always go straight forward, and if you meet the devil cut him in two, and go between the pieces; if any one imposes on you, tell him to whistle against a northwester and to bottle up moonshine." It was a rough, effective training to which the boys like young Bennet Forbes were put. If, in instances like his own, family influence had its weight, — for his kinsmen, the Perkinses, Sturgises, Russells, and others, were long in virtual control of the China trade, — yet the youths to whom opportunity came were equal to it. We are used to hearing our own age called that of the young man. These Boston boys, and Farragut in command of a prize at twelve, spare us the burden of providing precedents for the future.

Over against these triumphs of youth may well be set another picture, taken from the memoir by Edward Everett already drawn upon. He writes of Thomas Russell, who died in 1796, the pioneer of the Russian trade, the foremost merchant of his time: "According to the fashion of the day, he generally appeared on 'change in full dress; which implied at that time, for elderly persons, usually a coat of some light-colored cloth, small-clothes, diamond or paste buckles at the knee and in the shoes, silk stockings, powdered hair, and a cocked hat; in cold weather, a scarlet cloak. A scarlet cloak and a white head were, in the last century, to be seen at the end of every pew in some of the Boston churches." Thus between land and sea, youth and age, the balance of picturesqueness is fairly struck; and withal there is a suggestion of Old World dignity without which any impression of the early Boston merchants would be incomplete.

It is not to one of these dignified gentlemen that one looks for such projects as Lord Timothy Dexter's proverbial shipping of warming-pans to the tropics. Yet it was a Boston merchant, Frederick Tudor, who began to carry the peculiarly Northern commodity of ice to the West Indies. Even at the centre of "Yankee notions," he was regarded as a person of unbridled fancy. The story of this traffic in ice is indeed sufficiently strange. As related chiefly in an old number of *Scribner's Monthly*, it is that in 1805 a plague of yellow fever wrought havoc in the West India Islands. Mr. Tudor saw how grievously ice was needed, and determined to supply it. Cutting two or three hundred tons from a pond at Saugus, he had it hauled to Charlestown, and loaded the brig *Favorite* for Martinique. This, in his own words, "excited the derision of the whole town as a mad project." Ridicule and opposition, however, were the surest means of fixing his purpose. Though at first without financial success, he proved that ice could be carried to a warm climate. Then the British government saw what cooling benefits might thus be brought to its West Indian subjects. Accordingly Mr. Tudor secured the monopoly, with further special advantages, for the sale of ice in Jamaica. At Kingston he built his ice houses. Havana and other Cuban ports were opened to him on similar terms. By degrees he built up also a large traffic with our own Southern cities, — Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans. Then followed, in 1833, at the request of English and American merchants in Calcutta, the "ice-king's" invasion of the Far East. From small beginnings the ice trade with Calcutta grew to proportions which made it long an important element in holding for Boston the supremacy in all the commerce between Calcutta and the United States. Rio Janeiro must be added to the list of tropical cities to which the Tudor ships carried their cargoes of ice.

The bald recital of the facts in the story of this merchant's success is sufficient to stir the imagination. To do such things with the tools at hand — sailing vessels and none of the modern implements of labor-saving — called for a species of ability in which imagination itself must have played no trifling part.

It may be that this quality of imagination was lacking in the Boston and Salem merchants who attempted in 1842 to introduce American ice into London. One of them tried to attain this end by demonstrating the merits of iced American drinks. He hired a hall — as the story goes — and trained a number of men to mix the cool beverages of his native land. The members of the Fishmongers' Association — presumably as fond of turtle as aldermen themselves — were the guests. The waiters made an imposing entry, but alas, the first sound that met the ear of the American "promoter," expecting a chorus of approval, was that of an English voice calling for hot water, and saying, "I prefer it 'alf 'n' 'alf." The American completes the story: "I made a dead rush for the door, next day settled my bills in London, took train for Liverpool and the steamer for Boston, and counted up a clear loss of \$1200."

The counting of losses has doubtless had its constant place in the calculations of merchants. To the commoner counting of profits on Boston wharves may be ascribed the practice very general, a hundred years ago and less, among persons of every sort and condition, of sending out "adventures." The sea was the Wall Street of the time, and the time was that when even the uncertainties of the lottery were in good repute. It is in no way surprising, then, to find in a newspaper of 1788, in the advertisement of two ships about to sail for the Isle of France and India, this announcement: "Any person desiring to adventure to that part of the world may have an opportunity of sending goods on freight." In executing these commis-

sions the supercargo became, besides the owners' agent, almost a public servant. Professional men, women, boys — all classes of the community took this inviting road to profit. At the age of eight (1821), John Murray Forbes wrote in a letter: "My adventure sells very well in the village." A footnote to the passage in Mr. Forbes's *Life* explains that the boy was in the habit of importing in the Perkins vessels, with the help of older relatives, little adventures in tea, silk, or possibly Chinese toys. Thus by the time he sailed to China himself, at seventeen, he had accumulated more than a thousand dollars of his own.

That there were heavy risks to be run both by owners and by private speculators, the high rates of insurance and the fortunes built up by marine underwriters clearly testify. The difficult navigation laws of England and France during the Napoleonic wars provided an important element in these risks. Our own Embargo and War of 1812 brought dangers amounting to prohibitions, with effects upon Boston commerce which for a time put it practically out of existence. Among the first vessels to arrive in Boston after the restoration of peace were the *New Hazard* and the *Catch-me-if-you-can*, whose very names bespoke the anxiety of the commercial class. With the confidence which came with peace new opportunities were so firmly grasped that for forty years the commerce of Boston continued to spread to every near and distant port of the world. So early as 1791 there is the record of seventy sail leaving Boston harbor in a single day. Yet in 1846 one may read of a hundred and twenty-nine arrivals in the same brief period. That one great risk of the earlier time — the risk of piracy — should have extended so far as it did into the later, we of these more shielded days cannot easily realize. There is nothing of anachronism in the story of the *Atahualpa*, sailing for Canton in 1808, commanded by

Captain William Sturgis, carrying more than three hundred thousand Spanish milled dollars, and winning a desperate battle with Chinese pirates at the mouth of the Canton River. The ship had previously been in the Indian trade on the northwest coast, and had then been pierced for musketry and armed with four six-pound cannon. To these, which Captain Sturgis had carried with him to China, contrary to the orders of Theodore Lyman, the chief owner of the vessel, the defeat of the pirates was largely due. It savors of the stern and strenuous time, however, to find it reported — whether credibly or not — that on reaching Boston Sturgis was obliged to pay freight on the cannon. "Obey orders if you break owners" was a motto not to be treated lightly.

Less remote in time and place than these Chinese pirates stand the twelve Spaniards brought to Boston and tried on the charge that "piratically, feloniously, violently, and against the will" of the captain of the brig *Mexican*, which sailed from Salem in August, 1832, for Rio, they "did steal, rob, take, and carry away" the \$20,000 in specie with which a homeward cargo was to have been purchased. This the pirates of the schooner *Panda*, sailing the *Spanish Main*, undoubtedly did. A copy of the *Salem Gazette* containing an account of the affair somehow fell into the hands of Captain Trotter, commanding H. B. M. brig *Curlew* on the African coast. A vessel lying in the River Nazareth and answering the description of the *Panda* excited Captain Trotter's suspicions. With considerable difficulty he captured her and her crew, whom he brought to Salem. The trial in Boston occupied two weeks. Mr. William C. Codman, then a schoolboy, recalls the excitement it produced: "Every morning the 'Black Maria' brought the prisoners from the Leverett Street Jail to the court-room. The wooden fence around the Common was perched upon in every possible place

from which a view of the pirates could be obtained. The streets and malls were so filled with eager spectators that the police had great difficulty in keeping the crowd back." By the jury's verdict, the captain, mate, and five of the crew were declared guilty. Bernardo de Soto, the first officer, was relieved by President Andrew Jackson, on the ground of a previous act of humanity to American citizens. The other pirates were executed in Boston, June 11, 1835. It is this date, so little beyond the remembrance of many men now living, which brings the "old, unhappy, far-off things" of peril by sea well into what seems our own time.

To guard against the risks which foresight could avert, it was the custom of shipowners to give their captains, on setting sail, letters of instructions as minute in particulars as the orders of a military or naval commander to a subordinate setting forth on a difficult expedition. Many things which might now be said by cable or rapid mails were then thought out and committed in advance to pages; and nothing that the old merchants have left behind them speaks more clearly for their breadth of vision and clearness of thought and expression than these characteristic productions. Their calling, as they practiced it, both required and enriched that thing of many definitions, — a liberal education.

With the superseding of sails by steam, it was inevitable that much of what would be called, but for McAndrew, the romance of the sea must disappear. One of the changes from the old to the new conditions has hardly yet ceased to manifest itself. The "forest of masts" with which such a harbor side as that of Boston used to be lined is still gradually dwindling away. In the place of the old tangle of spars and cordage now appear gigantic funnels, comparatively few, and slender pole-masts innocent of yards. A single funnel, however, may rise above a cargo of fifty

times greater tonnage than that of a sailing ship a century ago. Add to this the considerations of speed and frequent voyages, of the quick lading and discharging of cargoes by modern methods, and the new romance of magnitude belongs wholly to our epoch of steam.

For what the new epoch was to bring in the way of rapid transatlantic service Boston was in some measure prepared by the lines of Liverpool sailing packets established in 1822 and in 1827. Of one of the vessels of the earlier line, the *Emerald*, there is a tradition that once she made the voyage to Liverpool and back in thirty-two days. Besides speed these sailing packets offered to patrons what was considered at the time a high degree of comfort. In this matter of packets sailing at regular intervals, however, Boston was somewhat behind New York. To New York, also, belongs the distinction of greeting the steamers *Sirius* and *Great Western* on their arrival on consecutive April days of 1838, — nineteen years, to be sure, after the first steam vessel crossed the Atlantic. It was the successful return of these two ships to England that stirred the British admiralty to action, — with what good results to Boston we shall see.

The action of the admiralty was to call for proposals for carrying the royal mails from Liverpool to Halifax, Quebec, and Boston. Mr. Samuel Cunard, an enterprising merchant of Halifax, had long been considering the possibilities of transatlantic steam service. Here was his opportunity, and the bid which he promptly made for this postal work was accepted, at a contract price of £55,000 a year. Halifax was to be the eastern terminus, from which smaller boats were to run to Boston and Quebec. To this arrangement some energetic citizens of Boston entered an immediate protest. The resolutions which they passed April 20, 1839, one week after the promise of the new line reached Boston, pointed out the advantage of using Halifax merely as a place of call

and making Boston the true terminus. It happened that just at that time the northeastern boundary dispute, over the line between Maine and New Brunswick, was at a critical point. Shrewdly enough the Boston resolutions, referring to this dispute, expressed the faith of the meeting in the new "enterprise as a harbinger of future peace, both with the mother country and the provinces, being persuaded that frequent communication is the most effectual mode to wear away all jealousies and prejudices which are not yet extinguished." The resolutions, hastily dispatched to Mr. Cunard, reached him on the point of his leaving London for America. He lost no time in taking them to the Lords of the Admiralty, offering — as Mr. H. A. Hill has summed it up — "to increase the size and power of his ships, and to extend the main route to Boston, promising also, half jocosely, to settle the northeastern boundary question, if they would add ten thousand pounds per annum to the subsidy. His proposition was accepted, and a new contract was signed in May." Thus it was that Boston, destined to fall far below New York as a port for transatlantic steamers, secured the early supremacy, and perhaps made its own contribution to the settlement of the boundary dispute.

So used is the human mind becoming to the marvelous in triumphs over nature that the first comers from Europe by air-ship — if they ever come — will probably receive a less enthusiastic welcome than that which the city of Boston extended to the first arriving Cunarders. In June and July of 1840, the Unicorn and the Britannia came safe to the new docks of the company in East Boston. Banquets, salutes, and many flags celebrated the events. No doubt local pride played an important part in the Boston sentiment of this time. Within four years this pride was put to the test. The New York papers had been pointing out all the contrasts, unfavorable to Boston, between the ports of the two cities.

As if indeed to adorn their tale, Boston harbor froze over in January of 1844, and the advertised sailing of the Britannia then in dock seemed surely to be impossible. But the merchants of Boston would not have it so. They met and voted to cut a way, at their own expense, through the ice, that the steamer might sail practically on time. The contract for cutting the necessary channels was given to merchants engaged like Frederick Tudor in the export of ice, — not from the harbor. Their task was to cut within the space of three days a channel about ten miles long. For tools they had the best machinery used in cutting fresh-water ice, and horse power was employed. The ice was from six to twelve inches in thickness. As the Advertiser of February 2, 1844, described the scene: "A great many persons have been attracted to our wharves to witness the operations, and the curious spectacle of the whole harbor frozen over, and the ice has been covered by skaters, sleds, and even sleighs. Tents and booths were erected upon the ice, and some parts of the harbor bore the appearance of a Russian holiday scene." On February 3 the work was done, and the Britannia, steaming slowly through the lane of open water, lined on either side by thousands of cheering spectators, made her way to the sea. Whatever the New York critics may have thought, the English managers of the company must have felt that the people of Boston were good friends to have.

In the natural course of events other lines besides the Cunard were established; and if the outreaching spirit of Boston had traveled as rapidly overland to the West as it had always moved by sea, there would probably be nothing but progress to record of Boston as a port. Writing of the time when the first Cunarders came, Mr. Hill reminds us "that the trains starting from Boston then reached their limits respectively at Newburyport, Exeter, Nashua, Springfield, Stonington, and New Bed-

ford." It was not long before the western railroad frontier was pushed from Springfield to Albany and the Hudson. But here, alas, it stopped, and for nearly thirty years, so far as through lines were concerned, it was pushed no farther. During this period quarrels between the two lines that traversed Massachusetts, and the deadening influence of state aid where private enterprise should have been at work, had the most unhappy results. Far to the west, the development of the Michigan Central and the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy railroads, largely through Boston capital and energy, spoke for what might have been done nearer home. Meanwhile the western railroad connections with New York were wisely and rapidly improved. To quote from Mr. Charles Francis Adams: "While the great corporations which served other cities were absorbing into themselves the thoroughfares in the valley of the Mississippi, the Legislature of the State of Massachusetts kept its eyes steadily fixed on the Hoosac Mountain." To this, with other causes, was due the decline of Boston shipping. The important commerce with Calcutta reached its climax in the years between 1856 and 1859, and thereafter gradually fell away, to the advantage of New York. So it was with other branches of maritime trade. In 1868 the Cunard Company, which for the first eight years of its existence had run no vessels to New York, transferred all its mail steamers to the rival port, and sent to Boston only freighters, which after loading in Boston proceeded to New York to complete their cargoes. For nearly three years not a single steamer sailed from Boston direct to Liverpool. Then came the revival. The representatives of railroads, steamships, and the Board of Trade put their heads together, and matters began to mend. Year by year the volume of exports and imports showed a steady, healthy growth, — until Boston has found herself, if not, as of old, the

first port of America, yet one which at last reaps the commercial advantages belonging to the town of Emerson's definition, with its streets leading not only "downward to the sea," but also, as the railroads tardily did their work, "landward to the west."

It is a partial view of the outreaching spirit of Boston — especially as Boston may be taken as typical of New England — which ignores the expression that spirit found in the establishment of Christian missions in the islands of the sea and the kingdoms beyond. Whatever one may think of that work, its means and its ends, the facts remain that the nineteenth century saw its beginnings in America, that the "orthodox" churches of New England were the pioneers in the work, and that the men at home whose financial support made it possible were frequently of that commercial class in whose interest the ships of Boston sailed abroad. This is not to say that the "merchant princes" of Boston were largely imbued with the spirit which has been most active in carrying Christianity to foreign lands. They were not. But throughout the nineteenth century there was a constant element in the community — in Boston and all New England towns — which derived from its Puritan ancestry so firm a faith in its modes of spiritual life as inherently the life for every man of every race that the maintenance of American missions became a vital duty. It is not the least significant aspect of this portion of New England history that the secular record of it is extremely meagre. This may probably be ascribed to the fact that the men and women for the records of whose zeal and generosity we look in vain were not of the class which either writes or becomes the theme of biography. They were of the rank and file, and for that reason surely should not be overlooked.

Whether we turn, then, to the great merchants or to the clerks and gentlewomen who sent forth their small adven-

tures, or yet to that other class whose adventures were for spiritual ends, we find in the Boston community a constant quality of distant vision belying the reputation of the town for contented absorption in its own affairs. The Autocrat's image of the hub, adopted by all the world, carried with it an inevitable picture of the "tire of all creation." It would be but a sorry hub that was no better for the wheel at the end of its spokes. To those who have determined the relations of Boston with the world at large, the town has owed many of its best things. The distinguished merchants won their distinction not so much by their wealth as by the integrity which earned it and the generosity which de-

voted it to public uses. A list of the foundations for charitable and educational purposes in and about Boston — such as a "Perkins Institution," a "Parkman Professorship," a "Bromfield Fund" — would reveal to the statistical mind a large proportion of names identified with the mercantile history of the place. To bring silk and spices from over-seas, to win the fight with pirates, to open a frozen harbor to the early steamships, to tunnel a mountain and reach the West, — all these are fine, brave things. Yet it is more to make your town richer by the spirit which has triumphed over such difficulties and by the fruits of that spirit. This is what the merchants of Boston have done.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

A SEA LYRIC.

THERE is no music that man has heard
 Like the voice of the minstrel Sea,
 Whose major and minor chords are fraught
 With infinite mystery, —
 For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God
 Play over his rhythmic breast,
 And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
 The song of a vast unrest.

There is no passion that man has sung,
 Like the love of the deep-souled Sea,
 Whose tide responds to the Moon's soft light
 With marvelous melody, —
 For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God
 Play over his rhythmic breast,
 And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
 The song of a vast unrest.

There is no sorrow that man has known,
 Like the grief of the wordless Main,
 Whose Titan bosom forever throbs
 With an untranslated pain, —
 For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God
 Play over his rhythmic breast,
 And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
 The song of a vast unrest.

William Hamilton Hayne.

HIS DAUGHTER FIRST.

VI.

THE Bishop and Jack, having been called in the early morning, had their coffee together by candlelight in the small breakfast-room, and were driven to the shivering little station in the valley as the sun came up over the Westford hills. The Bishop thought it a good occasion to explain his projects for the mission church at Lemington, for Mr. Temple was one of his staunchest props in undertakings of this nature. He also had much to say in praise of Mrs. Kensett, and inquired kindly for Mabel as he shook his companion's hand warmly at the junction where he left the express to take a local train.

The Bishop had known John Temple from boyhood, and was gifted with more than ordinary penetration and sagacity; yet, in common with many who in the battle of life thought they had fathomed Jack and had found themselves to their discomfiture mistaken, had discovered in the latter's even temper a reason for much perplexity. He remembered this morning, after bidding him good-by and as he walked to and fro on the platform waiting for his train, how profoundly astonished the world had been at the time of Jack's marriage with Gladys Ferguson, and with what greater astonishment it beheld the ominous prophecies to which that event gave rise fail of fulfillment. It had been conceded that Gladys had not married him for love, and it had been equally clear that she had ended by admiring him immensely. It was not thought on the whole that she managed him, unless a very quick intuition and a very delicate tact can be called management, especially as no one had ever managed Jack on Wall Street. It was contended too that he must have been desperately in love with Gladys, for his sudden mar-

riage, though quite in accord with his habit of never taking the world at large into his confidence, betrayed a lack of judgment so wholly at variance with his reputation for that quality that no other explanation was possible. And yet this marriage had remained a mystery. It was an open question, much discussed among their friends of Gladys's sex, whether he seconded her every wish, or whether she deftly suppressed all wishes he did not second. Although so uniformly successful that men consulted him in doubtful matters as they did the barometer in doubtful weather, Jack had been known to make mistakes, mistakes which he bore with a phlegm, or retrieved with a stubbornness which would have done credit to the imperturbability of the conventional gambler; so that his own even demeanor rendered conclusions drawn from outward indications unreliable and misleading. And then had suddenly occurred that tragedy which brought his domestic structure down in ruins.

At the time it had proved, like his marriage, a fruitful source of controversy and gossip. Gladys's friends asserted that her suicide was an act committed in the delirium of fever, and had had nothing to do with her cousin Rowan; while her enemies, who had always denied her possession of any such depth of nature as that in which great passions are supposed to flourish, could only reconcile their past and present innuendoes by taking refuge in the confession that human nature was an altogether unknown and unknowable quantity.

It was with a somewhat similar generalization that the Bishop's musings came to an end. Jack's marriage was not the only mysterious one that had fallen under his observation. The human race, he said to himself, is so highly

differentiated that the points of contact and attraction are oftenest hidden and unknown. Moreover all this was an old and forgotten story, and if the Bishop's thoughts reverted to the past as he walked back and forth that morning on the frosty platform, they were only like the thoughts of the child on events which took place before it was born. The mystery remained, but it was no longer before the eyes, and the world forgets what it does not see.

The effect of the tragedy upon Jack had been evident to all his friends. Something passed from among the outward signs by which men knew him, as the color leaves the face on a wound; but if he had been hard hit, no one knew exactly where. None were quicker or more efficient than he in practical sympathy for others, yet it was impossible for any one to render such to him. If he had as much need of it as other men, there were also many to give it; but that was his nature, — to bleed internally, — and if wounds there were, they were beyond the touch of ministering hands. Men, and women too, brought him their perplexities and troubles, sought his advice and took his cheer, finding him as accessible, as shrewd, as good-natured as ever, a little more abstracted, the old dry humor a little less quick of flow, but he himself no less ready to listen. Experience may rob us of our illusions, but it leaves us our heritage of common sense, if we ever possessed such, and in Jack's practical world it was common sense, not illusions, which was in demand.

Shortly after parting from the Bishop he got the morning paper. He turned to the stock list and saw that Argonaut shares were selling at thirty-eight. Then he folded the paper and watched the winter landscape as the train rolled on. At the first stop he called the porter and sent a telegram to Mabel, to the effect that he would dine that night at the Club, and that Miss Gaunt, the governess, might take her to the Opera,

where he would join them. The porter, who evidently had had some previous experience with Jack's fees, performed his errand with alacrity, and took the loose change with a "Thank you, Mr. Temple," which left no doubt of his willingness to serve that gentleman in any further capacity whatever.

"I suppose that fellow thinks I have everything I want," thought Jack, picking up his paper again. "I wonder what *he* wants. I could make him happy for life with less than the Bishop asks for his church." Unconscious of his proximity to such good fortune, the porter began to set the folding table in its place and brought the menu. "But the Bishop is right," thought Jack.

On reaching New York he sent his portmanteau to the house and, calling a hansom, drove down town to his office. He went directly to his private room, glanced over the memoranda of callers, listened to such explanations of their visits as had been left with his secretary, and then stepped to the telephone.

"Is this Brown & Sons?"

"Yes, I am Mr. Brown."

"Which Mr. Brown? I am Mr. Temple."

"Oh, good-morning, Mr. Temple. It's Mr. Brown senior."

"Good-morning. Can you drop over to the office in the course of the afternoon?"

"Certainly, Mr. Temple. Now, if you wish."

"Very well, now, if you please."

A few minutes later Mr. Brown was ushered in.

"Brown," said Jack, "what do you know about the Argonaut mine?"

"Nothing, personally. It lies in a good tract, has good company. It's a new property, sir."

"Can you send me the last report?"

"You would n't get much information from their reports, sir. They don't publish details."

"They? who are they?"

"Mr. Heald is the only director I know. I think he is president. The other officers are not known here."

"I see it is not listed on the New York Exchange. Is it listed anywhere?"

"I think not. It has been a curb-stone football on the street."

Jack looked out the window for a moment in silence.

"Brown," he said at length, "I want a thoroughly reliable man to investigate and report upon that property. Not here, on the street, but at the mine. Have you any one in your office you can recommend?"

"There is no one I can recommend better than my son, sir," replied Mr. Brown after a moment's reflection.

"That's the man I have in mind," said Jack, with a twinkle in his eye. "But I was n't sure you thought as well of him as I did. He could go right away?"

"To-night, if necessary."

"It is n't necessary, but I am in something of a hurry."

"All right, sir, it's to-night, then."

"Will you send him over to me? I shall be here till six. And by the way, Brown, this is confidential."

"Certainly, Mr. Temple, certainly."

Within fifteen minutes Mr. Brown, Jr., was standing where Mr. Brown, Sr., had stood, awaiting instructions.

"Sit down, Mr. Brown, sit down," said Jack, wheeling round in his office chair. "I want you to go down to — Where are the Argonaut workings?"

"In Arizona, sir."

"I want you to go down to Arizona and find out all about the Argonaut mine, — from garret to cellar."

"Yes, sir."

"About the *mine*, you understand, not the Company."

"I understand, sir."

"How many dollars it costs to get a dollar's worth of copper, and how many dollars' worth of copper are there."

"Yes, sir."

"I could get the last report of the Company, if there is one, here in New York. I should n't send you to Arizona to get that."

"Certainly not, sir."

Jack paused, turned to his desk, and took up his pen.

"You may find the information difficult to get, and you may not, Mr. Brown."

"Very likely, sir."

"And when you get it you will report to me in person."

Jack pressed the electric button on his desk.

"Give Mr. Brown the money on this check," he said to his secretary, "and charge it to my private account."

"I think he will do," he said to himself as the door closed on Brown, Jr. "He did n't ask me where Arizona was."

There was some work to be done with his secretary, a few business callers to be seen, the directors' meeting on the floor below, and then he took the Elevated as far as Twenty-third Street, and walked up through Madison Square and the Avenue to the Club.

Jack was not a club man. With the exception of the Yacht Club, — for he loved his boat, and believed in vacations even down to the office boy, — he was a member of but one other, and was so rare a visitor even in that one that he had a half-dozen invitations to dinner before he got from the coat-room to the dining-room.

"Look here," he said, as he reached the top of the stairs, "I can't eat but one dinner, and the only way out of it is for you gentlemen to dine with me. Peter," he called to the head waiter, "reserve the round table in the corner over there for us. No, never mind the wine card, you know what is good for us," — and Peter, susceptible to flattery, went off in the best possible humor, much honored, and more than ever persuaded the Club was his own personal property.

There were some murmurs of dissent

to Jack's proposition, for it was customary to consider an informal invitation to dinner as only a bid for one's company, with equal division of costs.

"We'll divide it all up if you say so," said Jack, "but if you will listen to me now I will listen to you at dinner."

During the evening a good many came to shake hands with him, and to say how glad they were to see him there, and over the coffee and cigars the conversation turned upon the membership in general.

"It's not what it used to be," deplored one.

"That's because you are no longer a youngster," said Jack. "You have lost your bump of reverence, and are one of the elect whom you used to look up to. I never admit the good old times are gone while I am on deck myself. Let me see the membership book," he said to the waiter.

"You are not going over the death-roll, are you, Jack? This is n't an annual meeting."

"No," he laughed, "I'll begin at the other end and count the babies."

The party at the adjoining table broke up while he was turning the pages, and one of the number, stopping a moment as he passed by to speak with one of Jack's guests, was introduced to him as Mr. Heald. He was a man under middle age, of medium height but well formed, with black hair, teeth of remarkable whiteness, and an engaging smile.

"He's one of the lucky ones," said the previous speaker; "was barely two months on the waiting list. He came from New Orleans, and had n't been long enough in New York to make an enemy when he was put up. If we were to go on the waiting list again, Temple, we should stay there forever."

"It would n't take as long as that to find out enough to blackball me," said Jack.

"Oh, you are one of what the news-

papers call financial magnates. Heald's a freebooter."

"What's a freebooter?" asked Jack.

"Probably the dictionary would say a robber. I don't mean that, but a sort of privateer. He has his letters of marque, flies the regular flag, and doubtless observes the rules of war—I beg your pardon, Jack—business."

"I have served on a good many Boards," observed Jack quietly, "and I have found the standards of morality as high on the business Board as on any other—higher, in fact."

"Ever been on a hanging committee?" queried the artist of the company.

"If I could make five dollars' worth of paint worth five thousand by signing my name to it, as you can, I should go out of business," replied Jack.

"Funny, is n't it, how every well-to-do round peg thinks he's in a square hole," said the artist. "I would swap my signature for yours in a minute."

Jack smiled and threw away his cigar. His business ship had seen many a gale, but its keel had never touched bottom. He was proud of that fact.

"I am going to give you gentlemen something to growl over right away," he said, rising. "I have got a little girl at the Opera and must go and take her home."

All his friends knew of his devotion to Mabel. "Do you know," some one hazarded after he had gone, "I don't believe Jack Temple loves that daughter of his. He's discharging a duty."

"Nonsense," was the reply. "He is perfectly infatuated over her,—if a man can be said to be infatuated with his own child."

"Well, I did n't say he was n't," remarked the first speaker. "Come, let's go down and have a game of pool."

VII.

Jack took a cab from the Club, drove to the house, and dressed hurriedly,

reaching the Opera at the close of the second act of Hoffmann's *Tales as Julietta's* gondola glided under the balcony to the music of the *barcarolle*. The two occupants of the box were so absorbed as he entered that he stood for a moment unnoticed in the doorway. Mabel's interest was centred on the boxes rather than the stage. Miss Gaunt, her eyes fixed upon the gondola disappearing on the lagoon, was evidently in Venice with Hoffmann.

At what she had then considered the very mature age of twenty Miss Gaunt had exchanged the duties of an assistant in a young ladies' boarding-school for those of governess in Mr. Temple's family. Having been educated—in an institution exclusively devoted to the elevation and emancipation of her sex—to a degree which made self-support a duty she owed to her superior advantages, and having in the process been withdrawn during her sentimental period from the dangers of foolish and romantic attachments, it seemed quite logical after graduating with high honors that she should immediately put her stores of learning to some practical account. She was one of a large family in moderate circumstances, whose head had deemed it incumbent upon himself to provide for his daughter a means of self-help in the event of a future necessity. In the case of Miss Gaunt a first effort had been made to develop a special aptitude for music, but the foundations for anything beyond a modest accomplishment in this direction proved lacking, and the attempt had been abandoned. Attention had then been turned to languages with the result that Miss Gaunt could speak two living ones with grammatical rigidity and an original accent, and read two dead ones with much hesitancy and the aid of a dictionary. Mathematics had, however, proved her forte, and her progress in functions was a source of mingled pride and awe to the Gaunt family.

Considerable discussion arose over the

question what to do with Miss Gaunt when her education was completed. Not to do something, to permit her merely to live on at home in meek acceptance of destiny, as other girls had done before the days of superior advantages, was not to be thought of. Moreover her college life had stimulated her ambition, and introduced an element of discontent into her composition. The offer of an engagement as assistant in a fashionable New York school presented itself therefore as a natural sequence to her preparatory training and as the proper reward of her devotion to her studies, and was embraced accordingly.

In the acquisition of four languages, elliptic functions, and her other accomplishments, however, Miss Gaunt had not lost the feminine point of view; for all her teachers had been of her own sex, and however good a point of view of history or literature or discipline a woman's may be, it is not the same as that of a man. Nor had anything in her daily round of duty in college halls given her any real insight into the struggle for life for which she was ostensibly preparing herself. Gradually, and much to her surprise, it dawned upon her that her experience in her new position was not altogether satisfying. To almost the same extent as her pupils she found herself a subordinate wheel in a machine, and the responsibility of performing a definite number of revolutions per day was not that of which she had been dreaming. However modest had once seemed to her the authority and dignity of a simple mistress of a home, she began to realize that wives and mothers possessed at all events certain attributes of power, freedom, and consideration which, as prizes in the struggle for life, were otherwise less easily attained and, when conquered, promised to prove less satisfying.

It must also be noted that in acquiring her superior advantages Miss Gaunt had not lost any of those natural ones with which nature had endowed her.

They had not destroyed her oval face, her rich black hair, her graceful carriage, or her knack of making the most of any slender resource in dress, and her large brown eyes had not been reduced in the pursuit of functions to the necessity for artificial aids to vision. In short the functions, the two living and the two dead languages were only of those things which "shall be added unto you." But it required some time for her to realize that she had been utilizing these excellent things to a dubious end. What the right end was she had not fully determined, but when Mr. Temple proposed her transfer from the school-room to Gramercy Park she did not hesitate a moment.

Mr. Temple *had* hesitated when she was first presented to him. She was both younger and prettier than he expected, or than even she herself at that time considered herself to be. But her family was irreproachable, her recommendations unimpeachable, her accomplishments and character duly vouched for by diploma, and, most conclusive of all, Mabel had taken a great fancy to her at their very first meeting. A good judge of men is not always a good judge of women. There had been Gladys to prove it. Moreover Mr. Temple, except in strictly business matters, was always more shy and embarrassed with women than his outward manner indicated. With his usual prudence, however, he had asked Miss Gaunt to present herself at his office for the final interview; and there, in an atmosphere where he felt thoroughly at home, after some preliminary details he said: —

"Before we settle our arrangements finally, Miss Gaunt, there are some things which I wish you to understand. If you accept my offer it is as my daughter's governess and companion, not as mine." He looked up from his desk, but Miss Gaunt's brown eyes betrayed no emotion. "You will have your own parlor, and your meals will be served there. I do not mean to imply" — he

had in mind to say "any social inferiority," but paused, and went on as if he had said it, — "in fact, if you are as sensible as I take you to be, you will see that I am thinking quite as much of your own independence of life as of my own. You must be happy in your environment or my daughter will not be. Your chief responsibility will be her happiness and education. Of the servants you will have no care, but should you have complaints or observations to make you will make them to me. Mabel understands that she is to obey you, and you will have absolute authority. Your task will not be a difficult one if you win her respect and love. I suppose your own experience has told you that they are the only foundations for real obedience."

It was under these conditions and a tempting increase in remuneration that Miss Gaunt had assumed her new duties, and the temporary arrangement for one year had been indefinitely renewed as the years went by until its continuance ceased to be a subject of discussion.

Her mother had indignantly rebelled against certain provisions of "dear Helen's" contract with Mr. Temple, but Helen had assured her she would not feel as she did if she knew Mr. Temple better, and it soon became evident that in spite of the relegation to obscurity of the elliptic functions Helen was most advantageously placed and most happy. On those rare occasions when she made a visit home it was discovered that she had visibly changed. She had never despised dress, but she now gave more thought to it than before. She no longer appeared concerned for economy, or brought her savings to her father for investment as formerly. On the contrary, she always came loaded with presents and a purse which afforded exceptional opportunities for the entertainment of the younger members of the Gaunt family; and she was quite ready when her visit was over to say good-by.

It was curious that Miss Gaunt should have found herself regarding her former ambitions much in the same light as, when under their influence, she had regarded her present mode of life; and it was an undoubted fact that at twenty-nine, after nine years in Gramercy Park, she considered herself younger than when at twenty she presided over a class of young ladies.

On her arrival she had been looked upon by Mabel from a child's point of view and classed with all grown up people, but as time went by governess and pupil seemed to approach each other, the difference in their ages to grow less, until now, when the pupil, who matured rapidly, had passed her eighteenth birthday, the governess had become the companion to an extent never contemplated in the contract, — had, indeed, become Helen instead of Miss Gaunt.

Mabel was Gladys's reincarnation. She possessed her mother's coloring, features, and figure, a pair of violet eyes deeper and more speechful than even Gladys's blue ones, her mobility and quickness of intelligence, but not her tact or, as yet, her depth of nature. Decidedly Miss Gaunt's inferior in solidity of mental equipment, but with much more beauty and force of character, she had never entertained the slightest jealousy of her companion, whom she respected just enough to be at first a little in awe of her, and whom in time she grew to really care for as much as she had yet cared for any one except her father. She was not vain, but very self-reliant, with an unconscious daring which carried her straight to the core of things and persons calculated to inspire awe in a way that dispelled all their awesomeness. Helen had found her a willful, sometimes peevish and often selfish child. Gladys had devoted much thought to her dress, and had successfully utilized her as a decorative feature. Seated beside her in the landau, or brought in with the dessert, she was most effective, and very early in life

Mabel had learned that for real genuine affection as she viewed it, affection which rarely said no, and which was bent upon gratifying, not denying, her wishes, she must appeal to her father. Gladys passed out of her life, leaving only the sentimental memory belonging to a very lovely vision very rarely seen, and it was only in later years, and under the touch of an imagination which works best at a distance, that Mabel evoked her memory with any real feeling. Gladys herself would have been astonished if she could have seen her own picture as painted by her child's fancy, and the reality of this post-mortem affection would hardly have atoned for the fact that its object was but a phantom of the original.

Mr. Temple had never had reason to complain of his daughter's progress. Mabel possessed a certain brilliancy which might well have blinded his indulgent eyes, were not the eyes of affection blind enough already. She could gallop through a waltz by Chopin in a way which delighted him and scandalized her teacher. What she had learned as a child, as the French and German acquired by ear from her nursery governesses, she had learned quickly and well, but in all that required application, perseverance, conscientiousness, she was superficial and depended upon her marvelous memory, to the detriment of all thoroughness and accuracy. It pleased Jack tremendously after hearing a new opera to listen to her embroidery of the score, — without notes! He had been trained in the school of experience, and what he knew he knew well. What he did not know he set all the more store by, but, not knowing it, was easily impressed and an indifferent critic.

Miss Gaunt saw more clearly, but it was a very ungracious, not to say hopeless, task to set Mr. Temple right, and it was very difficult to be severe with Mabel. For all her waywardness and carelessness and selfishness, she was in so many ways lovable, and substituted

so adroitly her lovable qualities for her unlovely ones when a reprimand was impending, that she always broke its force. It would have been much easier to deal with Jack's patient, persistent will, or even with Gladys's subtle, persuasive one, than with Mabel's blend of imperiousness and capriciousness, and Miss Gaunt's early efforts at discipline became more and more fitful and gentle. Moulding character, for good at least, was a far more difficult process than teaching the French irregular verbs or the Latin declensions in a fashionable boarding-school.

Then, too, Miss Gaunt was learning as well as teaching. She was learning how delightful it was to be able to order a carriage, even though it was not her own; how delightful it was to shop without calculating the cost, even though she was shopping for another; how delightful it was to have her own apartments, to be waited upon at her own table, even though it was a solitary grandeur. She could console herself, too, for the neglect of the elliptic functions with the fact that in conversing with Mabel in French during the morning, and in German during the afternoon, her accent in the living languages was rapidly improving. All the advantages were not on Mabel's side.

It had often occurred to Miss Gaunt that this state of affairs could not go on forever, and on one occasion Jack had intimated as much to Mabel. But Mabel had rejected the suggestion with such emphasis that it had never been renewed. For while Miss Gaunt had reached the limit of her capacity as instructress, she was altogether too valuable as chaperon to be dispensed with. When Mabel passed from short to long dresses, abandoned her braids, and began to preside at her father's table, she cancelled the clause of the contract which related to Miss Gaunt's ostracism from the dining-room. "It is quite too absurd to think of Helen's eating alone," she had said; and Jack thought so too.

He acquiesced because he really liked Miss Gaunt. She never bothered him, never "hung around," presumed, intrigued, complained, or did any of those things which would have caused him annoyance, anxiety, or constraint. Gradually, and more and more, through her presence at table and as Mabel's chaperon at functions for which Mr. Temple could not spare the time, she came to know Mabel's friends intimately. She was stylish, pretty, well-bred, unpretending, with a touch of timidity highly out of place in a governess but quite winning in itself. Mabel never reminded her of the drawbacks incident to her position, or gave her any encouragement to exercise its prerogatives, and it was very easy for Helen to glide thus insensibly from the relation of governess to that of companion and friend, — to sit, as it were, like Lady Bess, the cat, on the bearskin before the fire in the drawing-room instead of watching for mice in the pantry.

It might have been better for Miss Gaunt had the struggle with life, for whose possible advent her education had been planned, actually come. It might have completed the work imperfectly begun and crushed out the tendency to admire the princes in fairy tales whose acquaintance she made before she began to integrate functions. It was true she had never met these fascinating creations of the story-book in real life, and she would have resented the suggestion that she ever expected to. Mabel however had not been long in discovering the romantic vein under the surface of demureness. It was the demureness of shyness rather than of severity. Mabel delighted in shocking her, because it was so easy. She was never shocked herself, and learned life's lessons so rapidly, and with such quick intuition, that Helen always seemed to her as stupid and naive in worldly wisdom as she was clever in the wisdom of books. She could be teased, made to blush, and, in case of necessity, blindfolded, — a very

precious power to wield over a govern-ess. Mabel reflected impressions like a mirror, whose picture vanishes with the object it reflects; Helen stored them away somewhere like a sensitized plate, cherishing little things which Mabel accepted as a matter of course, and waiting, as some women will wait, all the functions of Laplace notwithstanding, for the sun that can transform the latent impression into a living reality.

VIII.

"Mabel, your father is here," said Helen, as Jack came forward.

Mabel rushed to the rear of the box and threw her arms impulsively about his neck behind the curtains. She was sure she was tremendously fond of him.

"The music is entrancing to-night. You dear papa, to think of me! Where have you been? You did not tell me."

"I had a telegram from Paul Graham about some business," said Jack, disengaging himself from Mabel's white arms and hanging up his fur-lined coat beside her blue velvet opera cloak. "So you have been enjoying yourself?"

"Immensely!" cried Mabel, leading the way back to her seat.

Miss Gaunt rose as Mr. Temple entered, and moved aside.

"No, keep your seat, Miss Gaunt. I will sit behind Mabel."

"Who is Paul Graham, papa?" asked Mabel. "I never heard you speak of him before." Her hand stole back into his below the crimson rail, but her eyes were wandering over the house as if in search of some one. She wore a gown of white satin and tulle with a string of fine pearls. Jack might well be proud of her. Her beauty varied with her mood, and sometimes, when things went wrong, there was a suggestion of sharpness in her clear-cut, delicate features. She had all her mother's taste in dress and her inimitable way of wearing things. Her figure was

faultless, and she seemed happy to-night to the very tips of her white-slipped feet.

"Perhaps not. He has been away for years in South Africa. He used to know you when you were a little girl. He is a cousin of Mrs. Kensett's."

"Is he nice?" asked Mabel.

"A lot nicer than some of the men who lead the cotillion with you."

"You foolish papa! don't you know I care nothing for them? I only love to dance. Is he in town?"

"No, he is at Cedar Hill, — till the war is over."

A shadow passed over Mabel's face, but vanished as quickly as the shadow of a bird's flight.

"If he comes to town we must have him to see us," she said absent-mindedly.

"We will, certainly," Jack assented.

A man, standing up in the fourth row of the orchestra chairs, and who had just entered, bowed simultaneously with Mabel's smile of recognition.

"Who is that, Mabel?" asked Jack, taking out his glasses.

"That man? Mr. Heald."

Then two pretty girls in the adjoining box began an animated conversation with her around the barrier, and Mabel finally rose and joined them.

It was the last thing that could be said of Jack that he was superstitious, but like many a hard-headed man of the business world who is beyond the influence of mere coincidences, they sometimes haunted him. It was strange, he thought, that this man Heald should be thrust upon him three times within twenty-four hours.

"Where did Mabel meet Mr. Heald, Miss Gaunt?" he asked abruptly.

Miss Gaunt had often observed that Jack failed to see the most obvious things, although he endeavored to add Gladys's duties to his own in looking after Mabel. So that while the question was a natural one, there was a directness about it quite unusual, and which

appealed to her sense of responsibility. Either because she had grown a little rusty in the exercise of this function or for some other reason she hesitated.

"I think at the Wendells' dance last fall, the first time."

Mr. Heald had evidently recognized Jack, for as the bell rang for the last act he appeared at the box door.

"I had the pleasure of being presented to you this evening, Mr. Temple," he said, with a smile which showed his white teeth, "and I came to ask permission to call on your daughter."

"Certainly," replied Jack. "My daughter is at home on Thursdays."

There was nothing else to be said and no reason for saying less.

"Are you enjoying the music, Miss Gaunt?"

"Very much," she answered, scarcely turning her head. In spite of all she could do the color ran to her cheeks. She was leaning forward on the rail watching the musicians as they came in. Mr. Heald took the seat behind her, bowing to Mabel, of whom he caught a glimpse in the next box.

With an effort at composure Helen sat back in her chair.

"The music is lovely to-night. One gets so tired of Faust and Carmen and Cavalleria. It's nice to hear something new."

"It is not a new opera, Miss Gaunt. It was the one given in Vienna at the Ring Theatre years ago when so many lives were lost by fire, and has been on the black list ever since."

She was conscious that Mabel was observing her, and moved her chair forward, leaning on the rail again and speaking rather loudly.

"The ballad in the prelude is very original," said Mr. Heald.

"Very."

"And the minuet is a gem."

"Yes, it is."

"And the scene with the automaton was very cleverly managed." Helen was silent.

"I wish I had the secret of making automatons speak," he said in a low voice.

She made a quick movement as if some one had touched her. "They are going to begin," she said.

The conductor was opening the score and rapping with his baton. Mr. Heald rose, and as he went out bowed again to Mabel, who was humming the strain of the opening air, tapping the rail with her white fingers.

"Isn't it lovely!" she cried, smiling at him.

"Hush!" said some one in the orchestra chairs below.

"What did Mr. Heald want, papa?" asked Mabel when she had resumed her place.

"Permission to call on you. I told him you were at home Thursdays."

"Rather late in the day," she said to herself; and then aloud, indifferently, "He is dreadfully old, but very good looking. Don't you think so? and very entertaining. You might ask him to dinner some evening, papa."

"I don't know him well enough for that," Jack replied, thinking of the Argonaut mine.

"Oh, Helen," called Mabel that night through the open door of their communicating rooms, "I forgot; papa asked me to write a note to Bishop Stearns inviting him to dinner Monday. Do write it for me, will you, please."

She was sitting before her fire, while her maid was brushing out her long yellow hair.

"Sit down at my desk and I will tell you what to say."

Helen came in, opened Mabel's portfolio, and began a search for note paper. Order and system were unknown to Mabel's possessions.

"My dear Bishop," she began, "'papa desires me to say' — Are you ready?"

"Yes dear, go on."

"— 'papa desires me to say — that

he should be very glad — to talk over with you — the plans for the church at Lemington' — I wish that old Bishop would let papa alone! what was I saying, Helen? Read me what you have written, please."

Helen read the first sentence aloud, and Mabel went on.

"— 'on Monday evening. He suggests — that if you have no engagement for that evening — you come in and dine with us — informally — at eight o'clock. He hopes this will suit your convenience — and I need not add — that it will give great pleasure — to his daughter Mabel' — what a fib! I think he is stupid. Will that do, Helen?"

Helen thought it would, and was folding the written sheet preparatory to inclosing it in the envelope, when she saw that the reverse side had been written upon. It was a rough scrawl in Mabel's hand, without address or signature; and while this did not give her the right to read it, she had involuntarily glanced at it before she was conscious that she was violating any propriety. When that consciousness dawned upon her she had seen more than she cared to, and having none of Mabel's quick self-possession, she was embarrassed and confused.

"What *are* you doing, Helen? Can't you find an envelope?"

"I have blotted it and must write it over again," Helen said, hurrying into the first lie that came to hand. She re-wrote the note, sealing and directing it rapidly. It was impossible to leave the first one in Mabel's portfolio, for Mabel would know she had seen it, and would suspect her of having done what Mabel certainly would have done herself under like circumstances. She started to tear it up, intending to throw it in the grate, when Mabel dismissed her maid and stood up before the fire for a last look at her pretty self before extinguishing the lights. So Helen thrust it guiltily in the pocket of her dressing-gown and said good-night.

Once in her room there was a battle royal between the powers of light and darkness. Unfortunately and unintentionally she knew the substance of Mabel's letter to Mrs. Kensett already. She might, in her hurried glance, have misconstrued it. At all events she could not take that hurried glance back or undo what had been done. Then she was to a degree responsible for Mabel's good behavior. It was not a pleasant thing to do, to read a letter not intended for her; it was underhanded and mean, — that is, it would be if she were not in a position of responsibility. Her personal preferences had nothing to do with a question of duty. Either it was her duty or it was not. She decided that it was, waited till Mabel's room was dark, took the letter from her pocket, and read it through.

It was a rough draft of the letter Dolly had shown to Paul, a letter which Mabel had clearly not dashed off impromptu, but had considered of sufficient importance to indite with care. To do Miss Gaunt justice it must be stated that she thought it horrid, but all clear ideas of what her further duty was vanished after the duty of reading it was consummated. It might never have been sent. She had not accompanied Mabel on her visit to Cedar Hill, but she knew Mrs. Kensett, who had always been very kind to her and whom she greatly admired. She finally destroyed the letter and went to bed, with a very disagreeable feeling toward Mabel, a renewed sympathy and increased admiration for Mr. Temple, and the conviction that for the present there was nothing for her to do. She did not fall asleep as quickly as she generally did, and dreamed very disquieting dreams of a rupture with Mabel, in which Mr. Heald took her part, and of returning to a very shabby room in Boston, whose closets contained nothing but calico dresses, and whose windows looked out upon a very small and dingy back yard decorated with the week's washing.

After Mabel and Helen had gone to bed Jack sat in the library far into the night with his cigar. He was very regular in his habits, usually retiring and rising early, a mode of life to which Gladys had never accustomed herself. But to-night the tall clock in the corner sounded its quarter hour chimes ineffectually.

He had never been a great reader. Publishers sent him editions de luxe and reprints of rare old books, which he bought with the same judicious taste that regulated his purchase of other objects of art, for which he had a natural but untrained appreciation. In things of this sort he trusted to a good lieutenant, and did not affect a discrimination he did not possess. Charts and maps, the strategy of campaigns and the tactics of battles were, however, his delight. Novels he never read, except now and then a good detective story. But he was not reading to-night. He was thinking of the porter in the railway carriage, leaning against the door and staring at him with envious respect as a man who had everything to be desired. Jack did not consider himself unreasonable or grasping. He had taken life as he found it, doing methodically and earnestly the thing his hand found to do. A full house and an empty heart was the sum of it all.

He went back in thought to Gladys, a past which was far enough away now to look at coolly, dispassionately. That had been a sort of Monte Carlo adventure. He did not know she had come more than halfway to meet him. Her beauty, her wit, her nonchalant ease had gone to his head, and never having lost his head before, even in champagne, he had — made a fool of himself? No, Jack never admitted that. A mistake? Yes. A kind of negative mistake, which might have proved a positive disaster had Gladys been purely selfish, less clear in her perception of how far she could go without compromising her retreat. Jack really admired her, her finesse,

her intelligence, her assumption of superiority in her sphere, and her tactful surrender to him in his. It was a pity she had never told him how much she admired him.

And he had begun by loving her. But while one may go on for all time desiring the unattained, solitary loving after possession is not among the possibilities. At first he did not notice that he got back nothing solid, and never admitted it. He would have resented the charge that he did not love his wife as quickly as a girl denies the first emotions of her young love, and with an equally positive belief in his sincerity. He had been all his life the soul of honor in his business relations, and it did not for a moment occur to him to be other than loyal in love, — loyal not only in the common meaning of the word, but in his persistent endeavor to believe that if love, like money, did not bring all the happiness that was attributed to its possession, the fault was not Gladys's. As a busy man, occupied in affairs which absorbed his attention and demanded all his thought, he had no time to brood. Gladys never caused him tangible unhappiness, and, above all, always seemed happy herself, — a fact which made him ashamed of himself when he felt inclined to be otherwise. When decisions were necessary he was ready for them, clear-headed and prompt in action; but he was prone to put away and ignore all the interrogation points of only a speculative value. The whence, the why, and the wherefore of life sometimes perplexed him as they do all the thinking sons of woman; but when these riddles oppressed him, or his second self undertook to cross-examine him and to ask if he was happy, and if not, why not, he telephoned the captain of the Vixen and went on a cruise.

When his friend Cecil Kensett died he had found it necessary to see a good deal of Mrs. Kensett, and Dolly, quite unconsciously, had revealed to him all that other side of womanhood, of gen-

nine self-forgetfulness, of disinterested thoughtfulness, of tranquil domesticity, for which he had yearned. There was no glamour about Dolly. The vision she opened was one of peace, — peace and rest. And the sweeter and clearer this vision grew, the clearer became his realization of how empty his heart was and had always been, how slowly and surely it was filling with the happiness and longing of a great love.

Too late, he thought, flinging his cigar into the ashes. The rest of his life must be given to Mabel.

And yet Jack never relinquished easily a quest on which he was determined. He said "Too late," but the decision of a woman's heart was not absolutely final, and it was only to the inevitable or accomplished fact that he was accustomed to resign himself. He was inclined to trust others, a trait which, taken in connection with his shrewd judgment of character, explained much of his success. But he felt a little at sea with a woman's mood. Good or bad, false or true, he was never quite sure that it was a steady wind, or that his boat would not yaw in the most favoring breeze. It was not distrust, but uncertainty. Down town he probed uncertainties, when he could, to the bottom. But he could not ransack a woman's heart like an office pigeonhole, or force her hand as it was often necessary to force the hand of a business rival. For the woman he loved he had only gentleness and patience, and neither Dolly's "no" nor his own "too late" ever wholly banished from the background of his hope the picture of her blue eyes and winning smile.

IX.

"Margaret," said Mrs. Frazer, looking up from her game of solitaire as they sat together in the breakfast-room the morning after Jack's departure, "what is the matter with Dolly Kensett?"

"What is the matter with Dolly?"

repeated Margaret, surprised by the abrupt question. "What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Something is wrong. What is it?"

"You may mean what you say, mother, but I do not know what you mean."

"You never did have the slightest penetration, child," said Mrs. Frazer impatiently. "It would be perfectly evident to a blind man."

Margaret laughed. "You are surely mistaken. Dolly would certainly have told me if anything, as you say, were the matter."

"No, she would not," replied Mrs. Frazer. "You are altogether too unsympathetic and reserved for confidences, and you never know what is going on about you."

Margaret laughed again. "Then why do you come to me for information? What makes you think something is wrong?" she asked after an interval of silence.

Mrs. Frazer was laying down the cards in provoking tranquillity, quite conscious of Margaret's rising curiosity.

"You did not observe that Mr. Temple avoided Dolly last evening as if she were poison?"

"No, I did not observe it," said Margaret, opening her eyes wide. "I do not think it is true."

"You may think what you please, but I have a habit of observing what goes on under my eyes."

"I do not see why Mr. Temple came here at all if he wished to avoid Dolly. Why should he avoid her?"

"Why indeed! My dear child, you are a simpleton."

"Evidently I am. But Dolly has always been very frank with me, and I certainly should not dream of asking her for what she did not choose to give of her own accord."

"Margaret," said Mrs. Frazer reprovingly, "you know I never interfere with other people's affairs. But I see

what I see. Dolly is not happy, and Jack Temple knows more about the reason why than you do. I have not been at Cedar Hill twenty-four hours for nothing. Moreover, I will tell you something else." She laid down her cards and looked straight into Margaret's eyes. "Paul Graham is falling in love with you."

"Mother dear," replied Margaret, flushing, "this is too ridiculous. Mr. Graham has been here exactly twenty-four hours longer than you."

"Well?"

"People do not fall in love with each other in twenty-four hours."

"Oh, indeed! I have seen that miracle accomplished in five years, — and in five minutes."

"I am very sorry," pursued Margaret, paying no heed to the scorn in Mrs. Frazer's reply, "that you have put any such idea in my mind. I liked Mr. Graham the moment I saw him. He is frank and straightforward, without the least self-consciousness, and makes no insincere speeches. I said to myself at once, 'Here is some one I shall have for a friend.' Now you have made it impossible for me to be natural. I shall think of what you have just said whenever we meet" —

"Margaret dear," interrupted Mrs. Frazer, "you will do nothing of the kind. You have much more self-control than I, and are far less natural in consequence. You will be vastly more natural if you *do* think of it. What I have said is quite simple and proper, for you will find it quite true. What is the use of ignoring facts and beating about every bush! Paul is an excellent and very successful man, and is becoming interested in you. There is nothing remarkable in that. I am not at all sorry to have spoken, for you needed to be put upon your guard. You may have him for a friend if you wish, but he will have you for more if he can."

"Mother, will you please not speak to me of this any more."

"Certainly not. If that is your wish I am not likely to. I referred to it simply as one refers to the rising moon, — as a phenomenon which obtruded itself on my attention and which will take care of itself. I am not intending to get in its path, but I hope I may be pardoned for seeing it."

Margaret could but smile in spite of her vexation, and at that moment a step was heard on the piazza and Paul appeared at the window.

"Miss Frazer, will you come for a walk?"

Her first impulse was to say no. But one thinks rapidly at such times, and before he could detect any hesitation she had said: —

"Yes, I should like to."

She glanced at her mother as she left the room, but Mrs. Frazer appeared to have lost interest in everything but her game. Going upstairs for her boots and hat, she resolved, notwithstanding what she had just declared, that she would forget all her mother had said, and allow no sign of embarrassment or constraint to escape her. No, she did not believe a word of it, yet the world could not be quite the same if a man loved her, — even though it were a man for whom she did not care. No, she would not believe a word of it. She would never have exchanged that smile across the table had she dreamed of such a thing. It was too absurd for another thought, and she would not give it a single one. But what did her mother mean in regard to Dolly? She had not noticed anything unusual. Was she then so reserved and unsympathetic? It was true people never came to her with their troubles and gossip as they did to Dolly, and she had often observed how much more Dolly always knew of what was going on about her. She stopped at Dolly's door as she went down, to tell her she was going out with Paul. Dolly nodded and smiled, and hoped it would not snow.

"I am glad you wanted to go," Paul

said, as she appeared at the door. "I am so used to an out-of-door life I should have had to go alone. You have good warm overshoes on," he said, glancing at her feet. "That's sensible. The weather does n't look very promising, but I think it will be only a snow squall. I have been studying that road winding up that side hill. Do you know it?"

"Yes, it is the short way to Lemington. The main road follows the valley."

"There ought to be a splendid view up there. Is it too much of a pull for you, do you think?"

"Oh no, indeed," said Margaret. "And I think we might take the dogs."

"By all means," exclaimed Paul. "I did n't know Dolly had any."

"Will you get them, while I go for my riding whip? I don't use it, but they mind better when I have it."

He came back with three Irish setters wild with joy at the prospect of an outing.

"Then you ride?" he said, as they went down the driveway under the pines.

"I did, until the snow came." She felt relieved at his off-hand manner and quiet herself again.

"That's good. We must have some rides when the roads are free. I have lived in the saddle these last years. There's nothing like it to clear the cobwebs out of the brain."

"Is it a hard life, in Africa, — at the mines, I mean?"

"Hard? Oh no, but free. It rather unfits one for any other. Any other seems a prison afterwards. I don't mean it is lawless, but simple. When people herded together laws become necessary and complicated, and freedom disappears. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Oh yes. I used to go into the Adirondacks with papa every year. We had a camp all by ourselves at first. The whole lake was ours. There was

not another camp within ten miles. Then some people from New York built one at the head of the carry, and others came in with servants instead of guides, and brought furniture and ranges, and began to make visits, and the whole charm was gone. There is a steamboat now on the lake, and a hotel, with people who dress for the piazza as if they were really in the woods, — like the people who carry ice-axes when they go up the Gorner Grät in the railway."

Paul smiled. "Yes, I know those people. Then you must shoot, too."

"I used to with papa. Do you?"

"I did n't till I went to Africa. You know my uncle was a crank. He ate game; I don't know why he did n't want it shot. His principles never did agree. I suppose Dolly has told you about him. He bullied us with his principles till — But that's past and gone, and I don't like to talk about it. It is a hard thing to say that any one's death was a relief, but his was. If ever any one had cause to remember a date Dolly and I have. But the date of my uncle's death is the only anniversary in the family we never can recollect. You must not let me speak about him, or you will want to shoot me for a bear."

"I am not such a Nimrod as that," said Margaret, laughing. Then they went on in silence for a time in the sombre pine woods through which the road wound; but the constraint she had feared did not come.

"Tell me about your camp life, Miss Frazer. Did you ever shoot a real bear?"

"No indeed! Papa always went in long before the season was open, and we only shot for camp supplies. Except for the guides we were all alone, so I went everywhere with him. I shot my first deer at night, floating, with an old coffee pot with two candles in it on my head for a 'jack.' It is n't considered very sportsmanlike, I know, but it's thrilling. Papa taught me to use a fly, and to set the hooks for the big trout in

the lake when we could not troll, — and a great many things girls are not supposed to like to do. But I was young and enjoyed it tremendously. And oh, how delicious the hunger and fatigue of the woods are! to go to sleep at night with the great logs blazing before the tent door. Papa had a lean-to, just like the guides; but he took in a tent for me, with a clean board floor."

"So you could keep house."

"Keeping house is rather nice, I admit. It is our province, you know."

"Then I judge you had none of the difficulties with servants Miss Fisher told me about last night."

"Did she?" asked Margaret glancing at his face.

"She got me on a subject I did n't know much about," said Paul, "and I was floundering around most miserably when I caught your eye. She seems a nice little thing, but I must confess I think her brother's a cad. I am quite unreasonable about some things I had a surfeit of when a boy, — sermons and speeches, among others."

"You will like Professor Fisher better when you come to know him. He has an unfortunate sense of inferiority with strangers, and tries to make up for it by being pompous. I am sure you will find he improves on acquaintance."

Margaret was thinking as she spoke of what her mother had said, and so far from being made shy by the recollection of it, she was emboldened half unconsciously to take the opportunity of testing her mother's statement by seeing what effect such praise would have.

"I dare say you are right. The best in us does not always show up at the first touch."

His reply reassured and pleased her. She was as certain as he had been the night before that she disliked the petty jealousies of lovers.

The road climbed steadily through the woods, which shut out the horizon. As they emerged from under its last

trees and saw the storm sweeping down the line of hills, Paul stopped.

"I don't think we had better go on," he said. "The wind is coming up, and that cloud has ice in it. It will be short but sharp, like a thunderstorm in summer. If we turn back through the woods we shall have shelter."

"It is too bad to give up when we are so near the top," said Margaret.

The sun was still shining gloriously, and only here and there a hurrying mist of surface snow told of the rising wind.

"Do you think it will come this side the hill? It can only last a few minutes. But we will go back if you think best."

"We can try it," said Paul, who disliked to preach prudence to her courage. "As you say, it cannot last long."

So they went on. A thin crust overlaid the snow, shining under the sun like a burnished mirror. To the west and south the sky was clear, while far away to the north, under the ragged line of cloud, a yellow light showed the limits of the storm. Swaying to the wind like the drapery of some mighty unseen figure the veils of falling snow swept up the further slopes of the hill. There was still a chance that its rocky buttresses might shoulder them off into the valley beyond. One could see from the smokelike clouds of driven snow drifting away from the summit that the fight was on, and that the wind was sweeping the crest bare.

"How magnificent!" cried Margaret. "It is worth coming to see. Shall we wait here till it passes? There will be no view up there now."

They were still in the sunshine and scarcely felt the wind, but the words were hardly out of her mouth when sun and sky were blotted out in a furious rush of whirling sleet. It required all her strength to keep her feet, to breathe, and the sharp crystals stung her face and neck like the lashes of whips. She had instinctively turned her back to the blast, but could neither see nor speak,

when suddenly everything became black, she felt something warm and thick over her head and shoulders, and heard Paul's voice: "Walk straight ahead. I'll keep you in the path. It will be over in a minute."

She stumbled on through the drifts, steadied by the push of the guiding hand on her shoulder. The relief was so great that she could not protest.

"There! it's all over. It was nothing but a bluff," said Paul, drawing back the coat he had thrown over her. She was far more beautiful now than in the candlelight of yesterday, — struggling for her breath, her cheeks aflame, her hair and lashes white with the sleet. He saw there were two brown splashes in her eyes. "Were you frightened?"

"Frightened? No," she gasped. "I had n't a faculty left. It was so sudden."

"It was a bit sudden," laughed Paul, putting on his coat. "I thought you were going to be blown away."

"I think I should have been if" —

"But you are all right now," he interrupted. "You can see the house down there in the sun. We might go on but for the drifts."

He brushed the snow from her neck and hair with his handkerchief and turned up the collar of her jacket as he spoke. It was the first time in her life a man's hand had cared for her, and she felt the strength and gentleness of its touch all the homeward way.

"You have the right to say 'I told you so,'" she said, as they started back again. "It was quite my fault."

"There's no blame where there's no harm. You see, one never can tell in the valley what is going on on the heights. I am glad I was with you. Are you warm now?"

"Oh, quite. Are you?"

"Quite."

After conquering the hill bastion the storm swept down on the defenseless plain, blotting out the houses of Westford, racing southward; and before

Paul and Margaret reached the wood they were under blue skies again.

"How would you like to have one day with the grouse, Miss Frazer? It is late, but there are two weeks yet before the season is over."

"Is not the snow too deep in the woods? If not, I should like it very much."

"I don't think it is. The pastures are bare in places."

"We might ask Mr. Pearson," suggested Margaret. "He is the local authority. He used to go out with Mr. Kensett. He lives just there in the hollow, where you see the smoke. We can go home that way."

"That's a good idea!" exclaimed Paul. "I remember seeing the road as we came out of the woods. I wonder if there is a light gun for you in Cecil's outfit."

"There is Dolly's. I can use that."

"Dolly's?"

"Oh, Dolly would not touch a gun for worlds," laughed Margaret. She felt a strange exhilaration and stepped on air. Was it the struggle with the storm? "Mr. Kensett hoped she would learn, and bought her a hammerless beauty. I think she fired it once."

"I am surprised she even did that," said Paul. "She never was fond of powder."

"Perhaps it is not true of men, but if women do not begin early with such things they never take them up at all. Dolly rides well, you know, but I am sure she would not begin now if she had not learned as a girl."

At the edge of the wood they turned into the lane leading to Mr. Pearson's.

"Are you a good rider?" Margaret looked up quickly, but he went on in his matter-of-fact tone. "Only a good rider knows what good riding is."

"I really do not know," she replied frankly. "I have always had horses that suited me, that I knew and loved. I might not pass the test in a trial of strength with a brute."

"Would you try?"

"I might, if there were no critics about."

"You ought not to. Never take a needless risk," he said abruptly.

Margaret made no reply, but she thought he did not look like one who would practice what he preached.

At the top of the rise they saw the Pearson homestead, and Mr. Pearson himself who, with the assistance of his son Jim and a sorrel horse which plodded dejectedly along its endless treadmill path, was sawing wood for the Westford market.

"It's purty late in the year," he remarked in answer to Paul's query. "What do you say, Jim?"

Jim said he guessed there were birds enough for them as knew where to find 'em.

"They're mighty well scattered now," continued Mr. Pearson. "I seed a few lone ones in the run when I come through with this load of wood. They're mostly in the runs now, or on the edges where the sun lies. They come right down here to the house o' nights, buddin' in them yaller birches and apple trees."

There was a pause much appreciated by the sorrel, during which Jim stared hard at Margaret.

"Miss Frazer and I would like to get a shot," said Paul. "Could you take the dogs with us, say to-morrow, if the weather is fine?"

Mr. Pearson sat down on a log and deliberated.

"Fact is," he said at length, "I ain't done much shootin' since Mr. Kensett quit. But you can have Jim most any day. His eyesight's better'n mine."

"Well, then," said Paul, turning to Jim, "what do you say to to-morrow?"

"All right," assented Jim. "I guess I can find some."

"What about the snow, Mr. Pearson?" asked Margaret. "Is it deep in the run?"

"Waal, I reckon it ain't none too

deep fer them as wants ter go, Miss Frazer."

So it was arranged that Jim should be at Cedar Hill at seven the following morning.

"That's a mighty nice girl, Jim, that Frazer girl," said Mr. Pearson, as Paul and Margaret went up the lane. "What's more," he added, in the intervals between the buzzing of the saw, "there's more folks than you and me thinks so."

"It really seems as if the dogs know what we have been talking about," said Margaret, as they turned into the driveway of Cedar Hill. "See how happy they are."

"I think they do," Paul replied absent-mindedly.

They went on in silence under the firs. A sudden constraint had fallen on them both. She was slightly in advance, and as he looked at her slender figure in the black jacket with its collar still turned up under the dark brown hair he kept repeating to himself, "Who are you? Who are you?"

"What are you thinking of?" he asked suddenly, aloud. She turned her large gray eyes full upon him in a sort of bewilderment. She felt her throat swelling, yet her voice was perfectly steady.

"I do not know," she said slowly.

They went on through the short open space without another word. Dolly nodded to them from the window where she sat writing and met Margaret at the door. When Paul came in, after tying up the dogs, she was at her desk again.

"Did Miss Frazer tell you of our plan for to-morrow?" he asked.

"No," said Dolly. "what plan?"

Paul told her. "Will you go too?" he asked. He knew very well she would not.

"I? I wouldn't touch a gun with my little finger. But I tell you what we can do." She laid down her pen. "You are going up the run behind the

Pearson farm? that is where Cecil used to go. There is a sugar camp at the head of the run in the maples. It is an old log house, but there is a chimney in it, and I will send out in the morning and have a fire built. We will meet you there for luncheon, then you can go on in the afternoon if you wish to."

"Can you drive there?"

"Easily."

"Then you might send a sleigh for us later. I don't know how Miss Frazer will stand an all day's tramp. However, we can decide that at luncheon."

Dolly had it on her tongue's end to ask him if he did not like Margaret, but refrained. He was vaguely conscious that she wished him to. Twenty-four hours ago, had she intimated as much, he would have laughed at her. Now he would have liked to have her speak of Margaret. But she was discreetly silent. He wandered about the room restlessly for a while, glanced over the New York evening papers on the table, and finally declared he would go and have a look at the guns. While engaged in their inspection he tried to remember what he had said to Miss Frazer. So far as he could recollect — nothing. Many a time afterwards he endeavored in vain to recall that nothing. Not to remember the beginning! the beginning of all that changed the current and meaning of life.

When Margaret reached her room, of all they had said and talked about just one sentence remained. It came back when other thoughts were uppermost; it came back when she refused to think

at all. "I am glad I was with you." As a young girl she had assumed as a matter of course, but without thinking over-much about it, that she would be married, as most of her school friends had been, before reaching what seemed then that distant milestone of twenty. She had had more than her share of admiration, but none that had touched her heart. She possessed none of those lesser ambitions which sometimes persuade a woman that they and the heart's wishes are in accord, and too much recititude and sincerity of nature to drift into false situations. Gradually and insensibly, with a logic as irrational as had been her early conviction to the contrary, she came to believe she would not marry at all. She was too healthful of mind and body to be swayed by such a belief from normal living; although sometimes, after her father's death, life looked a little lonely and sad. And now, suddenly, a whole world of glorious possibility opened to her. Was it to be hers after all? Did she wish it? Oh yes, she wished it, with all the passionate force of the thirst one spring only can quench, and the consciousness of it forced its way through every barrier, and wrung the admission from her by virtue of its very truth. She took one swift look at the wonderful vision, and then crushed it out of sight and thought.

If it had been any other rightful prize of life she could have taken every rightful step to possess herself of it. But from love, the dearest prize of all, she could only shut her eyes and bar her thought. Yet the tide of a new joy ran deep in her heart.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

(To be continued.)

THE LAPIDARY.

GREAT Lapidary, fix upon Thy mill
 This sordid earth! Wipe off the mould of green,
 The writhing life, vermicular, obscene,
 The slime of sea, the scurf of town and hill.
 Then grind, O Lapidary! Labor still;
 Polish the lifeless, primal granite clean,
 Till, mirrored true, shines from its heart serene
 The undistorted image of Thy will.

And then? — Wouldst Thou Thyself be still the same?
 Would God be God if lacking even me? —
 Nay! Here I shout my challenge into space:
 Thou dar'st not lose, fronting Time's lonely face,
 One monad cell that thrills its life to Thee,
 One gem of love that sparkles back Thy flame!

William Samuel Johnson.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

THE MEETING OF THREE WAYS.

IN his recent book, *Kottō*,¹ as he calls it, Mr. Hearn has added another volume to the series of tales and essays in which he has attempted to interpret the illusive mystery of Oriental life through Western speech. The new venture rounds out what must be deemed one of the most extraordinary artistic achievements of modern days. For it is as an art of strange subtlety that we must regard his literary work, an art that, like some sympathetic menstruum, has fused into one compound three elements never before associated together.

In the mere manner and method of this art there is, to be sure, nothing mysterious. One recognizes immediately throughout his writing that sense of restraint joined with a power of after suggestion, which he has described as appertaining to Japanese poetry, but which is

¹ *Kottō*. By LAFCADIO HEARN. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1902.

no less his own by native right. There is a term, *ittakkiri*, it seems, meaning "all gone," or "entirely vanished," which is applied contemptuously by the Japanese to verse that tells all and trusts nothing to the reader's imagination. Their praise they reserve for compositions that leave in the mind the thrilling of a something unsaid. "Like the single stroke of a bell, the perfect poem should set murmuring and undulating, in the mind of the hearer, many a ghostly aftertone of long duration." Now these ghostly reverberations are precisely the property of the simplest of Mr. Hearn's pictures. Let him describe, for instance, the impression produced by walking down the deep cañon of Broadway, between those vast structures, beautiful but sinister, where one feels depressed by the mere sensation of enormous creative life without sympathy and of unresting power without

pity, — let him describe this terror of Broadway, and in a few words he shall set ringing within you long pulsations of emotion which reach down to the depths of experience. Or, let him relate by mere allusion the story of hearing a girl say "Good-night" to some one parting from her in a London park, and there shall be awakened in your mind ghostly aftertones that bring back memories of the saddest separations and regrets of life. His art is the power of suggestion through perfect restraint.

But this self-restrained and suggestive style is merely the instrument, the manner so to speak, of his art. If we examine the actual substance of that art, we shall discover that it is borrowed from three perfectly distinct, in fact almost mutually destructive, philosophies, any one of which alone would afford material for the genius of an ordinary writer. He stands and proclaims his mysteries at the meeting of three ways. To the religious instinct of India, — Buddhism in particular, — which history has engrafted on the æsthetic sense of Japan, Mr. Hearn brings the interpreting spirit of Occidental science; and these three traditions are fused by the peculiar sympathies of his mind into one rich and novel compound, — a compound so rare as to have introduced into literature a psychological sensation unknown before. More than any other living author he has added a new thrill to our intellectual experience.

Of Japan, which gives the most obvious substratum to Mr. Hearn's work, it has been said that her people, since the days of ancient Greece, are the only genuine artists of the world; and in a manner this is true. There was a depth and pregnancy in the Greek imagination which made of Greek art something far more universally significant than the frail loveliness of Japanese creation, but not the Greeks themselves surpassed, or even equaled, the Japanese in their all-embracing love of decorative beauty.

To read the story of the daily life of these people, as recorded by Mr. Mortimer Menpes and other travelers, is to be brought into contact with a national temperament so far removed from Western comprehension as to seem to most of us a tale from fairyland. When, for instance, Mr. Menpes, with a Japanese friend, visited Danjuro, he found a single exquisite *kakemono*, or painting, displayed in the great actor's chamber. On admiring its beauty, he was told by the friend that Danjuro had taken extraordinary pains to learn the precise character of his visitor's taste, and only then had exhibited this particular picture. To the Japanese the hanging of a *kakemono* or the arranging of a bough of blossoms is a serious act of life. The placing of flowers is indeed an exact science, to the study of which a man may devote seven years, even fourteen years, before he will be acknowledged a master. Nature herself is subjected to this elaborate system of training, and often what in a Japanese landscape seems to a foreigner the exuberance of natural growth is really the work of patient human artifice.

And the same æsthetic delicacy, touched with artificiality if you will, pervades the literature of this people. We are accustomed, and rightly, to regard the Japanese as a nation of imitators. But their poetry, we are assured by Mr. Hearn, is the one original art which they have not borrowed from China, or from any other country; and nowhere better than in their poetry can we observe the swiftness and dexterity of their imagination and that exquisite reserve with its haunting echo in the memory. To reproduce in English the peculiar daintiness of these poems is, we are told and can well believe, quite an impossibility; but from the seemingly careless translations scattered through Mr. Hearn's pages we do at least form some notion of their art in the original. Many of these stanzas are mere bits of folk-lore or the work of unknown

singers, like this tiny picture of the cicada: —

"Lo! on the topmost pine, a solitary cicada
Vainly attempts to clasp one last red beam of sun."

That is light enough in English, but even one entirely ignorant of the Japanese language can see that, in comparison with the rhythm of the original,¹ it is like the step of a quadruped compared with the fluttering of a moth. It contains only sixteen syllables in the original; and, indeed, all these poems are wrought into the brief compass of a stanza, like certain fragile little vases painted inside and out which are so highly prized by connoisseurs. Yet these tiny word-paintings, by virtue of their cunning restraint, are capable at times of gathering into their loveliness echoes of emotion as wide-reaching as love and as deep as the grave.

To have been able to convey through the coarser medium of English prose something of this æsthetic grace, this deftness of touch, and this suggestiveness of restraint, would in itself deserve no slight praise. But beneath all this artistic delicacy lies some reminiscence of India's austere religious thought, a sense of the nothingness of life strangely exiled among this people of graceful artists, yet still more strangely assimilated by them; and this, too, Mr. Hearn has been able to reproduce. We feel this shadow of India's faith lurking in the sunshine of many of the lightest of the stanzas, — a touch of swift exotic poignancy, if nothing more. We feel it still more strongly in such poems as these, which are inspired by the consciousness of endless change and of unceasing birth and death and again birth:

"All things change, we are told, in this world
of change and sorrow;
But love's way never changes of promising
never to change."

¹ "Sémi hitotsu
Matsu no yū-hi wo
Kakaé-keri."

"Even the knot of the rope tying our boats together
Knotted was long ago by some love in a former birth."

Endless change, a ceaseless coming and going, and the past throwing its shadows on into the future, — that is the very essence of Hindu philosophy; but how the tone of this philosophy has itself become altered in passing from the valley of the Ganges to the decorated island of the Mikado! Over and over again Buddha repeats the essential law of being, that all things are made up of constituent parts and are subject to flux and change, that all things are impermanent. It is the "All things pass and nothing abides" of the Greek philosopher, deepened with the intensity of emotion, that makes of philosophy a religion. In this ever revolving wheel of existence one fact only is certain, *karma*, the law of cause and effect, which declares that every present state is the effect of some previous act, and that every present act must inevitably bear its fruit in some future state. As a man soweth so shall he reap. We are indeed the creatures of a fate which we ourselves have builded by the deeds of a former life. We are bound in chains which we ourselves have riveted. Yet still our desires are free, and as our desires shape themselves, so we act and build up our coming fate, our karma; and as our desires abnegate themselves, so we cease to act and become liberated from the world. Endless change subject to the law of cause and effect, — not even our personality remains constant in this meaningless flux, for it too is made up of constituent parts, and is dissolved at death as the body is dissolved, leaving only its karma to build up the new personality with the new body. From the perception of this universal impermanence springs the so-called "Truth" of Buddhism, that sorrow is the attribute of all existence. Birth is sorrow, old age is sorrow, death is sorrow, every desire of the heart is

sorrow; and the mission of Buddha was to deliver men out of the bondage of this sorrow as from the peril of a burning house. The song of victory uttered by Gotama when the great enlightenment shone upon him, and he became the Buddha, was the cry of a man who has escaped a great evil.

But because the Buddhist so dwells on the impermanence and sorrow of existence, he is not therefore properly called a pessimist. On the contrary, the one predominant note of Buddhism is joy, for it too is a gospel of glad tidings. The builders who rear these prison houses of life are nothing other than the desires of our own hearts, and these we may control though all else is beyond our power. To the worldly this teaching of Buddha may seem wrapped in pessimistic gloom, for deliverance to them must be only another name for annihilation: but to the spiritually minded it brought ineffable joy, for they knew that deliverance meant the passing out of the bondage of personality into a freedom of whose nature no tongue could speak. It is an austere faith, hardly suited, in its purer form, for the sentimental and vacillating, — austere in its recognition of sorrow, austere in its teaching of spiritual joy.

Yet the wonderful adaptability of Buddhism is shown by its acceptance among the Japanese, certainly of all peoples the most dissimilar in temperament to the ancient Hindus. Here the brooding of the Hindu over the law of impermanence melts into the peculiar sensitiveness to fleeting impressions so characteristic of the Japanese, and the delicacy of their æsthetic taste is enhanced by this half-understood spiritual insight. And it deepens their temperament: I think that the feeling awakened by all these dainty stanzas of something not said but only hinted, that the avoidance of *ittakkiri* to which Mr. Hearn alludes, the echoing reverberations that haunt us after the single stroke of the bell, are due to the re-

sidium of Hindu philosophy left in these vases of Japanese art. "Buddhism," writes Mr. Hearn, "taught that nature was a dream, an illusion, a phantasmagoria; but it also taught men [men of Japan, he should say] how to seize the fleeting impressions of that dream, and how to interpret them in relation to the highest truth."

Buddhism when it passed over to Japan came into contact with the national religion of Shinto, a kind of ancestor-worship, which taught that the world of the living was directly governed by the world of the dead. On this popular belief the doctrine of karma was readily engrafted, and the two flourished henceforth side by side. Faith in the protecting presence of ancestors and faith in the present efficacy of our own multitudinous preëxistence were inextricably confused. To the Japanese Buddhist the past does not die, but lives on without end, involving the present in an infinite web of invisible influences such as are incomprehensible to the Western mind.

And the Indian horror of impermanence and the rapture of deliverance have suffered like transformation with their causes. First of all, the sharp contrast between the horror and the joy is lightened. The sorrow fades to a fanciful feeling of regret for the beauty of the passing moment, — the same regret that speaks through a thousand Western songs such as Herrick's "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," and Freneau's "The frail duration of a flower," but touched here in Japanese poetry with a little mystery and made more insistent by some echo of Hindu brooding. And the joy, severed from its spiritual sustenance, loses its high ecstasy and becomes almost indistinguishable from regret. Sorrow, too, and joy are impermanent, and the enlightened mind dwells lingeringly and fondly on each fair moment garnered from the waste of Time. Here is no longer the spiritual exaltation, the *dhyâna*, of the Indian monk,

but the charmed impressions of the artist. The religion of the Ganges has assumed in Japan the mask of æsthetic emotionalism.

Now all this refinement of emotionalism Mr. Hearn by his peculiar artistic temperament has been able to reproduce almost miraculously in the coarser fibre of English. But more particularly he has sought to interpret the deeper influence of India on Japan, — the thoughts and images in which the subtlety of the Japanese has been turned aside into a strange psychology of the weird. One may suppose that some tendency to mingle grace and beauty with haunting suggestions was inherent in the Japanese temper from the beginning, but certainly the peculiar tone of weirdness that runs through most of the tales that Mr. Hearn has translated is not the product of Japan alone. Nor is it purely Hindu: the literature of India includes much that is grotesque but hardly a touch of the weird or ghostly, for its religious tone is too austere, and lacks the suggestive symbolism which that quality demands. Out of the blending of the stern sense of impermanence and karma with the sensuous beauty of Japan there arises this new feeling of the weird. How intimately the two tempers are blended, and how rare their product is, may be seen in such sketches as that called *Ingwa-banashi*, A Tale of Karma.

Had it been that Mr. Hearn's art sufficed only to reproduce the delicacy and the ghostliness of Japanese tales, he would have performed a notable but scarcely an extraordinary service to letters. But into the study of these byways of Oriental literature he has carried a third element, the dominant idea of Occidental science; and this element he has blended with Hindu religion and Japanese æstheticism in a combination as bewildering as it is voluptuous. In this triple union lies his real claim to high originality.

Now it is a fact well known to those

who have studied Buddhism at its genuine sources that our modern conception of evolution fits into Buddhist psychology more readily and completely than into any dogmatic theology of the West. It is natural, therefore, that the only Western authors quoted freely by Mr. Hearn in support of his Oriental meditations should be Huxley and Herbert Spencer. For the most part these allusions to Western science are merely made in passing. But in one essay, that on The Idea of Preëxistence, he endeavors with something of philosophic system to develop the harmony between evolution and the Buddhist conception of previous existences, a conception which, as he shows, has little in common with the crude form of metempsychosis embodied by Wordsworth in such poems as *Fidelity* and *Intimations of Immortality*. To justify his theory he turns to Professor Huxley and quotes these words: "None but very hasty thinkers will reject it on the ground of inherent absurdity. Like the doctrine of evolution itself, that of transmigration has its roots in the world of reality; and it may claim such support as the great argument from analogy is capable of supplying."

Elsewhere he quotes from Herbert Spencer to show how the notion of impermanence also invades our Western evolutionary philosophy. But the parallel in this respect is at once apt and misleading. To Mr. Spencer and all the spokesmen of science, it is the impermanent sphere of phenomena that is alone knowable, whereas the permanent Reality hidden from the eyes is the great Unknowable. To the Buddhist, on the contrary, all impermanence is wrapped in illusion, as indeed the very meaning of the word would seem to imply; whereas the permanent Reality, though inexpressible, is alone knowable. The difference is of great importance when we come to consider the effect of interpreting Japanese ideas in Occidental terms. It even seems that Mr.

Hearn himself is not aware of the gulf set between these two methods of viewing the world, and that consequently he has never measured the full originality of this realm of sensation which his art has opened by spanning a bridge between the two. In the fusion of Mr. Hearn's thought the world of impermanent phenomena is at once knowable and unknowable: it is the reality of Western cognition, and therefore is invested with an intensity of influence and fullness of meaning impossible to an Oriental writer; and at the same time it is the unreality of Eastern philosophy, and hence is involved in illusion and subtle shadows into which it threatens momentarily to melt away. It is a realm of half reality, this phenomenal world, a realm of mingled spirit and matter, seeming now to tantalize the eyes with colors of unimaginable beauty that fade away when we gaze on them too intently, and again to promise the Soul that one long sought word which shall solve the riddle of her existence in this land of exile. It is a new symbolism that troubles while it illumines. It leads the artist to dwell on the weirder, more impalpable phases of Japanese literature, and to lend to these subconscious motives a force of realism which they could not possess in the original. From this union with science the Oriental belief in the indwelling of the past now receives a vividness of present actuality that dissolves the Soul into ghostly intimacy with the mystic unexplored background of life. As a consequence of this new sense of impermanence and of this new realism lent to the indwelling past, all the primitive emotions of the heart are translated into a strange language, which, when once it lays hold of the imagination, carries us into a region of dreams akin to that world which our psychologists dimly call the subliminal or subconscious. The far-reaching results of this psychology on literature it is not easy to foresee. Mr. Hearn has nowhere treated systematically this new

interpretation of human emotions, but by bringing together scattered passages from his essays we may form some notion of its scope and efficacy.

Beauty itself, which forms the essence of Mr. Hearn's art and of all true art, receives a new content from this union of the East and the West. So standing before a picture of nude beauty we might, in our author's words, question its meaning. That nudity which is divine, which is the abstract of beauty absolute, — what power, we ask, resides within it or within the beholder that causes this shock of astonishment and delight, not unmixed with melancholy? The longer one looks, the more the wonder grows, since there appears no line, or part of a line, whose beauty does not surpass all memory of things seen. Plato explained the shock of beauty as being the Soul's sudden half-remembrance of the World of Divine Ideas: "They who see here any image or resemblance of the things which are there receive a shock like a thunderbolt, and are, after a manner, taken out of themselves." The positive psychology of Spencer declares in our own day that the most powerful of human passions, first love, when it makes its appearance, is absolutely antecedent to all individual experience. Thus do ancient thought and modern — metaphysics and science — accord in recognizing that the first deep sensation of human beauty known to the individual is not individual at all. Must not the same truth hold of that shock which supreme art gives? The emotion of beauty, like all our emotions, is certainly the inherited product of unimaginably countless experiences in an immeasurable past. In every aesthetic sensation is the stirring of trillions of trillions of ghostly memories buried in the magical soil of the brain. And each man carries within him an ideal of beauty which is but an infinite composite of dead perceptions of form, color, grace, once dear to look upon. It is dormant, this ideal, — potential in es-

sence, — cannot be evoked at will before the imagination; but it may light up electrically at any perception by the living outer sense of some vague affinity. Then is felt that weird, sad, delicious thrill, which accompanies the sudden backward-flowing of the tides of life and time.

So, again, to follow Mr. Hearn, it is easy to infer how this perception of the indwelling of the past gives a wonderful significance to the thralldom of love, — to first love most of all, when the shock of emotion comes untroubled by worldly calculations of the present. What is the glamour, we ask with our author, that blinds the lover in its sweet bewildering light when first he meets the woman of his involuntary choice? Whose the witchcraft? Is it any power in the living idol? Rather it is the power of the dead within the idolater. The dead cast the spell. Theirs the shock in the lover's heart; theirs the electric shiver that tingled through his veins at the first touch of one girl's hand. We look into the eyes of love and it is as though, through some intense and sudden stimulation of vital being, we had obtained — for one supercelestial moment — the glimpse of a reality, never before imagined, and never again to be revealed. There is, indeed, an illusion. We seem to view the divine; but this divine itself, whereby we are dazzled and duped, is a ghost. Our mortal sight pierces beyond the surface of the present into profundities of myriads of years, — pierces beyond the mask of life into the enormous night of death. For a moment we are made aware of a beauty and a mystery and a depth unutterable: then the Veil falls again forever. The splendor of the eyes that we worship belongs to them only as brightness to the morning star. It is a reflex from beyond the shadow of the Now, — a ghost light of vanished suns. Unknowingly within that maiden gaze we meet the gaze of eyes more countless than the hosts of heaven, —

eyes elsewhere passed into darkness and dust.

And if we turn to another and purer form of love, it is the same force we behold. So long as we supposed the woman soul one in itself, — a something specially created to fit one particular physical being, — the beauty and the wonder of mother-love could never be fully revealed to us. But with deeper knowledge we must perceive that the inherited love of numberless millions of dead mothers has been treasured up in one life; that only thus can be interpreted the infinite sweetness of the speech which the infant hears, — the infinite tenderness of the look of caress which meets its gaze.

So, too, when we listen to the harmonies of instrumental music or the melody of the human voice, there arises a strange emotion within us which seems to magnify us out of ourselves into some expanse of illimitable experiences, to lift us above the present cares of our petty life into some vast concern, — so vast that the soul is lost between the wonderings of divine hope and divine fear. Great music is a psychical storm, agitating to fathomless depths the mystery of the past within us. Or we might say that it is a prodigious incantation. There are tones that call up all ghosts of youth and joy and tenderness; there are tones that evoke all phantom pain of perished passion; there are tones that resurrect all dead sensations of majesty and might and glory, — all expired exultations, — all forgotten magnanimities. Well may the influence of music seem inexplicable to the man who idly dreams that his life began less than a hundred years ago! He who has been initiated into the truth knows that to every ripple of melody, to every billow of harmony, there answers within him, out of the Sea of Death and Birth, some eddying immeasurable of ancient pleasure and pain.

Genius itself, the master of music and poetry and all art that enlarges

mortal life, genius itself is nothing other than the reverberation of this enormous past on the sounding board of some human intelligence, so finely wrought as to send forth in purity the echoed tones which from a grosser soul come forth deadened and confused by the clashing of the man's individual impulses.

Is it not proper to say, after reading such passages as these, that Mr. Hearn has introduced a new element of psychology into literature? We are indeed living in the past, we who foolishly cry out that the past is dead. In one remarkable study of the emotions awakened by the baying of a gaunt white hound, Mr. Hearn shows how even the very beasts whom we despise as unreasoning and unremembering are filled with an inarticulate sense of this dark backward and abysm of time, whose shadow falls on their sensitive souls with the chill of a vague dread, — dread, I say, for it must begin to be evident that this new psychology is fraught with meanings that may well trouble and awe the student.

In the ghostly residuum of these psychological meditations we may perceive a vision dimly foreshadowing itself which mankind for centuries, nay, for thousands of years, has striven half unwittingly to keep veiled. I do not know, but it seems to me that the foreboding of this dreaded disclosure may account for many things in the obscure

history of the race, for the long struggle of religion against the observations of science which to-day we are wont to slur over as only a superficial struggle after all. In the haunting fear of this disclosure I seem to see an explanation, if not a justification, of the obscurantism of the early church, of the bitter feud with Galileo and the burning of Giordano Bruno, of the recent hostility to Darwinism, and even of the present-day attempt to invalidate the significance of this long contest. For what room is left for the boasted isolation and spirituality of man, what meaning remains in the consolations and ministry of religion, if at last, in spite of all, the Veil is to be withdrawn from the memory of consciousness, and we become aware of all the hideous past of monstrous life in the world as we are aware of the doings of yesterday, — if we are to live over again in memory the passions, the wallowing desires, the enormous battles of our far-away human ancestors and of the bestial creation which preceded them? Some such tenor of discovery has, it seems to me, haunted the human race dimly through all the vicissitudes of its history; and now in these essays and tales, whose substance is so strangely mingled together out of the austere dreams of India and the subtle beauty of Japan and the relentless science of Europe, I read vaguely the interpretation of many things which hitherto were quite dark.

Paul Elmer More.

IN THE ABSENCE OF MONSIEUR.

MONSIEUR ARMAND MICHEL, seated before his newly installed Titian, was in the act of saying to himself that if its acquisition could not, with entire accuracy, be viewed as an unqualified bargain, it had been, at least, an indisputable stroke of diplomacy, when his

complacent meditation was interrupted by the entrance of Arsène. It was the first time that Monsieur Michel had seen his new servant in his official capacity, and he was not ill pleased. Arsène was in flawless evening dress, in marked contrast to the objectionably flamboyant

costume in which, on the preceding evening, he had made application for the position of valet-maitre d'hôtel, left vacant by the fall from grace of Monsieur Michel's former factotum. That costume had come near to being his undoing. The fastidious Armand had regarded with an offended eye the brilliant green cravat, the unspeakable checked suit, and the painfully pointed chrome-yellow shoes in which the applicant for his approval was arrayed, and more than once, in the course of conversation, was on the point of putting a peremptory end to the negotiations by a crushing comment on would-be servants who dressed like café chantant comedians. But the reference had outweighed the costume. Monsieur Michel did not remember ever to have read more unqualified commendation. Arsène Sigard had been for two years in the service of the Comte de Chambour, whose square, pink marble hôtel on the Avenue de Malakoff is accounted, in this degenerate age, one of the sights of Paris; and this, of itself, was more than a little. The comte did not keep his eyes in his pocket, by any manner of means, when it came to the affairs of his household, and apparently there was nothing too good for him to say about Arsène. Here, on pale blue note-paper, and surmounted by the De Chambour crest, it was set forth that the bearer was sober, honest, clean, willing, capable, quiet, intelligent, and respectful, — *and discreet*. When the Comte de Chambour gave his testimony on this last point it meant that you were getting the opinion of an expert. Monsieur Michel refolded the reference, tapped it three times upon the palm of his left hand, and engaged the bearer without further ado.

Now, as Arsène went quietly about the salon, drawing the curtains, and clearing away the card-table, which remained as a mute witness to Monsieur Michel's ruling passion, he was the beau ideal of a gentleman's manservant; un-

obtrusive in manner and movement, clean-shaven and clear-eyed, adapting himself without need of instruction to the details of his new surroundings. A less complacent person than Armand might have been aware that, while he was taking stock of Arsène, Arsène was taking stock, with equal particularity, of him. And there was an unpleasant slyness in his black eyes, a something akin to alertness in his thin nostrils, which moved like those of a rabbit, and seemed to accomplish more than their normal share of conveying to their owner's intelligence an impression of exterior things. Also, had Monsieur Michel but observed it, his new servant walked just a trifle *too* softly, and his hands were just a trifle *too* white and slender. Moreover, he had a habit of smiling to himself when his back was turned, which is an undesirable thing in anybody, and approaches the ominous in a valet-maitre d'hôtel. But Monsieur Michel was far too much of an aristocrat to have any doubt of his power to overawe and impress his inferiors, or to see in the newcomer's excessive inconspicuity anything more than a commendable recognition of monsieur's commanding presence. So, when Arsène completed his work and had shut the door noiselessly behind him, his master rubbed his hands and said "Ter-rès bien!" in a low voice, this being his superlative expression of satisfaction. Had his glance been able to penetrate his salon door, it would have met, in the antechamber, with the astounding spectacle of his new servant in the act of tossing monsieur's silk hat into the air, and catching it, with extreme dexterity, on the bridge of his nose. Unfortunately, the other side of the door is something which, like the future and the bank accounts of our debtors, it is not given us to see. So Monsieur Michel repeated his "Ter-rès bien!" and fell again to contemplating his Titian.

Yes, undoubtedly, it had been a great stroke of diplomacy. The young Mar-

chese degli Abbraccioli was not conspicuous for his command of ready money, but his father had left him the finest private collection of paintings in Rome, and this, in consequence of chronic financial stress, was gradually passing from the walls of his palazzo in the Via Cavour into the possession of an appreciative but none too extravagant government. It had been an inspiration, this proposal of Monsieur Michel's to settle his claim upon the marchese for his overwhelming losses at baccarat by taking over one of the two Titians which flanked the chimney-piece in his study. The young Italian had assented eagerly, and had supplemented his acquiescence with a proposal to dispose of the pendant for somewhat more material remuneration than canceled reconnaissances. But Armand Michel had undertaken it before, this delicate task of getting objets d'art over the Italian frontier, — yes, and been caught in the act, too, and forced to disgorge. For the moment, it was enough to charge himself with one picture, on the given conditions, without risking hard cash in the experiment. Later — well, later, one would see. And so, *a rivederla, mio caro marchese*.

Monsieur Michel fairly hugged himself as he thought of his success. Mon Dieu, quelle génie, that false bottom to his trunk! He had come safely through them all, the imbecile inspectors, and now his treasure hung fairly and finally upon his wall, smiling at him out of its tapestry surroundings. It was épatant, truly, and moreover, all there was of the most calé. Only one small cloud of regret hung upon the broad blue firmament of his satisfaction, — the other picture! It had been so easy. He might as well have had two as one. And now, without doubt, the imbecile marchese would sell the pendant to the imbecile government, and that would be the end of it so far as private purchase was concerned. Monsieur Michel rose from his chair with a gesture of impatience, and,

drawing the curtain back from the window, looked out lugubriously upon the March cheerlessness of the Place Vendôme. Little by little a most seductive plan formed itself in his mind. After all, why not? A couple of weeks at Monte Carlo, a week at Sorrento, and a fortnight at Rome, in which to win the Titian from the Marchese degli Abbraccioli, by baccarat if possible, or by bank notes should fortune prove unkind. It was the simplest thing in the world, and he would avoid the remainder of the wet weather and be back for the opening of Longchamp. And Monsieur Michel rubbed his hands and said "Ter-rès bien!" again, with much emphasis.

When, a week later, Arsène was informed of monsieur's intention to leave him in sole charge of his apartment for a time, he received the intelligence with the dignified composure of one who feels himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him. The cook was to have the vacation for which she had been clamoring, that she might display to her relatives in Lille the elaborate wardrobe which was the result of her savings during three years in Monsieur Michel's employ. Perfectly. And the apartment was to be aired and dusted daily, as if monsieur himself were there. And visitors to be told that monsieur was returning in a month. And letters to be made to follow monsieur, to Monte Carlo at first, and then to Rome. But perfectly; it was completely understood. Arsène bowed a number of times in succession, and outwardly was as calm as a tall, candid-faced clock being wound up to run for a specified time independent of supervision. But beneath that smooth and carefully oiled expanse of jet-black hair a whole colony of the most fantastic ideas suddenly aroused themselves and began to elbow one another about in a veritable tumult.

Monsieur Michel took his departure in a whirl of confusion, losing a quantity of indispensable articles with exclamations of despair, and finding them

the next moment with cries of satisfaction. Eugénie, the cook, compactly laced into a traveling dress of blue silk, stood at the doorway to bid her master good-by, and was run into at each instant by the cabman or the concierge or Monsieur Michel himself, each of whom covered, at top speed, several kilometres of stair and hallway, in the stupendous task of transferring a trunk, a valise, a hat-box, a shawl-strap, and an umbrella from the apartment to the carriage below. On the surface of this uproar, the presence of Arsène swam as serenely as a swan on a maelstrom. He accompanied his master to the gare de Lyon, and the last object which met the anxious eyes of Monsieur Michel, peering out from one of the first-class carriages of the departing express, was his new servant, standing upon the platform, as unmoved by the events of the morning as if monsieur had been passing from the dining-room to take coffee in the salon instead of from Paris to take breakfast in Marseille. The sight of him was intensely soothing to the fevered spirit of Monsieur Michel, on whom the details of such a departure produced much the same effect as do cakes of soap when tossed into the mouth of an active geyser.

"He is calm," he said to himself, rubbing his hands. "He is very calm, and he will not lose his head while I am gone. Ter-rès bien!"

But the calm of Arsène was the calm of thin ice over swiftly rushing waters. As the polished buffers of the last carriage swung out of sight around the curve with a curiously furtive effect, like the eyes of an alarmed animal slipping backward into its burrow, he clenched the fingers of his right hand and slipping his thumb nail under the edge of his upper teeth, drew it forward with a sharp click. At the same time he said something to his vanished master in the second person singular, which is far from being the address of affection on the lips of a valet-maitre d'hôtel.

Wheeling suddenly after this singular manifestation, Monsieur Sigard found himself the object of close and seemingly amused scrutiny on the part of an individual standing directly behind him. There was something so extremely disconcerting in this gentleman's unexpected proximity, and in his very evident enjoyment of the situation, that Arsène was upon the point of turning abruptly away, when the other addressed him, speaking the colloquial French of their class, with the slightest possible hint of foreign accent.

"Bah, vieux! Is it that I do not know what they are, the patrons? Oh, làlà!"

"Avec ça! There are some who have it, an astounding audacity!" said Arsène to the air over the stranger's head.

"Farceur!" replied the stranger, addressing the air over Arsène's. And then, —

"There are two parakeets that have need of plucking across the way," he added reflectively.

"There are two empty sacks here to put the feathers in," answered Arsène, with alacrity, and, ten minutes later, oblivious to the chill damp of the March morning, Monsieur Sigard and his new-found acquaintance, seated at a little table in front of a near-by wine-shop, were preparing in company the smoky-green mixture of absinthe and water which Paris slang has dubbed a parakeet. On the part of Arsène the operation was performed with elaborate solicitude, and as he poured a tiny stream of water over the lump of sugar on the flat spoon balanced deftly across the glass, he held his head tipped sidewise and his left eye closed, in the manner of a contemplative fowl, and was oblivious to all but the delectable business of the moment.

But his companion, while apparently deeply engaged in the preparation of his own beverage, was far from being wholly preoccupied thereby. He was a man

shorter by an inch or two than Monsieur Michel's maître d'hôtel, dressed in the most inconspicuous fashion, and with an air of avoiding any emphasis of voice or gesture which would be apt to attract more than casual attention to the circumstance of his existence. There was something about him vaguely suggestive of a chameleon, an instant harmonizing of his appearance and manner with any background whatsoever against which he chanced to find himself placed, and a curious clouding of his eyes when unexpectedly they were met by those of another, which lent him an immediate air of profound stupidity. No doubt his long practice in this habit of self-obliteration made him doubly appreciative of Arsène's little outburst of ill-feeling on the platform of the gare de Lyon. A man who would do that in public — well, he had much to learn!

Just now, however, this gentleman's eyes were very bright, though they had dwindled to mere slits, and he followed every movement of the unconscious Arsène with short swift glances from beneath his drooping lids, as, bit by bit, the lumps of sugar melted under the steady drip of the trickling water, and the opalescent mixture mounted toward the brims. He knew but two varieties of absinthe drinker, this observant individual, — the one who progressed, under its influence, from cheerful candor to shrewdest insight into the motives of others, and most skillful evasion of their toils; the other whom, by easy stages, it led from obstinate reserve to the extreme of careless garrulity. At this moment he was on the alert for symptoms.

Arsène looked up suddenly as the last morsel of his sugar melted, and, lifting his glass, dipped it before the eyes of his new friend.

"To your health, Monsieur —?" he said in courteous interrogation.

"Fresque," said the other.

"Bon! And I, Monsieur Fresque, am Sigard, Arsène Sigard, maître d'hô-

tel, at your service, of the type who has just taken himself off, down there."

And he indicated the imposing pile of the gare de Lyon with his thumb, and then, closing his eyes, took a long sip of his absinthe, and replacing the glass upon the table, plunged his hands into his pockets and stared off gloomily toward the Seine.

"Poof!" he said, "but I am content that he is gone. What a filthiness, a rich man — what?"

"Not to be denied," agreed Monsieur Fresque. "There is not a foreign sou's worth of delicacy in the whole lot!"

"Mazette! I believe thee," answered the other, much pleased. Fresque's thin lips relaxed the veriest trifle at the familiarity, and he lit a cigarette and gazed vacantly into space.

"But what dost thou expect?" he observed, with calm philosophy.

It appeared that what Arsène expected was that honest folk should not work from seven to ten in an ignoble box of a pantry on boots, and silver, and what not, he demanded of him, name of a pipe! — and dust, and sweep, and serve at table, good heaven! and practice a species of disgusting politeness to a type of old engraving like Monsieur Armand Michel. And all, oh, mon Dieu! for the crushing sum of twenty dollars a month, did he comprehend? while the animal in question was sowing his yellow buttons by fistfuls. Mazette! Evidently, he himself was not an eagle. He did not demand the Louvre to live in, for example, nor the existence lalala of Emile Loubet — what? but it was not amusing, he assured him, to be in the employ of the great revolting one in question. Ah, non!

"Eiffesque!" commented Monsieur Fresque.

But, said Arsène, there was another side to the question, and he himself, it went without saying, was no waffle-iron, speaking of stupidity. He had not been present the day fools were distributed. Oh, far from that! In consequence, it

was to become humpbacked with mirth, that part of his life passed behind the back of the example of an old Sophie whom he had the honor to serve. He had not forgotten how to juggle since he traveled with a band of mountebanks. And there were the patron's plates, — at one hundred francs the piece, good blood! Also he smoked the ancient cantaloupe's cigarettes, and as for the wines — *tehutt!* Arsène kissed his fingertips and took a long sip of absinthe.

"He is gone for long?" inquired Fresque.

Ah, that! Who knew? Six weeks at least. And meanwhile might not a brave lad amuse himself in the empty apartment — eh? Oh, it would be life in a gondola, name of a name of a name!

The conversation was prolonged for an hour, Arsène growing more and more confidential under the seductive influence of his parrakeet, and his companion showing himself so heartily in accord with his spirit of license that, by degrees, he captured completely the fancy of the volatile valet, and was only permitted to take his departure on the condition of presenting himself in the Place Vendôme that evening for the purpose of smoking the cantaloupe's cigarettes and seeing Arsène juggle with the hundred-franc plates.

Monsieur Fresque was as good as his word. He put in an appearance promptly at eight o'clock, hung his hat and coat, at his host's invitation, on a Louis Quinze applique, and made himself comfortable in a chaise longue which, on the guarantee of Duveen, had once belonged to the Pompadour. Arsène outdid himself in juggling, and afterwards they cracked a bottle of Château Laffitte and drank it with great satisfaction out of Salviati glasses, topping off the entertainment with Russian kummel and two of Monsieur Michel's cigars. Arsène, in his picturesque idiom, expressed himself as being tapped in the eye with his new friend to the extent of being able

to quit him no longer, and forthwith Monsieur Hercule Fresque took up his quarters in the bedroom of the cantaloupe, his host established himself in Monsieur Michel's Empire guest chamber, and the "life in a gondola" went forward for five weeks to the supreme contentment of both.

Now it is a peculiarity of a life in a gondola, as is known to all who have sampled its delights, that, while it lasts, consideration of past and future alike becomes dulled, and one loses all sense of responsibility in the lethal torpor of the present. So it was not until Arsène received a letter from Monsieur Michel, announcing his return, that he began to figure up the possible consequences of his experiment. They were, as he gloomily announced to Hercule, stupefying to the extent of dashing out one's brains against the wall. But one bottle of Château Laffitte remained, and none whatever of Russian kummel. Moreover, the brocade of the chaise longue was hopelessly ruined by the boots of the conspirators, and the enthusiasm of Arsène's juggling had reduced by fifty per cent the set of Sèvres plates. What was to be done, *bon Dieu*, what *was* to be done?

Monsieur Fresque, having carefully perused a letter with an Italian stamp, which had come by the evening mail, revolved the situation in his mind, slowly smoking the last of the cantaloupe's cigars, and glancing from time to time at the despondent figure of his host, with his eyes narrowed to mere slits. Had the fish been sufficiently played? He reeled in a foot or so of line by way of experiment.

"What, after all, is a situation?" he said. "Thou wilt be discharged, yes. But afterwards? Pah! thou wilt find another. And thou hast thy *rigolade*."

"Ah, that!" replied Arsène, with a shrug. "I believe thee! But thinkest thou my old melon will find himself in the way of gluing the ribbon of the Légion on me for what I have done? I

see myself from here, playing the harp on the bars of La Maz!"

"La vie à Mazas, c'est pas la vie en gondole," observed Hercule philosophically.

"Tu parles!"

Hercule appeared to take a sudden resolve. He swung his feet to the floor, and bending forward in the chaise longue, began to speak rapidly and with extreme earnestness.

"Voyons, donc, mon gars, thou hast been foolish, but one must not despair. What is done in France is never known in Italy. And here thou art surrounded by such treasures as the imbeciles of foreigners pay fortunes for, below there. Take what thou hast need of — a trunk of the patron's, some silver, what thou canst lay hands on of gold and brass and enamel — whatever will not break — and get away before he returns. In Milan thou canst sell it all, and get another place. I have friends there, and thou shalt have letters. Voilà!"

"But one must have money," replied Arsène, brightening, nevertheless. "And that is lacking me."

Hercule seemed to ponder this objection deeply. Finally, with a sigh of resignation, he spoke again: —

"B'en, voilà! Thou hast been my friend, is it not so? Hercule Fresque is not the man to be ungrateful. I am poor, and have need of my little savings — But, there! it is for a friend — pas? Let us say no more!" And he thrust a roll of bank notes into the hands of the stupefied Arsène.

The evening was spent in arranging the details of the flight. Arsène produced a serviceable trunk from the store-room, and in this the two men placed a great variety of the treasures which Monsieur Michel had accumulated during twenty years of patient search and exorbitant purchase. Squares of priceless tapestry, jeweled watches and snuff-boxes, figurines of old Sèvres, ivories, cunningly carved and yellow with age, madonnas of box-wood, and wax, and

ebony, — all were carefully wrapped in newspapers and stowed away; and to these Arsène added a dozen of his master's shirts, two suits of clothes, and a box of cigarettes. But when all the available material had been appropriated there yet remained an empty space below the tray. It would never do to have the treasures knocking about on the way. Arsène proposed a blanket — or, better yet, one of Monsieur Michel's overcoats. But Hercule, after rearranging the trunk so as to make the empty space of different form, turned suddenly to his companion, who was picking nervously at his fingers and watching the so fruitful source of suggestion with a pathetic air of entreaty, and clapped him gleefully upon the chest.

"A painting!" he exclaimed.

Complete demoralization seemed to have taken possession of Arsène. He was very pale, and his eyes constantly sought the salon door as if he expected the object of his ingenious epithets to burst in at any moment, with the prefect and all his legions at his heels.

"A painting?" he repeated blankly; "but how, a painting?"

But Monsieur Fresque had already mounted nimbly on a chair and lifted the cherished Titian of Monsieur Michel from its place against the tapestry. There was no further need of persuasion. The moment had come for action, and, seizing a hammer, he began to wrench off the frame, talking rapidly between short gasps of exertion.

"But certainly, a painting. This one is small — ugh! — but who can say how valuable? They sell readily down there, these black daubs. Ah! By rolling, it will fill the empty space, seest thou, and later it may mean a thousand francs. One does not do things by — umph! — by halves in such a case. Sacred nails! One would say they had been driven in for eternity! Oof! Thou art fortunate to have me to advise thee, great imbecile. Mayhap this is worth

all the rest. Pig of a frame, va! It is of iron. Ugh! He will be furious, thy patron, but what of that? In Italy thou wilt hear no more of it. Still one nail. Come away, then, type of a cow! Enfin!"

With one final effort he tore off the last fragment of frame, peeled the canvas from the backboard, and, rolling it carefully, tucked it into the empty space, replaced the tray, and closed the trunk with a snap.

"Voilà!" he said, straightening himself and turning a red but triumphant face to the astounded maitre d'hôtel.

"Now for the letters," he added, seating himself at Monsieur Michel's desk and beginning to scribble busily. "Do thou go for a cab, and at a gallop. It has struck half past ten and the *Bâle rapide* leaves the gare de l'Est at midnight."

Hardly had the door of the apartment closed upon the demoralized valet when Monsieur Fresque hastily shoved to one side the note he had begun, and, writing a sentence or two upon another slip of paper, wrapped the latter about a two-sou piece, and went quietly to the salon window. Opening this cautiously, he found a fine rain falling outside, and the eastern half of the square deserted save for two figures, one the flying form of Arsène, cutting across a corner into the Rue Castiglione in search of a cab, and the other that of a man muffled in a heavy overcoat and with a slouch hat pulled well over his eyes, who was lounging against the railing of the Column, and who, as Fresque opened the window, shook himself into activity and stepped nimbly out across the wide driveway. Hercule placed the paper containing the two-sou piece upon the window sill, and with a sharp flick of his forefinger sent it spinning down into the square. The man in the slouch hat stooped for an instant in passing the spot where it lay, and Monsieur Fresque, softly closing the window, stretched his

arms upward until he seemed to be a gigantic letter Y, and indulged in a prodigious yawn.

"Ça y est!" said he.

Papa Briguette had long since climbed into his high bedstead, in the loge de concierge, when, for the second time in fifteen minutes, he was aroused by the voice of Arsène calling "Cordon, s'il vous plait!" in the main hallway, and, reaching from under his feather coverlid, pressed the bulb which unlocked the street-door.

"Quel coureur, que ce gars!" grumbled the worthy man to his fat spouse, snoring complacently at his side. "I deceive myself if, when Monsieur Michel returns, thou dost not hear a different story."

"Aw-r-r-r!" replied Maman Briguette.

On the way to the gare de l'Est Arsène recovered the better part of his lost composure, and listened with something akin to cheerfulness to the optimistic prognostications of his companion. By the time the precious trunk was registered and he had secured his seat in a second-class compartment of the *Bâle rapide*, he was once more in high feather and profuse in expressions of gratitude, as he smoked a farewell cigarette with Fresque while waiting for the train to start.

"Thou canst believe me, mon vieux," he protested. "It is not a little thing that thou hast done, name of a name. Ah, non! It was the act of a brave comrade, that I assure thee. Et voyons! When I have sold the effects down there, thou shalt have back thy little paper mattress, word of honor! Yes, and more — thy share of the gain, mon zig!"

He grasped the other's hand fervently as a passing guard threw them a curt "En voiture, messieurs!" and seemed on the point of kissing him farewell. There was some confusion attendant upon his entering the compartment, owing to the excessive haste of a man

muffled in a heavy overcoat and with a slouch hat pulled well over his eyes, who arrived at the last moment and persisted in scrambling in at the very instant chosen by Monsieur Sigard. The latter immediately reappeared at the window, and, as the train began to move, shouted a few final acknowledgments at his benefactor.

"B'en, au r'voir, vieux! And I will write thee from below there, thou knowest. A thousand thanks. Fear not for thy blue paper — what? Thou shalt have it back sou for sou, name of a name!"

He was almost out of hearing now, his face a cream-colored splotch against the deep maroon of the railway carriage, and, drawing out a gaudy handkerchief, he waved it several times in token of farewell.

"I shall never forget thee, never!" he cried, as a kind of afterthought and valedictory in one.

"Ah, ça!" said Monsieur Fresque to himself, as Arsène's face went out of sight, "*that* I well believe!"

Yet, so inconstant is man, the promised letter "from below there" never reached him. Another did, however, and it was this which he might have been observed reading to a friend, with every evidence of the liveliest satisfaction, one week later, at a rear table before the *Taverne Royale*. One would hardly have recognized the plainly, almost shabbily dressed comrade of Arsène, with his retiring manners and his furtive eyes, in this extremely prosperous individual, in polished top hat, white waistcoat and gaiters, and gloves of lemon yellow. His companion was equally imposing in appearance, and it was apparent that he derived as much amusement from listening to Monsieur Fresque's epistle as did the latter from reading it aloud, which he did with the most elaborate emphasis, calling the other's attention to certain sentences by tapping him lightly upon the arm and repeating them more slowly.

The letter was in Italian and ran as follows: —

MILAN, April 20, 1901.

MY GOOD ERCOLE, — I am leaving here to-day for Rome, where the case of the Government against the *Marchese degli Abbraccioli* is to come on next week; but before I do so I must write you of the last act in the little comedy of Arsène Sigard. I never lost sight of him from the moment we left Paris, and when he found I was also on my way to Italy, he became confidential, and, in exchange for certain information which I was able to give him about Milan, etc., told me a long story about himself and his affairs, which I found none the less amusing for knowing it to be a tissue of lies. The time passed readily enough, but I was relieved when we started over the St. Gothard, because I knew then that the game was as good as played. We arrived at Chiasso on time (two o'clock), and I found Sassevero on the platform when I jumped out. He had come on from Rome the night before, and was in a positive panic because Palmi, who had been watching old Michel there, had lost him somehow and nobody knew where he'd gone. He might have come through on any train, of course, and Sassevero did n't even know him by sight.

Naturally, our little business with Sigard was soon done. Cagliacci is still chief of customs at Chiasso, and he simply confiscated the trunk and everything in it, though, of course, the Government was n't after anything but the picture. There were two hours of argument over the disposition of Sigard, but it seemed best to let him go and nothing further said, which he was only too glad to do. The Old Man is shy of diplomatic complications, it appears, and he had told Sassevero to frighten the chap thoroughly and then let him slip off.

Here comes in the most remarkable part of all. Just as Sigard was marching out of the room, in came the Lucerne

express, and our friend walks almost into the arms of an oldish gentleman who had jumped out of a carriage and was hurrying into the customs room.

"Bon Dieu!" said this individual. "What does *this* mean?"

"What does what mean?" put in Sassevero like a flash; and the other was so taken by surprise that, before he had time to think what he was saying, the secret was out.

"That's my valet de chambre!" he said.

"Really?" said Sassevero. "Bravo! Then you're the gentleman with the Marchese degli Abbraccioli's second Titian in the false bottom of his trunk!"

Could anything have been more exquisite? The old chap is out some hundred thousand lire on the transaction, because, of course, Cagliacci confiscated it like the other. It was a sight to re-

member, the two pictures, side by side in his room, and Michel and Sigard cursing each other above them! We all went on to Milan by the next train, except Sigard, who did the prudent thing on the appearance of his padrone, and disappeared, but Michel's appeal to the French consulate was of no effect. The consul told him flat that he was going directly against the law in trying to get old works of art over the frontier, and that he could n't plead ignorance after the detail of the false bottom.

Sassevero says the Old Man is immensely pleased with the way you handled your end of the affair. The funny part of it is that Sigard apparently had n't the most remote suspicion of your being in any way involved in his catastrophe.

Your most devoted,

CAVALETTO.

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

WITH THE PRE-DYNASTIC KINGS AND THE KINGS OF THE FIRST THREE DYNASTIES AT ABYDOS.

THE fairy story of the resurrection from the dead of the pre-dynastic kings, and of the bringing back to actuality of the misty kings of the first dynasties at Abydos, still goes on.

We seem to be able to speak face to face with five at any rate of Manetho's ten kings, Ka, Ro, Zeser, Narmer, and Sma, — men who lived and died before Mena, or Aha-Mena, the first king of the first dynasty, came to the throne of Upper and Lower Egypt.

Those of us who remember the day when our mothers gravely assured us that the creation of the world was according to Bible chronology put at 4004 B. C. are now able to know the manners and habits, the amusements, the life's work and belief, and the funeral customs of King Ka, who presumably found it a pleasant thing to behold the sun

upon the fields, and to feel the shadow of the palm groves at Abydos, as long ago as 4900 B. C.

But thanks to Dr. Flinders Petrie and his enthusiastic band of fellow workers, we can now not only know the funeral furniture of the tombs of kings who were before Mena was, but we can reach back and give hand-grasp to the shadowy presences of a prehistoric race, whose civilization was not far if anything behind the civilization of those pre-dynastic kings who used the same palettes for eye paint, drank from the same alabaster drinking cups, washed hands in the same diorite wash-bowls, cut their meat up with the same flint knives, and hoed their fields with the same flint hoes. There are now known to exist seventy-five to seventy-nine prehistoric seals of sequence dates, which overlap

the time of the pre-dynastic kings, and thus for the first time it has been established that Egyptian history in the valley of the Nile runs forward from the farthest past without a break, and pre-historic man is seen to be a civilized being of consideration before the times of the kings who preceded Aha-Mena, the first king of the first dynasty, whose date is approximately put at 4777 B. C.

During the season 1900-1901, Dr. Flinders Petrie completed the exploration of the royal tombs at Abydos, in the royal burying place between the Temple of Sety and the hill to the south, with the result that, as far as the dynastic time went, a continuous record of seventeen kings was proved. These included:—

I. Dynasty about 4777-4514 B. C.

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------|
| 1. Aha-Mena | Mena. |
| 2. Zer-Ta | Teta. |
| 3. Zet-Ath | Ateth. |
| 4. Den-Merneit | Ata. |
| 5. Den-Setui | Hesepth. |
| 6. Azab-Merpaba | Merbap. |
| 7. Mersekha-Shemsu | Semenptah. |
| 8. Qa-Sen | Qebh. |

II. Dynasty 4514-4212 B. C.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------|
| 1. Hotepahau | Bazau. |
| 2. Raneb | Kakau. |
| 3. Neteren | Baneteren. |
| 4. Semerab-Perabsen | Uaznes. |
| 5. Khasekhem | Senda. |
| 6. Kara | Khaires. |
| 7. Khasekhemui | Zaza. |

III. Dynasty 4212-3998 B. C.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------|
| 1. Hen-Nekt-Nebka ? | Nebka. |
| 2. Neter-Khet-Zeser | Zeser. |

Of the pre-dynastic kings, spoken of now as belonging to Dynasty O, remains of objects marked with the royal names proved the existence of Ka, Zeser, Narmer, and Sma. Later search among broken fragments of pottery, and on seals from the tomb near the tomb chamber of Bener-Ab, the daughter of Mena, showed that a fifth king, whose name was Ro, must be added to the above list. Whereabouts he shall be added it is difficult to say; he cannot be far from

Ka, but the existence of a large amphora-shaped jar in his tomb looks as if he lived in a time that knew the potter's art, and Ka appears to have been before the potter. The clay sealing is of yellow marl, not black mud as was the fashion of Ka's time, and the sealing is of the more advanced type of the seals in Narmer's day. Dr. Flinders Petrie has therefore placed him second on the list of pre-dynastic kings, and for a "memoria technica" we may remember that just as in the Greek alphabet the letter "ρ" succeeds to "χ", so King Ro in his list of royal personages between 4900 and 4777 B. C. succeeds to King Ka.

Not the least interesting part of the year's work, as far as the dynastic arrangement went, was the discovery in Beit Khallaf, twelve miles north of Abydos, of two royal tombs of the third dynasty; they were red brick mastabas of great size, above chambers hewn in the rock, and the mastabas of the servants of these kings Ha-Nekht and Neter-Khet were round about them. The art of making bowls out of the hardest stone had reached perfection at this time. The beauty of the finish of the alabaster vessels in Neter-Khet's tomb is undeniable. Tables for offerings too of great size were in vogue at this period, and it is pretty clear that the appetites of the "Kas" or Doubles of the king in the Land of Shades had increased. The explorers found in the long gallery of Neter-Khet's tomb the ashes of the burning of a completely stored granary. Neter-Khet had evidently determined if there was corn in Egypt there should be corn in Amenti also, and that in abundance. But Neter-Khet's tomb had special interest for the architect. In it was a double stairway of ninety feet that descended parallel with the two sides of the tomb chamber to the eighteen underground chambers of the dead. At the bottom the passage turned south under an archway, the first use of the arch in building yet discovered.

As for the art of the coppersmith, that too had evidently received encouragement under the kings of the third dynasty. Not only was a set of copper tools found, but a copper vessel with a spout in good condition was taken out of the tomb of Ha-Nekh. Close beside it was a worked flint scraper; the age of bronze and stone went hand in hand.

While Mr. Garstang's men were at work at Beit Khallaf, he was also superintending the excavations of five hundred tombs in an undisturbed burial ground of the old kingdom at Mahasna, and unearthing not only specimens of fine jeweler's craft, — the gold necklet chains now in the Cairo Museum, — but a very interesting series of button seals, which seem to have been the personal ornament of most of the gentlemen of that old kingdom before the scarab seal was introduced. The dandies of the button-seal time were evidently particular about their eye paint. Mr. Garstang brought to light many copper mirrors which had been stowed away for the use of the Ka when he came to visit his body, or when that body should rise from its sleeping and come on earth a second time.

While Mr. Mace and Mr. Garstang were working, the one at Abydos, the other at Mahasna and Beit Khallaf, Mr. R. McIver was busy at a prehistoric burial place, El Amrah. We now know how the prehistoric men built their houses, for Mr. McIver discovered a model of a house showing the door at one side and two windows at the end. It seemed to be above the average of many Irish cabins of our day, and quite as likely to be comfortable as any of the sheiks' houses I had seen up the Nile. These prehistoric men of El Amrah were excellent basket weavers, and the Nubians to-day seem to have got no further in the patterns they weave. It is clear they believed in face paint, for many of the baskets contained the green malachite they used, and one of the slates on which they ground up their

paint had still some of it adhering to it. There may have been medicine men amongst them. One dress showed that from the wrist to the elbow its wearer had had his little ivory toilet outfit, which he would need in putting on the color before he danced his dance or worked his fetich. Dancing was certainly an accomplishment of the prehistoric folk, for on one of the wavy-handled jars, whose handles were perforated for hanging in a draft for coolness' sake on to the saddle-bow on a journey, there was evidence of a dancing scene in which the performers were using castanets.

Nor were the children forgotten. A pottery doll with curly black hair was found with other dolls of clay, one of which was evidently the work of a potter who had a good sense of the grotesque; the prehistoric nurses had evidently ideas of fun, and liked to hear the youngsters laugh. As to the animals of that old time, if we are to trust the find at El Amrah, the ostrich abounded, and a horned sheep of the "Mouflon" type was known. Hunters seem to have used harpoons of ivory, forked lances of flint, flint arrows, stone maces, and rope nooses or springes. Ivory was an object of luxury, and was finely worked. The skilled man of the day was the hard-stone bowl-maker, but the potter was beginning to be an artist, and while he worked the black-topped ware or the salmon-colored ware, he seemed to care for color as well as for form, and to have already begun to think of pattern, in white on black ware and paintings from the life on the yellow ware.

Our main interest after all must be with the kings at Abydos. From Ka's tomb have come pottery jars of a cylindrical shape, which bear his name and some other signs written in ink. The writing is rude, but we shall probably agree that writing even as rude as this means civilization that has advanced far; and I confess I felt that the corridors of time seemed to have length-

ened as I gazed on the queer little pair of hands, joined with a curved stroke to signify arms, upon that cylinder jar of Ka, which was written on nearly 6800 years ago.

Narmer must have been a big man in his day, and was buried in great state. He was not content with the size of the tombs that went before him, and he set the fashion, which Sma and Mena followed, of a very large dwelling-house for Eternity. All that we glean from his tomb is that ebony and ivory were objects of royal favor, that serpentine as well as alabaster was worked for his hand's use, that the hooded snake and the plover were thought fit subjects for the decorator's art, and that the king was fond of a game of draughts, for part of his draught board remains with us to this day.

Sma, the last king of the pre-dynastic time, and the probable predecessor of his son-in-law Mena, seems, by the fragments rescued from his tomb, to have cared for the crystal-worker's craft. This king drank from cups of syenite and used antimony powder for the brightening of his eyes. The ivory lids of his kohl-slates have been preserved. One little bit of news which links the first dynasty to this pre-dynastic line of kings comes to us from his tomb. An ivory rod, on which the name of the King Sma and the name of Neit-hotep are engraved, suggests that Neit-hotep was the daughter of Sma, and as we know from the tomb at Nagada that Mena had a wife named Neit-hotep, it is probable that Mena was son-in-law to the king. Sma must have had clever ivory workers about him; a bit of bull-legged furniture in his tomb tells us as much.

As for Neit-hotep, there were found in the tomb of Zer other fragments of her toilet-table, which had possibly come into the possession of her handmaidens, and when these were buried alongside Zer, the queen's gifts would be buried with them as their most valued possession, — a little hint this of personal

loyalty and of friendly relations between queen and servants. From Aha-Mena's tomb come signs that the goldsmith flourished in his day; a tiny curved bar of gold found therein weighing 216 grains was perhaps the gold standard of weighing gold in his day. The ivory and ebony tablets found in his tomb and elsewhere tell us that Aha-Mena was looked upon as born of the dog-faced god Anubis, and we are able to glean from these tablets that he must have been a successful warrior, for captives with their hands bound behind their backs and others weighted with heavy neck-chains are here depicted, and one old gentleman with a very Jewish type of countenance does obeisance, holding a palm branch in his hands. The dome-shaped huts thatched with reeds, the towers and battlemented forts and villages are hinted at, and a suggestion is made that human sacrifices are in fashion, if we may trust Dr. Flinders Petrie's interpretation of a scene wherein an executioner seated before another seated figure stabs him to the heart while an officer of state stands by. I confess I thought it simply a dinner-party scene, and that the executioner was really the host offering a bit of the best of the dish to his dear friend. Of animals, the oryx, the elephant, the hippopotamus, the stork, and the scorpion abound, and are thought worthy of representation on seal or ivory or wood. There is no evidence that milch cattle, as in the days of the prehistoric folk, are kept, but from one of the most remarkable ebony tablets discovered of Mena's day, it is clear that the noble sport of wild-bull hunting was indulged in. The engraver of the bull in the net-snare might almost have inspired the maker of the celebrated Vapheio cup, so full of life is his design. The hunters of Mena's day appear to have used flint for their spearheads and arrowheads, and the king's friends determined he should not pass into the other world without some of the best; nor did they forget the

king's obsidian knife. As for the king's table, his majesty was provided with a horn if his lips felt the diorite too cold or alabaster too heavy for drinking from.

The house boat as we see it on the Thames seems to have been known in a slightly different form to Mena, and the seed-beds of the Fayum were probably one of his favorite sporting grounds.

There is a delightful little bit of poetry introduced into this chapter of the history of Mena, by the finding of several articles of a girl's toilet-table in a tomb which the king may well have visited with tears. One of these is a fine wooden comb, another a fan handle, belonging to a young princess who was probably Mena's daughter. Her name — Bener-Ab, "Sweet of Heart" — occurs on a tablet on which Mena's name is inscribed, and those who gaze on the ivory figure of a young girl clad in a long robe and with her hands crossed upon the breast, discovered in the tomb, can understand why Mena gave her the name of "Sweet-heart," how he must have loved her in the days of long ago, and what bitter tears were shed at her departing.

The find of the season was made in the many-chambered tomb of the king who succeeded Mena, Zer or Zer-Ta by name. It is clear from the tablets and bits of pottery pictures that the arts of peace had gone forward. The king was fond of his chess or some game analogous to it, and the gaming pieces are ivory lions couchant of really excellent modeling. Copper tools are seen now to have come into use. The flaking of flint has developed, so that the spearheads are notched as well as flaked to a fine edge, and crystal now is actually worked both into arrowheads and knives. The tattooer is a person of importance; his little flint-spiked tattoo instrument is preserved. Fashion in hairdressing has made it obligatory that ladies should as far as possible wear their own hair, and even in old age not be bald-headed, and

here we have given from the dust of 6700 years an excellent example of a hair plait, and a false fringe, — the curl of it as good as when it left the wig-maker's hand.

As for pottery, this now is sought for and brought from far across the sea. For here in a northwestern cell of the tomb of Zer was discovered a group of offering vases, caked together by the resins which melted when at some time the contents of the tomb of Zer were set on fire; in this black and charred mass of clay jars and unguent and resinous wrappings were found not only vases and alabaster jars of Egyptian make of the time of Zer, but with them clay vases of a slender shape, with handles such as were unknown in Egypt, and which could only be of European make, and may very well have come from the *Ægean* potter's hands 4700 B. c.

It was not only in pottery that advances had been made; fragments of ivory bracelets with checkered pattern were found. A marble vase sculptured all over with ropework pattern in relief was discovered. But the great discovery in the tomb of Zer was the examples of jeweler's work, which as the oldest examples of the craft known are worth description.

The arm of the queen of Zer, that had all through her centuries of sleep worn these four beautiful bracelets, had been broken from her body when the tomb was plundered, and hastily, because of its ornaments, stowed away in a crevice in the wall. It had not been discovered by the builders of the Osiris shrine in the time of Amenhotep III., and for one thousand years votaries who passed with offerings close by never noticed it. It had escaped the eagle eye of the ravaging Copt, and very fortunately for Dr. Petrie had not been recognized for what it was worth by M. Amelineau and his diggers. Dr. Petrie has trained his workmen to believe that they will be well and justly paid for anything they bring him, and they went off at once to

Dr. Petrie's assistant, reported the find, and were able to give the arm with the bracelets intact into their employer's hands.

The originals are now in the Cairo Museum, but careful casts have been made and brought to England. The first bracelet consists of a series of façades with the Royal Hawk above, alternate gold and turquoise. The turquoise hawks were made probably in the time of Aha-Mena, and came from another bracelet, for they have been originally threaded with beads between them; the gold hawks are of the more finished type of the Horus hawk of King Zer. The man who worked the golden hawks cast them each in a double mould, and burnished with such perfect nicety that only an expert could tell they had not been cast by "cire perdue" process.

The second bracelet has a gold rosette or daisy as its central ornament, flanked by beads of turquoise and gold, these again flanked by dark purple beads of lapis lazuli, and these in turn by golden balls. The second half of the bracelet shows a similar arrangement, but without the rosette, and the arrangement of gold and lapis-lazuli beads is reversed. The jeweler who beat out the halves of the golden balls and soldered the two parts of each together must have been a past master in the art of soldering, just as the man who arranged the beads of gold and turquoise and purple lapis lazuli in the two other bracelets must have been a past master in the art of color arrangement. The form of the barrel-shaped beads of gold in one, and the hourglass beads of gold and amethyst in the fourth bracelet, show great knowledge of the need of variety in ornament; and the skillful threading of the fourth bracelet and the lashing of the hair — which was used to connect the bracelet to the separate beads with finest gold wire — show marvelous skill and dexterity. The jewelry found at Dahshur was in age two thousand years later; it does not show a greater

knowledge of variety of design nor finer work.

It is clear that in the time of Zer women were well cared for and indulged, even if we had not a little picture on an ivory tablet preserved to us of the king with the queen upon his knees; and it is pretty certain that if Queen Zer came amongst us at this day she would ask for the jeweler's bazaar, but she would also probably ask for her dwarf to be her companion thither, for a drawing on a piece of hard stone found in the tomb shows us a dwarf.

Of the other tombs, one may note that the great stairway that took the explorers down into the tomb chambers of Den-Setui allowed them to bring up from the dead evidence of cruel destruction of important bits of history in the careless breaking and casting aside of tablets of wood and ivory; but at least Dr. Petrie was able to discover that King Den used in his day a golden seal for his judgments, and a glance at the king's own seals shows that this king was a mighty hunter before the Lord; he is seen to spear the crocodile and to hunt the hippopotamus, while from the dust of his entombment was brought the oryx horns which had been used to make a bow for the king, with arrows of reed pointed with long ivory points; some of them, stained red as if for magical purpose, were lying near. This king had dealings with the potters across the sea. Ægean pottery was found in his tomb also, and, to judge by the amount of carven fragments, encouraged home arts also; copper chisels were in use in his time. How his table was furnished we know not, but his friends apparently remembered he had a weakness for sycamore figs; they were found dried in abundance.

Of the second dynasty tombs, the one that gave most valuable information as to the order of the royal houses was the tomb of Perabsen, the fourth king. His gray syenite steles that were discovered not only bear his royal name with the

Jackal above the cartouche, but show by their shape that Phallic worship had its votaries in his day. Little was found in the great tomb with its side chambers and its inclosing passage or circumambulatory. It had been well cleared out. But the king seems to have been a fisherman, and large copper fish-hooks had been left with him when he slept with his fathers.

Three vase inscriptions from this tomb tell us of Hotepahau, the first king of the second dynasty — 4514 B. C.; and the diorite bowl which Horus Ranab, the king, had used for the washing of his hands had evidently been appropriated by another king; Ranab's name had been erased, and the inscription had been made to run thus: —

"For the daily washing of the King of Upper and Lower Egypt Neteren."

Thus Dr. Petrie was able to reconstruct the order of the kings, — Hotepahau, Ranab, and Neteren, which agrees with the order upon a certain ancient statue in the Cairo Museum.

The tomb which was perhaps of greatest interest as far as finds went, next to the tomb of Zer, was that in which Khasekhemui, the last king of the second dynasty, had been buried, probably about the year 4212 B. C., — Khasekhemui, the lover of cornelian beads and glazed pottery and diorite bowls that the sun might shine through.

It was a vast mausoleum this, with a central stone chamber for the king's body, and no less than fifty-eight store chambers for the treasure chattels and retinue of the king in the world of spirit. In store chamber number forty-four was a magnificent diorite bowl that looked almost as if the old hand hollowing and finish had been superseded by a lathe.

But the great find was a series of little white marble and cornelian bowls for toilet use, which were in the passage opposite chamber twenty-one. The neatness with which the man who stored these with unguent had capped them

with beaten gold, in jam-pot fashion, and tied on the caps with twisted gold thread and sealed them with clay, was astonishing. The handiest member of the Apothecaries' Hall would have envied him his skill. Gold must have been plentiful in Khasekhemui's days; for when the broken-china-mender came round to the royal palace it is clear that the keeper of the king's pantry had given him a broken bowl to mend, but charged him to see to it that he only used gold rivets.

Nor was gold the only metal that was cared for in Khasekhemui's time. Copper chisels, copper tool moulds to the number of 194, and copper bowls were brought forth to the light, and from the store chamber number twenty, copper axes were also taken.

Travelers up the Nile have doubtless landed, and ploughing through the golden yellow sand drifts have entered that quaint double temple at Kom Ombo dedicate to Darkness and to Light. It has remained for the tomb of Khasekhemui to furnish us with a copper libation bowl with a double spout, which was probably used by the king who took the name of the "Rising of the peaceful double power of the two gods in him," when he bowed his head in the temple of Set and Horus and poured libation to the double principle of Evil and Good which he felt so near to him. Always above the name of the king upon his seal is shown the figures of Set and Horus, the Jackal and the Hawk; and that copper libation bowl with its double spout is a memorial of an ancient king of Abydos, who perhaps dimly felt, as centuries after the Psalmist understood, that "the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee."

One other treasure came forth from the sand of Khasekhemui's mighty grave. It was the king's sceptre. The handle of the sceptre is wanting, and of the two pieces only one came to England; the other portion, about five inches long, was reserved for the Cairo Mu-

seum. It is made of sard cylinders upon a copper rod, the cylinders of the sard being banded together by solid rings of gold.

The tombs of this first and second dynasty have at any rate made us feel that though the great men of the time were users of flint knives and drank for the most part out of stone mugs, they knew the worth of ornament, had an eye for color, and honored the hand of the craftsman in gold and ivory, ebony, alabaster, and diorite, and went to their graves in full belief that work well done here would outlast death, and find use and glory beyond the Veil.

Still, in the third season, the romance of that great resurrection of the royal dead at Abydos runs on. Dr. Petrie and his wife, Mr. Caulfield, Mr. Weigall, and Mr. Christie have returned from their campaign bearing in their hands, it is true, no jewelry like the bracelets of the queenly wife of Zer, no golden standard weight of the age of Mena, but bringing in their hands, what is of infinitely more importance, proof that amounts to proof positive, that the prehistoric times overlapped the historic days; that Abydos was a place of fame even before the time of Ka, and that very gradually the age of the master-worker in flint gave way to the age of the master-worker in pots, and that the civilization which in the age of Ka enabled men with brush of paint to write swiftly or draw strongly the hieroglyphics of the day in a flowing cursive style upon the commonest pieces of pottery was not the beginning of things in the valley of the Nile.

But the great work of the season from the historian's point of view was the being able by careful measurements of the depth at which any fragments of flint, or vase, or pot, or ornament, or

bronze was found, in the soil above the clean sand of the desert, and by careful comparison of the objects found with the shapes of objects from the prehistoric cemeteries, or from the royal tombs of Abydos, to determine to what age they belonged, and so to build up a kind of standard of time and date during which the shapes were permanent, and to show how these various shapes changed as time went on.

It was fortunate for posterity that M. Amelineau and his merry jar-breakers had not had the luck to come upon these tombs. Not only was it possible to obtain a very large amount of dated pottery of the first dynasty unbroken, but comparisons with the vases and jars found elsewhere in the Temenos and in the royal tombs enabled much to be known or guessed at. It was clear to Dr. Petrie that, with one exception, the tomb chamber did not contain vases of stone or alabaster at all up to the finish of those in the kings' tombs. It looked also as if the stone vase was held to be so valuable that, if whole vases were not obtainable, parts of broken ones were considered as serviceable for the use of the dead. Another fact was plain. There must have been a series of standard shapes of alabaster vases in vogue, and great care had been taken to see that specimens of all these varieties of cylinder jars had been deliberately placed in each tomb. The Temenos of Abydos has not yielded up all its secrets yet, but it has told us many things, and added no inconsiderable flavor to the romance of the history of the first dynasty and the times that immediately preceded it. We wait for the final exploration of this centre of the oldest historic civilization and worship by the banks of Nile, and the grist of next season's labors, with the keenest interest and expectation.

H. D. Rawnsley.

THORKILD VIBORG.

A LITTLE SAGA OF THE NEW WORLD.

At the north of the Ringkjöbing Fjord, not far from Nysogn, a wild, ragged-looking castle has dug its talons into the rocks, and stands with a haggard defiance fronting the fjord, which is as immobile and as chill as death. Here for centuries have dwelt the Viborgs, a melancholy race of men born with a prescience of doom. Reckless with their lives, mad in their loves, cursed with disease, they are born for sorrow. And now, in the new time, out of this comfortless home, — for it is never warm enough or light enough or gay enough in Viborg Hold, — all save the eldest born are crowded. Only for him does the jaded ground yield sufficient substance; only for his needs can the work-worn peasants pay sufficient tax.

So at twenty, Thorkild Viborg, the young brother of his brother, said farewell to the fields and the fjord, to the headland, to the room that had been his eerie and from which he had looked out upon the world with the savage eyes of a lonely, egotistical, poverty-hampered youth, and he went his ways.

He carried in his pocket passage money to America; also two great square flawed emeralds framed about with yellow pearls, and a dull blue intaglio, showing the head of Olaf with streaming hair and beard. This swung from a chain of pure gold, curiously wrought, — now two links and now three.

The ship crossed the black January seas, and in the bitter weather Thorkild landed in New York. None knew him. There was no place waiting for him but fill. He had done little all his life but brood, read the old legends of the house, sail over the still waters, or play on the little Italian violin that hung in the hall.

Here, in the new country, he sometimes worked with his hands, and would have done that cheerfully enough if it had not been for the tones of the boss's voice, when he addressed a command to him, and the brutality of his fellow laborers. At night he sat in his lodging-house, the melancholy of his race gnawing at his breast like the fox the Spartan boy carried beneath his coat.

But one day, at the worst of his loneliness, visiting the wharves to watch the northern ships come in, he saw a maid who had worked in his brother's fields, — Kara, with the peaceful face, the brown braids, and the ox eyes. She walked down the gang plank and faced Thorkild. The homesickness in him surged up like a sorrow. He reached out his hands toward her, and she gave a cry of joy and sprang to meet him. In this strange land it was as if these two had been friends or lovers, though in truth they had hardly spoken till that day, but since childhood had stared at each other as they passed on the road. Now they walked away together hand in hand. After their dread, their timidity, they reveled in a sense of safety and companionship. They were prepared to defend each other, and they looked the insolent New World in the face and said boastfully that they were not afraid.

It came about that they were married, and for want of a wedding ring Thorkild hung the intaglio of Olaf about the neck of his bride. Moreover, he sold one of the emeralds with the exquisite moss-flaws, and he and Kara set out toward the West, and traveled till they came to a certain place where the sheep wandered all the year among sand dunes, and where land was almost as free as air. Here they built them a lit-

the house by the side of a brackish lake, and they cared nothing that the road which led to it was of drab, drifting, irresponsible sand, so that the winds had their way with it; they cared nothing that the only things that moved along the road were the frantic tumble-weeds, racing with the wind. They had built them a house in the New World, and they looked at each other in wonder at the things they had achieved.

Five hundred common sheep had they by way of herds; and at dawn Thorkild went to keep guard over them, nor did he leave them till they lay down to sleep below the stars, — those intimate, gay stars of the arid wold. So Kara was much alone. She had time to watch the yellow wind-storms rise; to wonder at the scarlet sunsets; to note the eagles that swung with gluttonous eyes above the flocks and the skulking gray wolves on the farther hills. Kara was in no way dismayed. She neither wept for her old home nor sighed for pleasures. She looked about the raw shack with unspeakable pride. A dozen times a day she swept the sand from the floor: and every morning she wiped off the windows that the abounding sunshine might find no obstacle to its free entrance. Sometimes, when all her tasks were done, she flung herself upon the back of her yellow cayuse and rode to the place where her husband herded the sheep. There, among the still places she sang to him, — wild minor songs, known for centuries on the Ringkjöbing Fjord, — or she laughed and chattered in sheer content.

Every day brought her fresh amaze at her marvelous happiness, — at the wonder of her love. To her, her husband was a viking. His great frame, his head, carried so proudly, his white teeth, his rolling blue eyes, moved her like a song or a trumpet call. She could not look at him without a thrill of joy. From immemorial time her people had revered his, had followed them to battle, gone with them over seas, toiled

in their fields, shouted in their hours of rejoicing, lamented in their hours of grief. That she was as an equal with this man, that he served her, sheltered her, whispered love to her, gave her of his thoughts, grew gay in her presence, filled her with astonishment.

"Can I do nothing for you, Thorkild?" she would ask when she rode out to him on the range.

"You may stay with me, Kara. You may talk."

"Of the old country?"

"Of any country, any time, any thing. Only talk, Kara my love."

"I shall talk of our little house. Some time when our sheep are sheared, and you have sold the wool, we shall buy little curtains for the windows. I shall make lace to edge them. I have already made a few yards. I like my fingers to be busy, Thorkild."

"It is so with women. Only we men are content to sit idle."

"But we women are foolish. We know not how to rest."

"You are the daughters of Hertha, the All-Mother, who never rests."

"Thorkild, in the old fields where I worked, Hertha seemed ancient, past age, — all worn and wise and weary. Here the earth seems not yet grown."

"It is the presence of men that ages the earth. No man has herded his sheep here before me. Often when my foot falls upon the ground on some high dune I say, 'No human foot has rested here before!'"

"If it be the presence of men that makes the earth grow old, perhaps we should be very careful how we step on it."

"You can never make the earth sad, Kara. In the morning you are happy because it is morning. In the evening you sing hymns because the night is at hand. You rejoice because we two are here alone. If we were with many men and women, you would be happy because of them. Will nothing make you unhappy, little love?"

"One thing would make me unhappy, — the loss of you, Thorkild."

He kissed her on the eyes.

So the months went by. There was no book in the shack. In all the landscape not one telegraph pole was to be seen; and Thorkild must ride forty miles when he wished to visit the post office. Yet sometimes he went; and once he came home with papers telling of the Klondike, the place of gold, the newest, bitterest Eldorado. He read over and over again the news it held, spelling his way slowly through the English words. In the night, with his arms about Kara, there, in their insecure dwelling in the heart of that mocking wilderness, he told her of what he had been thinking.

"For generations evil has been upon our house, as you know, Kara. But I — I alone escape the curse of disease that has rested upon us. I grow stronger every day. I can stand the heat, the cold, hunger, thirst. I shall not die as my father died, as my brother is dying."

"Thank the good God, Thorkild! Thank Him every night."

"I thank Him, Kara; and I have thought me that since I am to escape one curse of the house, may I not be the means of lifting another? You know the poverty at Viborg Hold; how we are all as poor as the peasants; how we eat the fare of laborers, laying by all we can save for the fêtes that the ancient customs of the house may not be forgotten. You know how my brother is shamed before his peers; how my mother died in faded grandeur, lacking the comforts that the common born expect. Oh, in what wretched splendor have we starved in that old Hold! But now I have a way" — and he told her of the gold fields, the ships that had come back from them laden with treasure, the march northward of the gold-seekers.

Kara listened with a fluttering heart. She had her own reasons for dreading

danger just then; but she had told Thorkild nothing because she was abashed before him. She wondered if, after all, a Viborg would be proud of a son born of a peasant, — Kara, the peasant! She wanted to tell him now, and turned toward him for that purpose. Then her heart failed, and she only said, —

"It is as you think. If you go north, though it be into the wildest land, I also will go."

"You will stay here," he said shortly, and his voice sounded stern because that he had to say was hard in the saying.

"I? Alone, Thorkild? I, in the little house? I, here with the sheep?"

"Word comes that we are about to have neighbors. Two American families are to move near. I can arrange, if they seem honest folk, to have our sheep put with theirs. No one will harm you here. All are kind to women in this part of the world."

She laid her hands on her breast, and waited awhile before she spoke again. Then she said, —

"And if you never come back, Thorkild?"

"It shall be as God pleases," he said almost sullenly. Then the woman's heart in her grew proud; she said to herself: "If he sorrows not at leaving me, neither shall he know how my heart bleeds. After all, it is not in reason that he should care much for me, — for me, Kara of the fields. It is the lot of women such as I to know only an hour of joy. As for my child — O God! my child, — I shall tell him nothing of that. He might stay with me for pity. I will have no pity."

And he who had been stern only that he might have courage for the broaching of his wild plan noted her silence and thought: —

"Perhaps it comes to her as a relief. For truly our marriage was hasty, and she may think ill-advised. She has been heavenly sweet to me, but it may be

that my melancholy has oppressed her. Perhaps she dreams of some happier and more gallant man, one who has not the curse of a dying race upon him."

So he spoke no more upon the subject, but made him ready for his journey. With her he left all the money that remained from the sale of the first emerald, and he took with him the second stone, which he proposed to sell at one of the coast cities, that he might equip him for his venture. Then when the Americans came to the neighborhood, he, finding them kindly folk and well disposed, confided his wife and his herds to them and said farewell.

"He shall not see me weep," Kara said over and over to herself. "My viking shall not see me weep."

So they parted tearless, and as he rode along the sands, beyond the dunes that hid his home from him, he sobbed aloud for torture at the parting; and she, face downward upon her bed, made the rune of the deserted woman:—

"The days of my joy are past. There is only sorrow for me; my day is over and gone."

Five years passed. The fallow roads still shifted in the winds, the dunes were ruffled with delicate wind-flutings, the eagles wheeled, the wolves skulked, the brackish lakelets smiled under the vivid sky. In that part of the world there is at once an instability and an immutability. The pathways do not remain, but the silence is always there. It seems beyond the power of man to destroy. It is as an ocean, which cannot be beaten back.

Winding down between the dunes came two men, one a sheep rancher, the other a stranger clothed in rude furs.

"A very wild place this," said the stranger. His English had a touch of something foreign in it.

"I thought so," said the other, "when I first came here. But I—Well, in a small way, I have prospered. The city drove me out. I have eight

children, and in the city I was forever struggling. Here my roof is my own, and no man can drive me from it. My sheep make a living for me and mine. We ask little more."

"Still it seems a poor and lonely place."

"There are several families of us here. We keep one another company. Every few months some one comes to join us, or a child is born in one of the little homes. A number of young men came out last year and built shacks for themselves. Each has his pipe and his dog. Each has his sheep. It's not a bad life for them, take it for all in all."

"A dog and a pipe! Do they not wish wives—these young men?"

"Wives? They are hard to find in this part of the country. Twenty men woo one woman here. A widow, Kara Viborg, living next to me, has been asked in marriage by every man in the neighborhood."

The horse of the stranger gave a leap as if he saw an apparition in the wide-mouthed draw they were approaching.

"Your horse is not used to this country. He shies at the tumble-weeds. He must get used to those, for they are always drifting up and down."

"My horse is not used to this country, as you say. But the widow—is she then opposed to marriage?"

"Who can tell? Perhaps she waits for the right one. Perhaps she hesitates to put another father over her child."

"Her child?" The horse had shied again, and was wheeling.

"Yes. A son."

"A son, you say? I cannot keep this brute in the road."

"You hold him too hard. Give looser rein. I said a son."

"And her husband? What was he?"

"A young Dane of high birth, so his wife says. He went away on a search for gold. He has never returned."

"Does she speak of him? Does she mourn?"

"She keeps her tongue in her head

and her tears well hidden. One winter she and the boy almost starved, but she told no one. She was too proud. She got on her cayuse and took the child with her, all sewed in blankets, and rode forty miles to send a trinket to a great jeweler's in the East, — it was a trinket she had always worn about her neck. Only after it was all over did the neighbors know she had been in want."

"Ah! A brave woman!"

"And a beautiful one, — but more brave than beautiful. All the months of her trial before her child came she lived alone, asking company of none. If she had a woman's terrors, she said nothing of them. If she feared death, she did not mention it."

"And when her hour came" —

"My wife was there. The two women were alone the night through. My wife said a gray wolf kept rooting about the door, and twice he looked in at the window. The wind was high and raged among the dunes, lifting their tops and flinging them in the hollows. All about, the sand drifted like fine rain. At dawn the child was born. I remember that the sun when it rose looked like a foolish ball of clay, so thick was the air with sand."

"Is she still so poor, the mother of this child?"

"Oh, very poor. A blight came to her sheep and they died. Such money as she had must be almost gone. My wife says she is as poor as poor Job. But she says nothing. She never complains. She has had comfort offered her, but she will not take it."

"A woman unlike other women."

"Good women are not unusual, — at least I have not found them so. I have a wife-who" —

"Is that the house there? — that little shack beyond the dune?"

"What excites you, sir? That is it."

"I shall ask for a lodging there."

"The widow will cook you a meal. She takes no wayfarers. But my house has a bed" —

"Thank you, fellow traveler. I count it a good chance that we met."

"'T was a good chance for me. The tales you told me will give me something to think of in the long evenings. Good-night — till later."

"Good-night."

He knocked at the door of the widow's shack. Kara opened it. She saw a man slightly stooped, with broad shoulders, a face covered with wind-bleached beard, scarred across one cheek, and helmeted in a great hood of fur. His eyes had an uncertain movement like those of one who has suffered from the ice glare.

"You give lodgings to strangers?"

Kara smiled apologetically. "No. But since it is a cold night please enter and rest. I have neighbors farther on who can furnish lodging, and if you are in need of food, there is some here which can be shared with you. As for the fire, it is so much a better fire if a wayfarer sit by it."

"The widow makes her guests welcome," muttered the man, somewhat ironically. He came within the door and closed it behind him with the manner of one who does what he pleases. Then he peered at the woman from beneath hanging brows, — noting her abundant brown hair, her mellow smile, her patient ways.

"Madam," said he, with careful courteousness, — a manner such as the men about the sandhill country did not have, — "how came you — a woman like you — here in this wilderness? Pardon me for the question. Do not let me offend!"

She smiled with the unreserve of a child. "My fate brought me here. This is my home."

"You live here alone?"

"I have my son."

"Your son?"

"My son Thorkild!"

"Thorkild?"

"So. Will you take off your coat? Will you be pleased to sit by the fire?"

She began to move about the shack, preparing the meal, the man watching her frowningly.

"It must be very lonely for you here, madam."

"I have my child; I have my thoughts."

"Those thoughts — are they memories?"

She turned and smiled full at him. "Memories — and hopes."

"And hopes? All women have hopes. When everything in this life fails them, they hope for something in the next."

She said nothing to that. At last the meal was ready, and the man, the woman, and a young child, who had crept out of the bunk where he had been sleeping, sat together at the table.

The boy seemed to the man to be as beautiful as an angel. Soft golden curls made a halo about his sleep-flushed face. His lips were parted in a half-tremulous smile as he looked at the bearded face of the visitor. There was a charming humidity about his eyes, which made them look like flowers after a summer shower. His little hands moved in the swift and impetuous gestures of childhood. He was tantalizingly lovely and joyous, and one who looked at him might well be forgiven for wishing to snatch him to the breast.

With a singular rudeness the guest had not removed the hood of fur which covered his head, and which closed across the brow and chin. Now that he sat at table he loosened the chin-piece, but he still presented almost the appearance of a masked man, for beneath the eyes was nothing but a confusion of unkempt tawny beard.

He had little appetite, apparently, for the fare set before him. The potatoes, the corn bread, the coffee, the sauce of wild blackberries preserved in sweetened liquor, had no temptation for him. He watched the woman and the child with the avid eye-hunger of one who has been in a prison between blank walls. Kara's

hands trembled as she passed the dishes. She tingled with a sense of danger which she could hardly define. She was glad when the meal was finished and her duties permitted her to turn her back upon her singular guest. She threw out a hint that the hour was growing late and that in the darkness it was difficult for a stranger to keep the road. He made no answer, but Kara, chancing to look up suddenly, saw that he had laid one great hand on the shoulder of her son, and was drawing the child toward him. She checked an impulse to spring to little Thorkild and snatch him away from this mysterious guest, who seemed to be compelling her son and herself against their wills. Certainly the little one made no resistance. He went toward the man with the pretty reluctance of a child who is shy and yet fain, and when he was within reach the man snatched him to his arms and laid the golden head against his breast. Then the two were silent, gazing in each other's eyes. A jealous and frightened pain leaped into Kara's heart.

"Give me the child," she said. "It is time for me to put him in his bed."

"He is bedded," said the man, and he turned his gaze back to the little one.

"It is my child," she said, half in jest and half in defiance. "I know all his little habits, sir, and it is time he was in bed."

The man motioned to a chair with gentle authority.

"Sit down," he said. And Kara obeyed.

"Draw your chair nearer to the fire." She did so, her eyes wide and startled. He bent forward and looked in her eyes.

"You are too young a woman to live here alone. It is not for such loneliness as this that you were born. Has no one told you that?"

She flushed and sat staring into the fire.

"Ah! You have been told of it, I perceive. And were you not convinced? Of what use to be beautiful if no one

sees? Of what use to have capable hands if they serve no one? Of what use to sing if no one hears?"

She answered nothing, but looked longingly at her child as if she wished him to deliver her from the spell of this insinuating voice. The man drew a little bag from the inner pocket of his coat.

"Hold your hands," he commanded. She spread out her two pink, girlish palms, and he poured into them a heap of glittering stones.

"Do you like them?" he asked, still whispering. She nodded, trembling more than before.

"I shall give them to the woman who will love me," he said hoarsely, the eyes with their snow-injured nerves shifting as he spoke. "I am a lonely man and a rich one. I want a wife. Now you, I hear, have been alone for years. Is it likely, do you think, that your husband will come back to you out of that terrible land into which he has gone? I have been there. I have seen men die by the roadside; I have seen them slip down blue crevasses of the ice. They have died there in unknown numbers of fever and snow madness, of hunger and homesickness, in brawls, in snow-slides, in drunkenness, by the Indians, by smallpox, — on sea, on land, in the ice gorges which are neither sea nor land. Do you think it is likely that he will come back?"

She was silent, and the man drew nearer, a look of hard triumph in his eyes. He laid a hand on her arm.

"Have you always enough food for the child? Ought he to grow up here, away from the schools? Ought you to wither here, — you who are made to be loved? Cease to remember a man who is dead, or who has forgotten you. For if he had not, would he have left you here in poverty?"

Kara dropped her head forward on her arm, and sat still, bowed like a grieved child. She looked so piteous, so unprotected, that something like com-

passion came into the man's face. Then, his purpose returning suddenly, he bent forward and put an arm about her compellingly.

The jewels he had put in her hands ran glittering to the floor; they scattered like drops of sunlit water; they shone out of the gloom of the humble room like minute fallen stars. Kara gave no heed and neither did the man. He put the child in its bunk and followed Kara to the window whither she had fled. She stood there looking out into the darkness, with the slow tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Why do you weep?" he whispered in her ear. "I offer you nothing but happiness, — nothing but happiness!"

Kara turned sternly. Her brown eyes were no longer patient.

"I love my husband," she said below her breath, so as not to disturb the drowsing child. "I love Thorkild Viborg. He may be dead, or he may live and have forgotten me. I was only a peasant in his brother's fields, and he may have tired of me. But we were happy as angels for a little while, — and I love him still."

The man leaned heavily against the window casing, and Kara could hear his deep breathing. He seemed to be struggling with an overmastering emotion, and it grew upon her that it was not sorrow!

Then a great trembling came upon Kara. She leaned forward, as if to sense the soul beneath that grim disguise. A light grew in her eyes till it fairly flamed. She moved nearer with an exquisite and rapturous timidity. She lifted her hands and undid the visor-like headpiece of his hood, and drew the garment from him. Laughs, little inarticulate cries, gasps of gladness, came from her parted lips. She dashed some tears from her eyes, — much brighter they were to the man who saw them than the jewels which lay scattered upon the floor, — and she kissed the scar on the cheek, the tangled tawny beard that

sun and frost, wind and tempest, had bleached, the eyes the glaciers had blinded.

"You did n't know about little Thorkild, did you?" she cried. "Is n't he wonderful? Is n't he like Baldur?"

But the man was sobbing out half-coherent words.

"How could it all come to me? I have deserved only sorrow. I thought of the glory of my house before the heart of a woman. What a wife! And I tempted you, — after all my cruelty,

I tempted you! I have done what would make any woman save you hate me, and then I provoked you to show that hate, — that I might condemn you. How you have rebuked me! Can you forgive me? Can you love me, Kara?"

She paid no heed to what he was saying. She dragged him toward the bunk where the child lay with his arms tossed wide, and his golden curls glorifying the pillow.

"Is n't he wonderful!" she cried. "Our little Thorkild!"

Elia W. Peattie.

THE BASKET MAKER.

"A MAN," says Seyavi of the camp-digger, "must have a woman, but a woman who has a child will do very well."

That was perhaps why, when she lost her mate in the dying struggle of his race, she never took another, but set her wit to fend for herself and her young son. No doubt she was often put to it in the beginning to find food for them both. The Paiutes had made their last stand at the border of the Bitter Lake; battle-driven they died in its waters, and the land filled with cattlemen and adventurers for gold: this while Seyavi and the boy lay up in the caverns of the Black Rock and ate tule roots and fresh-water clams that they dug out of the slough bottoms with their toes. In the interim, while the tribes swallowed their defeat, and before the rumor of war died out, they must have come very near to the bare core of things. That was the time Seyavi learned the sufficiency of mother wit, and how much more easily one can do without a man than might at first be supposed.

To understand the fashion of any life, one must know the land it is lived in and the procession of the year. This valley is a narrow one, a mere trough

between hills, a draught for storms, hardly a crow's flight from the sharp Sierras of the Snows to the curled, red and ochre, uncomfortable, bare ribs of Waban. Midway of the grove runs a burrowing, dull river, nearly a hundred miles from where it cuts the lava flats of the north to its widening in a thick, tideless pool of a lake. Hereabouts the ranges have no foothills, but rise up steeply from the bench lands above the river. Down from the Sierras, for the east ranges have almost no rain, pour glancing white floods toward the lowest land, and all beside them lie the camp-diggers, brown wattled brush heaps, looking east.

In the river are mussels, and reeds that have edible white roots, and in the soddy meadows tubers of joint grass; all these at their best in the spring. On the slope the summer growth affords seeds; up the steep the one-leaved pines, an oily nut. That was really all they could depend upon, and that only at the mercy of the little gods of frost and rain. For the rest it was cunning against cunning, caution against skill, against quacking hordes of wild fowl in the tularas, against pronghorn and bighorn and deer. You can guess, however, that

all this warring of rifles and bowstrings, this influx of overlording whites, had made game wilder and hunters fearful of being hunted. You can surmise also, for it was a crude time and the land was raw, that the women became in turn the game of the conquerors.

There used to be in the Little Antelope a she dog, stray or outcast, that had a litter in some forsaken lair, and ranged and foraged for them, slinking savage and afraid, remembering and mistrusting humankind, wistful, lean, and sufficient for her young. I have thought Seyavi might have had days like that, and have had perfect leave to think, since she will not talk of it. Paiutes have the art of reducing life to its lowest ebb and yet saving it alive on grasshoppers, lizards, and strange herbs, and that time must have left no shift untried. It lasted long enough for Seyavi to have evolved the philosophy of life which I have set down at the beginning. She had gone beyond learning to do for her son, and learned to believe it worth while.

In our kind of society, when a woman ceases to alter the fashion of her hair, you guess that she has passed the crisis of her experience. If she goes on crimping and uncrimping with the changing mode, it is safe to suppose she has never come up against anything too big for her. The Indian woman gets nearly the same personal note in the pattern of her baskets. Not that she does not make all kinds, carriers, water-bottles, and cradles, — these are kitchen ware, — but her works of art are all of the same piece. Seyavi made flaring, flat-bottomed bowls, cooking pots really when cooking was done by dropping hot stones into water-tight food baskets, and for decoration a design in colored bark of the procession of plumed crests of the valley quail. In this pattern she had made cooking pots in the golden spring of her wedding year, when the quail went up two and two to their resting places about the foot of Oppapago. In this

fashion she made them when, after pillage, it was possible to reinstate the housewifely crafts. Quail ran then in the Black Rock by hundreds, — so you will still find them in fortunate years, — and in the famine time the women cut their long hair to make snares when the flocks came morning and evening to the springs.

Seyavi made baskets for love and sold them for money, in a generation that preferred iron pots for utility. Every Indian woman is an artist, — sees, feels, creates, but does not philosophize about her processes. Seyavi's bowls are wonders of technical precision, inside and out the palm finds no fault with them, but the subtlest appeal is in the sense that warns us of humanness in the way the design spreads into the flare of the bowl. There used to be an Indian woman at Olancha who made bottle-neck trinket baskets in the rattlesnake pattern, and could accommodate the design to the swelling bowl and flat shoulder of the basket without sensible disproportion, and so cleverly that you might own one a year without thinking how it was done; but Seyavi's baskets had a touch beyond cleverness. The weaver and the warp lived next to the earth and were saturated with the same elements. Twice a year, in the time of white butterflies and again when young quail ran neck and neck in the chaparral, Seyavi cut willows for basketry by the creek where it wound toward the river against the sun and sucking winds. It never quite reached the river except in far between times of summer flood, but it always tried, and the willows encouraged it as much as they could. You nearly always found them a little farther down than the trickle of eager water. The Paiute fashion of counting time appeals to me more than any other calendar. They have no stamp of heathen gods nor great ones, nor any succession of moons as have red men of the East and North, but count forward and back by the progress of the season; the time of

taboose, before the trout begin to leap, the end of the piñon harvest, about the beginning of deep snows. So they get nearer the sense of the season, which runs early or late according as the rains are forward or delayed. But whenever Seyavi cut willows for baskets was always a golden time, and the soul of the weather went into the wood. If you had ever owned one of Seyavi's golden russet cooking bowls with the pattern of plumed quail, you would understand all this without saying anything.

Before Seyavi made baskets for the satisfaction of desire, for that is a house-bred theory of art that makes anything more of it, she danced and dressed her hair. In those days, when the spring was at flood and the blood pricked to the mating fever, the maids chose their flowers, wreathed themselves, and danced in the twilights, young desire crying out to young desire. They sang what the heart prompted, what the flower expressed, what boded in the mating weather.

"And what flower did you wear, Seyavi?"

"I, ah, — the white flower of twining (clematis), on my body and my hair, and so I sang: —

"I am the white flower of twining
Little white flower by the river,
Oh, flower that twines close by the river;
Oh, trembling flower!
So trembles the maiden heart."

So sang Seyavi of the campoodie before she made baskets, and in her later days laid her arms upon her knees and laughed in them at the recollection. But it was not often she would say so much, never understanding the keen hunger I had for bits of lore and the "fool talk" of her people. She had fed her young son with meadow larks' tongues, to make him quick of speech; but in late years was loath to admit it, though she had come through the period of unfaith in the lore of the clan with a fine appreciation of its beauty and significance.

"What good will your dead get, Se-

yavi, of the baskets you burn?" said I, coveting them for my own collection.

Thus Seyavi, "As much good as yours of the flowers you strew."

Oppapago looks on Waban, and Waban on Coso and the Bitter Lake, and the campoodie looks on these three; and more, it sees the beginning of winds along the foot of Coso, the gathering of clouds behind the high ridges, the spring flush, the soft spread of wild almond bloom on the mesa. These first you understand are the Paiute's walls, the other his furnishings. Not the wattled hut is his home, but the land, the winds, the hill front, the stream. These he cannot duplicate at any furbisher's shop as you who live within doors, who if your purse allows may have the same home at Sitka and Samareand. So you see how it is that the homesickness of an Indian is often unto death, since he gets no relief from it; neither wind nor weed nor skyline, nor any aspect of the hills of a strange land sufficiently like his own. So it was when the government reached out for the Paiutes, they gathered into the Northern Reservation only such poor tribes as could devise no other end of their affairs. Here, all along the river, and south to Shoshone land, live the clans who owned the earth, fallen into the deplorable condition of hangers-on. Yet you hear them laughing at, the hour when they draw in to the campoodie after labor, when there is a smell of meat and the steam of the cooking pots goes up against the sun. Then the children lie with their toes in the ashes to hear tales; then they are merry, and have the joys of repletion and the nearness of their kind. They have their hills, and though jostled, are sufficiently free to get some fortitude for what will come. For now you shall hear of the end of the basket maker.

In her best days Seyavi was most like Deborah, deep bosomed, broad in the hips, quick in counsel, slow of speech, esteemed of her people. This was that Seyavi who reared a man by her own

hand, her own wit, and none other. When the townspeople began to take note of her — and it was some years after the war before there began to be any towns — she was then in the quick maturity of primitive women; but when I knew her she seemed already old. Indian women do not often live to great age, though they look incredibly steeped in years. They have the wit to win sustenance from the raw material of life without intervention, but they have not the sleek look of the women whom the social organization conspires to nourish. Seyavi had somehow squeezed out of her daily round a spiritual ichor that kept the skill in her knotted fingers long after the accustomed time, but that also failed. By all counts she would have been about sixty years old when it came her turn to sit in the dust on the sunny side of the wickiup, with little strength left for anything but looking. And in time she paid the toll of the smoky huts and became blind. This is a thing so long expected by the Paiutes that when it comes they find it neither bitter nor sweet, but tolerable because common. There were three other blind women in the campoodie, withered fruit on a bough, but they had memory and speech. By noon of the sun there were never any left in the campoodie but these or some mother of weanlings, and they sat to keep the ashes warm upon the hearth. If it were cold, they burrowed in the blankets of the hut; if it were warm, they followed the shadow of the wickiup around. Stir much out of their places they hardly

dared, since one might not help another; but they called, in high, old cracked voices, gossip and reminder across the ash heaps.

Then, if they have your speech or you theirs, and have an hour to spare, there are things to be learned of life not set down in any books, folk tales, famine tales, love and long suffering and desire, but no whimpering. Now and then one or another of the blind keepers of the camp will come across to where you sit gossiping, tapping her way among the kitchen middens, guided by your voice that carries far in the clearness and stillness of mesa afternoons. But suppose you find Seyavi retired into the privacy of her blanket, you will get nothing for that day. There is no other privacy possible in a campoodie. All the processes of life are carried on out of doors or behind the thin, twig-woven walls of the wickiup, and laughter is the only corrective for behavior. Very early the Indian learns to possess his countenance in impassivity, to cover his head with his blanket. Something to wrap around him is as necessary to the Paiute as to you your closet to pray in.

So in her blanket Seyavi, sometime basket maker, sits by the unlit hearths of her tribe and digests her life, nourishing her spirit against the time of the spirit's need, for she knows in fact quite as much of these matters as you who have a larger hope, though she has none but the certainty that having borne herself courageously to this end she will not be reborn a coyote.

Mary Austin.

THE LITERARY PILGRIMAGE.

I HAVE it for truth from a wise and good man that "the author is the most sensitive of all the beasts of the field." I find, too, by sore experience, that nothing can by any means overpass "the

sensitiveness of cities." When, therefore, your author gets forth on the public road, well beladen with bordereaux, guide-books, compasses, chart, and spy-glass; and when, thus ready, your au-

thor betakes him not to one but to very many cities, and afterwards bears record what good or ill he saw there, there is vast and grievous ado. Indeed, I know no other battling at all comparable with this; for, considering how poignant the weapons employed on either hand, and, moreover, considering the exquisite and utterly unpanoplied sensitiveness of whoso gets mixed in the fight, it will scarce happen that either side should come off unhurt.

In the old time it was not so. Herodotus might kodak the Egyptians in prose, and no retaliatory hieroglyphs were set in type for Herodotus, there being no types to set them withal. Neither need good Sir John Maundeville stand target for an Asiatic counterblast: Asia never found him out. Nor indeed was Dr. Samuel Johnson shamefully entreated of the northern islanders; his book cost too much. But given the high-speed press and given the shilling edition, and I promise your pilgrim a time of it. Your Dickenses, your Bourgetts, your Brunetières, your Kiplings, and your Steevenses shall pay for their fun. The Hoe press eggs on the combatants, lending illimitable publicity to all that gets uttered, till sad is the havoc. What wonder, then, that the pseudo-Parisian of "America and the Americans" must cower and hide his name, well knowing the doom meted out against this monstrous literary offense?

Yet the burnt child loves the fire, and authorship will again and again go a-pilgrimage, no matter how perilous the way. An eternal type is this roadster of letters, successively reincarnated and with such singular persistence that thence comes a far from incurious question: to find out what aim bids the sensitive author run hazards so dire. I note many aims, each good in itself, — or if not good, then at least serviceable and worthy of sympathetic consideration. See: they are these, — the love of truth, the love of art, the love of

right, the love of men, the love of self. And however glib the scribe's plea that he serves but one lord, I must answer he serves all five; however distinctly he announce himself as this or that and none other, I nevertheless declare him five fellows at once. He is scientist, poet, preacher, philanthropist, and blatant self-trumpeter.

First, he is a social philosopher, out for facts; and that, you'll consent, is not bad in itself. Besides, it's a lark. To see that certain things are so and not otherwise; to discern the ways of men, the courses of trade, the disposal of wealth; to view with eager joy the shop and the smithy; to dangle one's legs from the edge of the wharf; to toast one's intellectual toes at the hearth of sweet domesticity; to walk with little children to school; to gossip amongst miniature statesmen at the tapster's; to sit in church with God's saints, while the organ peals the hymn; to hobnob with authors, painters, actors, and composers; to see the world go, and to ask it questions, — honestly now, what is this but to sip Hymettus honey the whole day long and get paid for it? To him who would find out the heart of his fellows, the clarion verses of Milton are little less than Holy Writ, —

"Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy haunts of men."

But now, in the joy and the toil of the telling, our scientist turns poet, singing the thing as he saw it, in vivid, pictorial, rhythmic prose. Thus does the pilgrim live his life twice over, and give of himself and his treasure, that all who read may share the delights of the road. This, in the humanest sense, is art for art's sake, for art is the science of pleasure; and if the pilgrimage lacked other sanction, I should still speak good of it because the record of it affords happiness — to the folk who are not "written up."

Yet wholly unfitted, indeed a mere blindworm for stupid imperception, is the lover of truth and art who loves not

also a clear, brave conscience; and conscience, like murder, will out. No matter how dingy the wayfarer's linen duster, or how battered his travel-stained portmanteau, I still see him garbed as a priest and in his hand the crucifix. This man is a homilist, and ever must so remain. It is unalterably implicit in his calling. To become, as it were, a mirror of human life; to see, and make other men see, and, seeing, to ponder; to utter without favor or hesitancy the absolute, obvious fact — *that* is to preach! For whatever is, is wrong: it ought to be better. Thus comes it about that every good pilgrim prepares stout cudgels for ill and leaves of laurel and bay for good. Praise and blame are his to bestow, and bestow them he must, else who heeds? The deepest thing in humanity is the moral sense. Touch that, and the world gives ear; reach it deep down enough, and the presses will groan with enormous editions. This requires courage (not to say impudence), which comes easy when it pays, and the pilgrim takes for his motto "There's no money in modesty." Yet spare the blame. *Nolens volens* a public character, he uses his inescapable renown as a rod of authority, — and bides what follows!

I have called the pilgrim a philanthropist: so he is, and that on broad lines, both generous and patriotic. "One half the nation does n't know how the other half lives — or why," says he; "wherefore to tell the East what the West is like, or the North what the South is like, makes for national solidarity, deepens the social consciousness, runs a square counter to prejudice, faction, sectionalism, and 'imperfect sympathies.'" Besides, "comparisons are odorous," and any canton or municipality gets good when it sees itself through the eyes of an alien. The pilgrim's published narrative yields locally a singular intellectual clarity, — not at first, perhaps, but afterward surely. His thunderbolt clears the air.

Yet very thankless is this our world-kin. Science has ever its Bruno, poetry its Keats, the church its Stephen, philanthropy its Arnold Toynbee, and happy the literary pilgrim who shares in however slight measure their glorious martyrdom. Nay more, he shall scarce miss it. He is Bruno, Keats, Stephen, and Toynbee rolled into one. Hence obloquy — and celebrity. "We are advertised by our loving friends;" yet slow heralds are they, compared with our enemies. I gravely doubt whether the pilgrim is popular afterwards along the track of his progress, but unquestionably he is famous there. It is even as Kipling foretold. "If you crack a pony over the nose every time you see him, he may not like you, but he will be interested in your movements ever afterward." Turn literary pilgrim, and you etch your name on the hearts of a people. You are made; and there is no publisher on the face of the known earth who would not give his ears to possess you. No more the rejected manuscript, no more the printed slip; instead, a list of literary contracts as long as Wordsworth's Excursion.

Here, then, are reasons stout and good why the literary seven-league-booter should take his pilgrim staff in hand. Forth, therefore, he goes, cheered off by his publisher, trundled hither and yon by obliging railroads (booked free in barter for advertising space), followed by frequent missives of editorial suggestion, and charging things to "the house." Turn where he may, the big world kotows: governors of states, presidents of vast corporations, leaders of society, rulers of universities, czars, Solons, jurists, soldiers, prelates, and dainty maidens delight to honor him that cometh in the name of the thirty-five-cent magazine! For him is the whole situation ransacked, X-rayed, Lexowed, and put on show. Amiable burghers will personally conduct him to the crests of wind-blown mountains and the melancholy depths of mines; they

will take him to service and pilot him safely through prisons and insane asylums; they will elucidate with painful prolixity the last turn in politics and the latest imbroglia of high life. Nothing escapes him. Humanity looks to the literary pilgrim like an incommensurable pussy-cat, constantly bringing large quantities of sociological mice and laying them at his feet to be admired.

Aghast at such redundancy of bright opportunity, our pilgrim takes fright. His problem, — to pick apart the real world of brick and mortar, of flesh and blood, of brain and will; to scrutinize every part of it and to tell its relation to every other part; to fit details to fundamentals; and then to re-create a pen, ink, and paper world that shall faithfully body forth objective reality, — this problem, I say, wants guidance. It gets it from social science. Perhaps from old lecture-notes, long left unread; perhaps from lunch-chats with eminent economists, who mingle huge wisdom with their coffee and tobacco-smoke; but more likely from some dry, not to say desiccated, treatise called *An Introduction to the Study of Society*, the pilgrim makes choice of a *modus*. Then he seeks out the biggest and valiantest native chief he can think of, and pumps him with untiring assiduity. This chief — if worthy of his rank — thinks panoramas and talks an epic philosophy of society, speaking the natural tongue of the desiccated treatise, but phrasing it humanly. In every such mind facts go captained by principles. Out of all such conversation comes the clear conception of fundamentals. "What are the great, imposing essentials that make up Ohio?" (Answered reflectively in five pregnant words.) "What constitutes Chicago?" (Another five words.) And so it goes.

Here, then, is the outline, all limned beyond error. Now for detail. The pilgrim forthwith abandons himself to a life of pleasure. Nothing can exceed the passionate zest with which he pur-

sues the living witnesses to every phase of human existence within those borders. Snob he is none, nor ever can be; waitresses, bishops, bar-tenders, poets, cabmen, scholars, constables, saints, rogues, and the gilded youth, — he loves them one and all, and one and all they bear record of whatsoever they have proudly or humbly been, and seen, and done. This is fullness of life, keen fun, a wholesome, wholesale reveling in sweet, vivid, palpitant reality. It lasts for weeks or months, till finally dawns the sad gray day of the twicetold tale. Then the end is begun. Thenceforward remain languid repetition, the tarnishing of impressions, and a lamentable augmentation of hotel bills.

But bless you, good sirs, our pilgrim has ever an eye to his art! He is no mere statistician or social scientist, plotting a document — which other statisticians or social scientists (who already know as much as he) may coldly scrutinize. Instead he will put before the popular mind an illuminative and fascinating picture, radiant with local color, glowing with humor, faithful in atmosphere, — engaging, pleasing, human! And hence the log-book.

"Repetition," say some, "is the law of memory." Believe them not. The sole successful device to keep the dew and the undimmed glamour on the first forceful impression is to clap it down in a log-book. There is nothing so incurably flutterwinged as common fact. In a day the thing becomes commonplace; the pilgrim is then a part of all he has seen; he sees it no longer. He is nimble therefore with pencil or fountain pen; dialect, slang, local idiosyncrasies, street scenes, odd customs, anecdotes, jests, — he jots them all down. I predict he'll eventually toss the most away; but he seizes them now with insatiable, indiscriminate greediness, for so the rainbow-gleam is caught in the spider's web, — the one a treasure, the other a dross.

Thus laden, the pilgrim wends his homeward way. To write? Not for many days. Instead to read and to ponder. That city or hamlet or commonwealth — whence came it? What call tugged irresistibly at the hearts of men that they migrated thither? What brand of soul responds, like troopers to bugles, to that particular forth-beckoning? And when spirits thus "selected," nature-fashion, out of countless thousands, got segregated in just such a community, what initial discipline had God prepared for the hardening and exalting of them? Indeed, did they ever "let themselves be lessoned so," and patiently mould out an enduring city, or did they, like the brilliant, passionate, laughter-loving folk of the Rockies, run home again to be replaced by others, so that their land was ever a land of strangers? Moreover, what befell in their day and place to test their temper and timber and show what stuff was in them? These and like questions will the pilgrim pursue with many big volumes laid open before him, the while his midnight lamp burns bright.

Just here lurks potential undoing. An ounce of ignorance spells a hundred-weight of misconception. Kipling, tapping at a nation's postern gate and taking a continent hind-side before (historically as well as geographically), writes *American Notes*, than which none sillier ever dripped from a boyish quill. The dusty tome, the midnight candle, — these would have caught the blunder and surely estopped it. Had Rudyard Kipling but known the West a transplanted East, he would never have painted San Francisco as "a mad city, inhabited by absolutely insane people." Insight is always historical. Beautiful San Francisco, — gold-born, fever-bred, schooled in adventure, saved by the Pan-Saxon sanity that runs in the blood, — how shall the pilgrim know San Francisco who reads not the first and last lisp of the story of it?

And I do assure you, sirs, there was

never more jubilant reading. They tell how a certain journalist once dispatched his reporters to question a group of celebrities as to which event in history each one would think himself luckiest to have witnessed. The first said, "The burning of Rome;" the second, "The battle of Waterloo;" the third, "The destruction of Pompeii," and so on with numberless variations till they came at last to the most sumptuous egotist in the whole world. That gentleman said quietly, "The Creation." Now the literary pilgrim, searching the history of a people whose salt he has eaten but yesterday, feels as if he beheld the Day of Creation, — a splendid, populous, wealthy, and powerful commonwealth is made out of nothing as he turns those luminous pages. The trivial becomes romantic, heroic; no slightest observation but swells with big significance. His slender notes fill inconceivable volumes. What seemed a mere transcript from ephemeral phases of human existence assumes the proportions of a philosophy of society. For, as every community is representative, this man has hit on great principles of social evolution. Whereas a fortnight ago he knew *This* and *That*, to-day he knows *How* and *Why*.

And now to the arduous task of composition, — arduous and all but perfunctory. Poor, toiling pilgrim, — you shall see him laughterlessly recording the merriest jokes, coldly transferring from palette to canvas the loveliest colors, listlessly seeking "that perfect word, which is hard to hit as a squirrel," and even inditing moral thunderbolts without blinking! Alas how limp and dull it seems, as "spirit, fire, and dew" turn to black and white! Your ardent adventurer sits on a tall stool, keeping books, — the clerk of yesterday. A manuscript? What pray is that but, as Lacordaire said, "dried leaves"? Indeed, the languid author recalls, not without anguish, the verses of Whitcomb Riley, —

"I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, — 'Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?'"

Ah, but *dis aliter visum*! That magic alchemy called publication will out of dried leaves make firebrands. No sooner has the thirty-five-cent magazine got itself distributed along the pilgrim's track than all the dogs of war are set baying at once. Zounds, what a monstrous to-do! He who beheld the thing with his own eyes, he who with infinite toil discerned the sense of it, he who spared no pain to set it down truthfully, he who in all did but follow the light of a good conscience and the sound purposings of a generous heart, — how fares he now? A hundred delirious editors revile him. Priests of I know not what sects or denominations anathematize him from the pulpit. His name is a hissing and byword on street corners. Schoolma'ams belabor him with poems. Even bedridden invalids rise up on their pillows to pen imprecations. Irate editors of remonstrance rain in upon him and upon his publishers, — insulting letters, which assail his personal character, his literary style, and his methods of inquiry. And had he not already moved to some fairer region of the earth's surface, it is plain he might now be wearing that plumage which sticketh closer than a creditor!

It seems for a bit that our pilgrim's reputation is, beyond chance of remedy, to be done away. Then he finds himself helmed like Navarre, — a battalion at his back; and the battalion is won from the foe. For no pilgrim ever wrote aught of any remotest place, but partisans sprang forth in that very place and fought for him mightily. And presently you behold the sensitive city rent with internal dissensions, faction warring against faction about nothing else but their recent visitant, though they that be for him are fewer than they that be against him.

From this there arises a psychologi-

cal problem of very genuine interest (considering the fidelity and, on the whole, the geniality of that which was written), to tell the precise nature of the offense. "The sensitiveness of cities," — that is not reason enough. Why so sensitive, why so maddened by the mere publication of matters the burghers themselves have most willingly told to the pilgrim? Why so goaded and dirked through the ribs when authorship throws on the screen of national apprehension a picture patent enough to any wight who should turn his steps thither? I have pondered these questions so long (for this profession of literary pilgrim-ing is one with which I have, from time to time, myself meddled a little) that it would not be strange if I had caught some glimmerings of an answer.

Now I find, the more I examine it, that cities don't like the plain truth about themselves. As regards the sentiment for localities and communities, there are chiefly two sorts of folk alive, — optimists, thinking no evil, and pessimists, thinking no good. Tell the story frankly and fearlessly, — tell the one side as fervently as the other, — and you can't miss enraging both parties. As for any who follow the waving plume of that gallant Navarre helmet (and God save those merry gentlemen!), they beyond doubt are the rare souls who have eaten of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. They have ethical discernment and an intellectual temper so finely balanced as to deserve the white ermine of the judiciary! So, at least at the hour, thinks the pilgrim.

I perceive, too, that sensitive cities exquisitely enjoy criticism, though they don't know it. If there is any invective in the air, they will come hundreds of miles to fly into it. Jeer a city without calling it by name, and forty boroughs will claim the opprobrium. They love to. This applies also to the citizen. There is nothing so detestable as oblivion (when you can't get rid of it), and to see one's self published, even by

the vaguest implication, is to know that at last one is heard of. Yet again, whether on charge of error or of mischief, the author's temporary discomfiture fills the community with a delicious sense of reciprocity, — also with a soul-satisfying conviction of its own superiority, both moral and intellectual, above any writer under heaven. Not long ago a studious social scientist was peering down through his sociological microscope upon many *animaleulæ*; now the *animaleulæ* are observing that same author through that same microscope, and when the direction of vision is thus reversed, it's funny how small he looks!

Small you would scarce think him by the monstrous logical and illogical enginery they bring to demolish him, or by the enormous tumulus of penned and printed vituperation beneath which they seek to bury him. And this process of "curse and counterblast" is itself interesting, and not unworthy of critical analysis.

Either the author who wrote the impartial description of the city had lived in that city, or he had come there from elsewhere, or he had never been there at all. In any case the natives are primed for him. If he was never there, that seals it; he is mercifully and promptly torpedoed by frank exposure. If he has lived in his city, they hiss him for treason and short is his shrift. But if he came to that city from somewhere else, Heaven help him! He shall then be well garroted with the *argumentum ad hominem*.

This man by his scrip and staff and spyglass is confessed a wayfarer, and what, pray, shall he of the sleeping-car and the village inn, he of the hotel piazza and the tally-ho coach, he of the dusty lane and the lonely moor, write (or indeed know) of a free people? Listen, you merry roadster, and you'll hear something to your disadvantage. On mine honor as a vagabond I declare that though you spend a whole month in your

progress (through Iowa, let us say), though you continually buttonhole every Hawkeye from Davenport to Sioux City and fill twenty-eight notebooks with expert testimony, and though you pass yet another month delving in histories, census returns, cyclopædias, atlases, newspaper files, and the musty bound volumes of magazines, you shall still furnish food for flames, till indeed there is naught left of you but clinkers. "Iowa from a Car Window," — that's what they'll call your treatise!

Nay more, quite beyond and beside the charge of haste and superficiality lies the plausible charge of incapacity: "Only the native knows his native land." To which I reply, no native knows his native land, — nor ever can; he knows it too well to know it at all, — that is, for literary purposes. The truth is best told by him who has only just pinioned it; and the more amazed the youthful enthusiasm with which he first came on it, the more deliciously readable his report of it. They tell a good story of Charles A. Dana, — how Dana once summoned a boy reporter and said, —

"To-morrow you write up the yacht race."

"But," said the lad, "I don't know how. I'm a Nebraskan. I only came here last night, sir, and I haven't so much as seen New York harbor yet. As for yachts, — why, I never saw a yacht in my life!"

"Just the reason I sent for you, my boy! You'll write a story that people can read; you'll picture the thing; you'll write with enthusiasm because it's all new to you."

Sane logic! The poetry of the sea has always been written by landmen; it always will be. The barrack-room ballads are best sung by a gentle civilian. The inside of anything is clearest seen by an erstwhile outsider. Mr. Bryce, not Mr. Lodge, writes The American Commonwealth. Emerson, not Carlyle, writes English Traits. It

is, in fact, a general principle, taking its root in the nature of the human mind itself, that the guest sees more than the host. But this, you will discern, an angered native is emotionally unfitted to realize.

Again, the local press berates the departed visitant for "seeing things out of proportion." And now, by rejoinder, I ask, "Are those rampant and militant editors such accomplished past masters of social science? Have they half the equipment of a well-furnished pilgrim? Have they by their travels attained equal footing for broad comparisons and accurate generalization?" The case is this: the editor must fell the pilgrim, whether or no, and he addresses an audience so hysterical, for the nonce, that any sort of sophistry gets relished and approved, if only the pilgrim appears the under dog.

No, it is far more conceivable, I take it, that the utter stranger — so grant he be but patient enough — should see justly and without prejudice, or narrow limitation, or force of mental habit, rather than any native. And that — subliminally — the native suspects; hence this mace-brandishing malediction and merciless vituperation, violence making up for want of rationality. The consciously ill-versed preacher pounds the pulpit cushions; the man of puny resources swears loudest; and the faithfully reported community, seeing itself overborne by a social science beyond its power to reply to, becomes truculent and abusive, forgets all the praise, remembers all the blame, and turns with keen venom of soul upon its tormentor.

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," says the sensitive city; "and, as all literature is a confession, the pilgrim's printed narrative bespeaks an evil heart." The world is forthwith combed for corroborative evidence, and wherever the pilgrim has been in former days they look for dark tales of him. Was he once a clergyman? They call him "ex-parson,"

"heretic," "renegade." Did he ever work any good? They brand him as "reformer." Is he young? They picture him "an irresponsible *enfant terrible*," — a smart upstart eager to make a sensation. Old? He is verging toward "second childishness and mere oblivion." Is he single? A heartless clod. Married? Presumably henpecked. Is he college-bred? An intellectual snob. A non-university man? Incompetent to handle so serious a matter. Has he published books? They tatter them to rags. If he stood for high office or sat in the glare of "that fierce light which beats upon a throne," he would not be more pitilessly exposed to contumely and public slander. The upshot is this: a vicious man with a malicious motive has entered the innocent city, taken the municipal skeleton out of its closet, and dangled it for hire before the world, — whereas God knows there is no such skeleton! "Liar," "traducer," "spy," "enemy of society," — these dainty epithets look well in the headlines. The columns thus captioned get clipped and reprinted all over the country.

To find one's self the centre of so much uproar and confusion is, well — interesting. As a first experience, I don't recommend it. Indeed, having never been blown up by nitro-glycerine, or crushed by a falling meteorite, or cut up into little pieces with dull scissors, I know nothing more hideous than a general, concerted attack by the press. It has only one good point. For three solid weeks the pilgrim neither eats nor sleeps, and he saves a pretty penny on room rent and board bills. Think! His fair name is filched away; when people want to frighten little children, they tell them that he will get them; he cannot go back to the place of his wayfaring; and menacing letters threaten him with physical violence until he fears some delegated assassin or band of assassins may knife him in the night-time. Assailed by so overwhelming a mass of counter testimony, he doubts his own

eyes, his own reason. He has published an insane document; the padded cell awaits him! Besides, confronted by such poignant charges of moral obtuseness, he grows morbid, self-flagellatory. He gets "conviction of sin;" and should the patrol wagon pull up at his door, he would crawl into it without help!

Then come reaction and relief. The pilgrim gains the Stoic mood. Sleep returns. So does appetite. And then 's the time to reopen with untrembling fingers the long yellow envelopes sent by the clipping bureau, to carefully re-read the miles of slanderous cuttings, and to paste them all in a huge, fat scrap-book. "There," says the pilgrim, "is food for thought." It certainly is, and a little reflection develops conclusions worth gaining. In the first place, he finds scarce a line but is written in anger; and that, you agree, argues on his side of the case, — it is only the truth that wounds. In the next place he detects frequent evidences of plain insincerity, — editors writing, not what they believed, but what they believed the people believed they ought to believe. Furthermore he runs on much trace of editorial penury of mind, perceiving that he was eagerly welcomed as "material," — there being little other at hand. Yet again, he discerns everywhere a woeful lack of facts, — sophistry, falsehood, abuse, but small serious attempt at rational rebuttal. But what startles him most is to see how few people do the world's thinking. Out of a hundred and fifty editorials only eight are original. The rest are "rewrites," — penned without exception by gentlemen who have denied themselves the exhilaration of reading the pilgrim's narrative!

And now the emotional convalescent reads once again the "letters to the editors" and the "communications," in which such valiant communicants as "Constant Reader," "Justice," and "Old Resident," together with many more who sign their full and true names,

do him ill. Beside them he arranges the pretty missives the postie has brought. Taken all in all, they are the most amazing collection conceivable. Every one of them comes, or purports to come, from the place of the pilgrimage; no two tell the same tale! "You've said just what I always thought, only you've understated it." "You're a liar from the beginning, and the truth is not in you." "You were never here in your life, as I can plainly see by your damnable, conceited, malicious screed." "There are individuals in this town who recognize themselves in your article, and I'd advise you not to come back here."

Then loud laughs the pilgrim. The personal letters don't count (save just a few that come from persons of great distinction), and neither do the manifestoes of communicants! "Ask yourself," says he, — "ask yourself if you, a sane mortal, would sit down and write to an author. Ask yourself also if, by the wildest stretch of fancy, you could imagine yourself penning a communication to the local paper." It is the silent element in every controversy that really means something.

If, now, the gentle roadster's published account savored of malice or prejudice or any other sort of knavishness, it is, I think, likely to be detected in many parts of the land. Ask a Bostonian what he thought of the essay that smote Nebraska like any ten of its own tornadoes; ask a Philadelphian how he judged the article Chicago was so frenzied by: both Bostonian and Philadelphian will declare the wayfarer's narration a sweet-spirited little document that no man in his senses need shudder at, and they'll add, "Come and write about Boston and Philadelphia." And wait, — wait a year or two, and you shall see the pilgrim meeting Nebraskans and Chicagoans who look him frankly between the eyes and say, "You told the truth." Then let him go back on his track, and the once indignant townsmen

will tender him the freedom of their cities.

But as a personal experience, as a chapter in that *journal intime* called the life of the spirit, "the best is yet to be," for he of the scrip and staff has in a sense obeyed Ben Ezra's dictum. "Grow old along with me," said the venerable Rabbi, and, by weeks and months of torture, the pilgrim has, as it were, attained to "years that bring the philosophic mind." Boy he was; man he is. See! That sensitive nature has fled quite away; and that youthful, fawnlike timidity has likewise vanished. What cares he now for the jeers of the multitude? What for the roaring thunder of a thousand editorial maledictions? Earth holds no horrors more monstrosly Gorgon-headed than those already braved.

"And hence a paradox

Which comforts while it mocks" —

a man is no use in the world until he has lost his respectability. Till then his every word and posture says timorously, "Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission I will endeavor to give you a correct imitation of a human being leading a life." It is all a pose. Not so our pilgrim's attitude to-day. Neither craving applause nor dreading opprobrium, he will guide his steps as the blessed Lord hath given him light to guide them, regardless of consequence.

Another pilgrim journey? Yes, gladly! For truth's sake, for art's sake, for humanity's sake, — but not for self's sake! It is only the soul founded on a rock of devout conviction that will a second time take up the roadster's staff and get him forth on the trail that is always new. There's no fun in publicity, when you've got it. There's nothing so annoying as reputation — to a man grown. And yet, show him once again the path of thorns — he'll seek it. And perchance he will so continue, spending his days a-pilgriming, though this I much doubt.

The life is the life of the vagrant.

For a thousand friends, you have not one intimate. In a hundred cities men shout at you cheerily, "Why, man alive! where ever did you drop from?" — and then suggest birds and bottles, yes and pay for them; but the *old* friends, — the tried, faithful, time-tested, long-loved comrades and yoke-fellows, — these the literary seven-league-booter does n't have and can't get. Nobody calls him by his first name. There are no babies named for him, and if he wanted to borrow fifty dollars, I don't know whose door he'd knock at.

And the life is not wholesome. You are a spiritual hobo, a moral tramp, registering from Vagabondia, citizen of nowhere. "Free lance," says the pilgrim, "with headquarters in the saddle," — but I know that somewhere inside that brave heart of his there's ever an unstilled yearning for a pretty, rose-clambered cottage with drooping elms to shade it, — a place to call his own, — a quiet life. He recalls with pathetic frequency that stinging couplet of Peter Newell's: —

"Pray can you tell me, little lass, where lives
Lysander Rouse?"

"He ith n't living anywhere; he 'th boarding
at our houth!"

It is even so. His universe is one big, bleak, unhomely hostelry, and he passes to and fro in it with a perpetual sense of world-strangeness.

Yet in time even the world-strangeness wears dull. Town after town flitting by in rapid succession, state after state passing in splendid pageant or panorama — oh the bliss! — till change becomes changeless, and novelty, dimmed by experience, drifts into routine, and that perfunctory. Then, believe me, these traveling days are done. The plate has lost its sensitiveness and must be sensitized anew; and he who has learned naught but roving must, for a season and perhaps forever, unlearn it. "It is the test of a good institution," said Henry Ward Beecher, "that it digs its own grave," and if there was

any merit or virtue in the wayfarer's art, be sure that the end must come by a natural reaction. One day he will take on his lips the melancholy words of the Preacher, That which was shall be, and there is nothing new under the sun. Then is his pilgrim staff broken beyond hope of prompt mending.

And now he asks calmly, "What, pray, is the due reward or guerdon I've won by so toilsome journeying in the world and so grievous fighting with them that gave blow for blow?" I think a very rich and sweet reward. Fame? Yes, here and there; but that's not the point. Wealth? Why, bless you, he spends as he goes, like all vagabond roadsters! Power? By no means the concentrated, calculable, dirigible power that's his who takes root and stays put. Not by the most frivolous vagaries of destiny shall the pilgrim get voted into the commonest of Common Councils. Ah, but think! He knows his native land,—knows it and loves it. Henceforward for him there is neither East nor West, North nor South, highland nor lowland, but of each and all he is equally

a citizen. Mere gossip from any humblest dog-hole of the realm, no matter how distant or how obscure, becomes personal and significant. There was he on a certain day; there he is now in reminiscent fancy. Hence even the daily paper glows with high romance,—the erstwhile wanderer has epics with his breakfast coffee, and whole race dramas enact themselves as he sips his post-prandial *demi-tasse*. In insight, in historic feeling, in sympathies, he is—an American!

"But best of all," says he, "I have fought a good joust, said my say, tried with what grace there was in me to interpret the world movement, and so to accelerate it." And when the din of the fray is stilled forever, and the last weapons laid down, and the troopers themselves put to rest and he with them, there will yet remain his testimony of whatever he saw and heard in the world,—a record of which history will one day make use; for he in his time did portray with candid, fearless truth the life men lived, the thoughts they thought, and the works they laid hand to.

Rollin Lynde Hartt.

ABSALOM'S WREATH.

I AM having a picnic, a solitary picnic in Dalen. Our milk girl, Sigga, escorted me past the bull that lives in the outfields, and then I tramped on alone for an hour and reached the Valley of the Delectable Mountains. In a semicircle stand the fjelds facing the rising of the September sun, their highest ridges lightly powdered with the first snow, their lower slopes seamed by scores of little brooks "that tumble as they run." When peat is to be cut, and the wild sheep captured for wool-pulling and for the autumn slaughter, then people come to Dalen. But to-day I see only a few black sheep, the kittiwakes and

gulls on the sea rocks, and curlew quavering above the heather. Dalen is exclusive, reserved, and has an undefinable charm. Nowhere else has afternoon tea, made over a fire of peat, so fine a flavor; in no other valley does one feel that mingled sense of mystery and of brooding peace. The only disturbing element is a *Nikon* who lives in neighboring waters. His attributes vary according to the narrator's fancy, but all agree on the length of his tail, his black hue, and his disagreeable habit of appearing suddenly, snatching up some unhappy man or woman, and diving with his victim to the bottom of the sea.

One saving idiosyncrasy he has, however. He cannot "thole" to hear his own name. Can you but look him in the eye, and say calmly, but firmly, "Nikon!" he will recoil in affright down to his fishy home.

But this is a digression. The reason of my solitary picnic is that little Absalom is dead and will be buried to-morrow, and some wreath or cross should lie on his coffin. In Viderö, the most northern island of the Faroes, there is not a tree or shrub or square foot of garden; it is the 15th of September, and we are near sixty-three degrees north latitude. But of heather there is a plenty in sheltered Dalen, where it dares to grow a foot high, and surely, I thought, some last flowers can be found there, also, for little Absalom's wreath.

I stopped on my way to shake hands with the father and mother. Absalom lay in an unpainted pine coffin, a cross marked in ink on the lid. He wore his best fur cap and a muslin shroud with a cross made of pink ribbon stitched above his breast. The Pastor is in far-away Denmark, but to-morrow Absalom will be carried to the graveyard on the sea cliffs, we singing psalms all the way, and next month, when the Pastor returns, he will pray and cast earth on the grave, saying, "From earth art thou come; to earth shalt thou go; from earth shalt thou rise again."

When I first looked about me in Dalen the prospect was discouraging. The heather bells hung brown and dry; only the bent, turning to russet and ochre, gave color to the slopes. But kneeling down by the little burns, I found, under the overhanging banks, some scanty heather blossoms, belated by the shade and the proximity of the cold water. Then I scrambled up to a small ravine that looked promising, and slid down its steep sides, holding fast to heather twigs. I explored that ravine *au fond*, finding a flower here and there in the clefts and among the heather, and now, tired and hungry, I am

perched on the hillside, and with an appreciative appetite, eating barley bread and cheese and cold fried cod, my treasures by my side. Here are tiny pink polygalas and intensely blue ones like a scrap of southern sky; that cosmopolitan, the crowberry, golden tormentillas (my sheepskin moccasins are tanned with tormentilla roots), a narrow-leaved polypody fern called by the Faroe folk *Trodla-Kampar*: under it the "little people" are supposed to dwell, and prudence dictates that we tread softly where it grows, for they are quick of temper and malicious when annoyed. Here is an arctic form of the field gentian (*Gentiana campestris*), dull lilac in color; the common lady's-s-mantle and the alpine species (*Alchemilla alpina*), little St. John's-wort, stonecrop, the calluna heather, and the crimson bells of the cinerea heather. Not a bad display for the middle of September in latitude sixty-three.

And yet it is not the latitude that limits the flora so much as the storms. Iceland, farther north, has a greater number of both species and individuals. Her summers are warmer, and she is large enough to afford some protection from the sea winds. But these islands in a storm district well up toward the Circle have conditions peculiarly their own. The Gulf Stream, mingling with the Icelandic Polar Current, causes dense fogs; it rains on three hundred days of the year, and the area is too small to check the momentum of the gales. They rush through the fjords, searching out every nook and cranny; through openings in the fjelds they fall, writhing and whirling down upon the lowlands as the dreaded *kast-vinds*, and where can the poor plants find shelter? And not only the sea gales, but the sea itself, for when the air is filled with flying spray, and even the brooks run brackish, many species are cut down as by a frost.

The first flower of spring, however, cares nothing for the salt spray. Were you to come to Dalen on May-day you

would find the white cochlearia, hardy and honey-scented, growing in clefts of the shore crags. The little English daisy is open about the same time in the home fields and on the grassy boat-house roofs. A few days later, open the sweet-scented marsh violet, the dog violet (*Viola sylvestris*), polygalas, shepherd's purse, a veronica, lady's-smock (*Cardamine pratensis*), the little starry saxifrage, and the moss campion, a charming flower, which I fancy grows on the highest of our White Mountains. It has an innocent, wide-eyed look, and varies in color from bluish white to deep crimson; I have seen a thousand growing in a space of twelve inches on a cushion of moss-green leaves, and not a blossom more than half an inch in height.

Soon after the middle of May the show of the marsh marigold begins. Never have I seen such big fat ones; many have eight, nine, or ten petals, and are two inches and a half in diameter. They grow usually in the *gröfter*, or little ditches that drain the infields. Most of the cultivated land in the Faroes is divided into long strips from eight to twelve feet in width, extending down the hill slopes. These, for better drainage, are made about two feet higher on one side than on the other, so that a cross section of a field would have the shape of a saw. Between these strips run the *gröfter*, and when the flowers are in full bloom and, as often happens, there is a bit of marsh land at the bottom, the effect is of little golden brooks running down to a pond of gold. "Pure color is rest of heart," wrote Richard Jefferies. After the long dusk of winter this radiance of yellow and orange delights the eye and cheers the soul. It makes the most striking color note of the round year, in fact, the only bright one except when the gay, flaunting ragged robins in June blossom also in the *gröfter*.

As the season advances it is interesting to see how the wave of plant life

mounts from the sea to the fjelds. By St. John's Day, all the lower levels have their fullest bloom; the first part of July it is summer on the *Broekke*, or grassy slopes that crown the terraces of basaltic rocks on the fjeld sides. These terraces, or *Hamre* as they are called, begin generally at a height of from six hundred to a thousand feet. In the latter part of July and the first week of August the flowers have opened on the summits. The plants grow leisurely, and remain in bloom much longer than with us, for there are no hot days to hasten their departure. The largest, tallest species are those of "high summertime," the wild geraniums, angelica, hawkweeds, buttercups, spiræa, ragged robin, sorrels, yarrow, red campion, *Matricaria inodora* var. *borealis*, or "Baldur's flower," and an orchid (*Orchis maculata*) that grows slim and tall in the *gröfter* and stockyard, but only about two inches high in the open. The sea-thrift also adapts itself to circumstances. It sometimes has a height of six inches at sea level, and on exposed heights is a mere button of a flower, with no appreciable stem. Mother Nature exercises great prudence in her arrangements; the juicy angelica she puts in the *gröfter* and ravines, the polypody fern under heather and among thick grasses, the aspidium ferns in clefts and under overhanging rocks. She seldom permits a flower to be more than three inches high in the wide exposed places. Wild thyme, white bedstraw, yellow rattle, eye-bright, bird's-foot trefoil, brunella, buttercups, saxifrages, all grow there in dwarfed form, and the plants that are exposed to all the winds of heaven on the fjeld tops open during the quietest time of the year. Upon the *Broekke* we find in their season many of the flowers of lower levels, together with *Thalictrum*, *Azalea procumbens*, *Cornus suecica*, *Sibbaldia procumbens*, alpine veronica, alpine alchemilla, the herb-willow, the saxifrages *nivalis*, *rivularis*, *decipiens*, and *oppo-*

sitifolia, *Arabis petraea*, *Draba hirta*, *Cerastium edmondstonii*, the *vacciniums myrtillus* and *uliginosum*, *Gnaphalium supinum* (beginning at about 2000 feet), and many small inconspicuous plants. The pretty and rare *Dryas octopetala* and the Iceland poppy are found from 800 feet upwards.

All these Arctic species grow also on the summits of the fjelds either on rocky wastes, well fastened down by strong roots, or in the protecting grimmia heath, a close thick carpet composed of the moss *Grimmia patens* and other kinds.

Considering all disadvantages of climate, latitude, and small area, the number of species of native vascular plants, 277, is a goodly one. In addition there are forty species that have been introduced by man. The flora resembles that of northern Scotland: indeed only ten of the Faroe species are lacking in Scotland. Many, however, that are rare there, and found only on the highest mountains, are here very common and grow at low levels.

There are many small plants which a botanist would at once notice, but only the flowers I have mentioned would attract the attention of the non-scientific observer. I have a speaking acquaintance with but few of the grasses, I regret to say, and as for the 338 kinds of mosses, no one could be more densely ignorant than I. Yet even an ignoramus can admire their graceful forms and charming tones. They grow most luxuriantly over the hidden little rills, and shine with vivid green far up the fjeld sides. There are always pretty things to be found among them: butterwort, and saxifrages, epilobiums, rodiaola, etc. One must tread cautiously where they grow. To-day I was about to step on a firm-looking green patch when a sudden impulse prompted me to test the spot first with my field staff. "Plup!" sank the staff, with an ugly sucking sound, over the top as I held it in my fingers. How much deeper it would

have gone I do not know, but the staff measures five feet two inches, one inch above my head.

None of the Faroe fields are of great altitude. The highest, Slattaratind, is only 2700 feet high. The Delectable Mountains (that is not their Faroe name) are from 2000 to 2450 feet. But the effect of a mountain is largely dependent on its latitude and the distance above the spectator's eye. Here they are usually seen from sea level, and the utter absence of trees and bushes adds to their apparent height. And when snow rests upon sea cliffs that rise 2000 perpendicular feet from the surf-line, with mists wreathing their rugged summits, and the observer is looking upwards from a little four-man boat tossing in the sea below, I think he would not care to have one cubit added to their stature.

Dalen is almost silent these September days. From the sea rocks, softened by distance, comes a confused babble of kittiwakes; "*whip-poor-will!*" they cry shrilly, with tremendous emphasis on the first and last syllables. From time to time I have heard the cry of a raven, clearer, more metallic, than that of the hooded crows. Both are thieves and murderers of the young and of the helpless. Were one of these wild sheep to fall on her back in a little hollow, so that she could not raise herself, it would not be long before her eyes would be plucked out and her stomach torn open. Only a month ago, a full-grown healthy sheep was brought in dying, her side mangled by a raven. I am glad to see that an anxious father, a black-backed gull, is harrying the raven out of Dalen. He, too, occasionally kills lambs, but does not torture a helpless sheep. A beautiful bird he is, with shining white breast, black cap and back, and white wing tips. He has a red spot by his lower bill. The legend says that once he ate a dead man's flesh, and ever since he has borne this blood-red spot. Now he has come back, laughing with a mo-

notonous bass voice, and is so flushed with victory that he must needs pretend to take umbrage at my opera glass and swoop down close to my face with a rush that makes me wince. The young bird is almost as large as his father, but has gray plumage. "*Phe-a! Phe-a!*" he cries in his baby voice, circling slowly in mid-air, a powerful, broad-winged bird.

There is one inhabitant of the outfield who leads a peaceful life for the reason that, though he prefers harmony and order, he is always prepared for war and always ready to take the initiative in case of any "onpleasantness." That is the *tjaldur*, or oyster-catcher. The Faroe folk do not kill him, because he nests in the same wild uplands where the mother sheep graze and the lambs are born. If any raven approaches he is attacked by the valiant oyster-catcher and routed ignominiously. Altogether he is a successful bird: he is good eating (though on no account would we eat him); he is striking in his good looks, cheerful, brave, and a defender of his young and, incidentally, of the weaklings of the flocks. Were he less warlike in disposition and of weaker build, I suppose he would assume like the curlew, rock pipits, snipe, etc., the general tones of the outfields, their grays and browns and russets. But as it is, his vermilion legs and long strong bill, and dazzling black and white plumage, can be seen far afield. One must note also that the other warrior, the black-backed gull, has the same conspicuous plumage. What matters it if they are seen of all men? They are well able to take care of themselves.

Dalen is a favorite place for the *myra-snipa*, or marsh snipe. They are quiet now, and make no sign until I almost tread upon them, when they burst up through the heather like a bomb and scurry away with a fretful cry. In June, however, we can see and hear them at night, and during the day in still, foggy weather. Then they make that peculiar noise which a year ago I

thought was a cry or call. A friend, writing from America, first enlightened me. She quotes, I think, from Mr. Frank M. Chapman's Handbook:—

"In the springtime, and occasionally in the autumn also, Wilson's snipe mounts to a considerable height above his favorite meadows, and darts downward with great velocity, making at each descent a low yet penetrating tremulous sound that suggests the winnowing of a domestic pigeon's wings, or, if heard at a distance, the bleating of a goat, and which is thought to be produced by the rushing of the air through the wings of the snipe."

This is written of the *Gallinago delicata*, and the Faroe species is called *Gallinago media*, but the intricacies of comparative nomenclature are not to be unraveled in this remote island with no books at command. One day last June while resting in the heather, and looking upwards, I saw a myra-snipe flying overhead in a series of vertical V's. Part of the time his flight was noiseless, but occasionally he descended with great velocity, and then came that peculiar ventriloquistic sound, "as though the air laughed" I wrote at the time in my notebook. Only yesterday, in a story by the Danish author Herr Sophus Bauditz, I read in a description of the heaths of Jutland this passage: "If you lie down near the edge of the marsh you will hear suddenly over you, around you, now on one side, now on the other, an infinitely weak and infinitely penetrating sound; you know not whence it comes; it is as though the air itself laughed around you."

What a wreath we could have made in Dalen on one of those days in June; then only the frequent rains and the distance from the base of food supplies prevented us from becoming a "permanency" in Dalen. As it was, "Our Lady" (as the peasants call the Pastorinde) and I have several times returned home reluctantly at midnight, I humming sadly, —

"And does it not seem hard to you
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?"

As we passed close to the sea cliffs we could hear the eider ducks cooing just beyond the surf, and the puffins on the sea cliffs chuckling to themselves with a jolly fat "ur-r-r-r!" and could see them moving about in circles with careful dancing steps, and then falling suddenly into quiet and solemn musings. Who that ever had the privilege of knowing a puffin did not love him?

Yet were you to come here even in June I doubt if you would feel the spell. "Grim, barren, desolate." I can fancy these words your judgment. Can we ever give the full measure of appreciation to the unfamiliar? Washington Irving looking for the first time on Sir Walter's beloved hills was impressed only by their sadness. And yet, compared to the Faroes, the Border land is a land of fatness.

"Where shilfas sing and cushats croon," the flowery shrubs and stately trees follow the courses of the burns. To appreciate our "marcies" here, a certain lapse of time is required wherein to forget those of other lands. We must look to sea and sky for grace of form and motion and beauty of color, and put from mind the thought of forests and gardens and freely growing green things. Trees, — they are the hardest to forget; trees and the glory of the changing foliage, the pageant of Indian summer that is beginning now at home: and oh, to scuffle up leaves again and smell their crisp and pungent fragrance, and in November blasts to see them "march a million strong."

Of all the birds of summer, about twenty-one will remain with us during the long, dark winter that is closing in upon us. The hooded crows will wax bold and impudent, and wrangle over bones at the cottage doors. The ravens are more wary; perhaps they have an inherited distrust of man, from the old

days of the *noebbe-told*, the bill tax, when every man between the ages of fifteen and fifty was required to give every year a raven's bill to the magistrates, or pay a fine.

Black-backed gulls, the lesser black-backed, the common and the herring gulls, a few kittiwakes, the fulmar petrel, and the land-rail winter here.

The pretty rock-doves live all the year round up among the cliff recesses; wrens, starlings, rock pipits, snowbirds, cormorants, eider ducks, black guillemots, a few red-throated divers, northern divers, dunlins, mallards, and myrasmipa make up the list of the assured winter residents. In addition there will be strays, blown here by gales; not rarely the English blackbird appears, the black-cap, the bullfinch, and the little golden-crested kinglet. Last winter in Thorshavn I found myself thinking (with no apparent connection in the train of ideas) of Tewkesbury Abbey; suddenly I became conscious of a robin's song, and looking from my window saw a storm-driven waif singing as sweet a song as that I heard on the April morning when I saw my first English church and first English robin in Tewkesbury, the old village of John Halifax, Gentleman. The courage and endurance of these tiny birds is one of the marvels of nature. The seas rage and the gales howl, and there are all kinds of tragic experiences, and suddenly a round ball of fluffy feathers appears out of the commotion and sings a careless, cheerful song.

The dark days will soon be here: each morning the sun takes a step toward the south, and a November day will come when we shall see a bright and winking eye peeping for one moment above the eastern ridge of Malling-fjall; two hours later another wink above the western ridge, and the next day only a brightness in the sky. "Baldur the Beautiful" will be — not dead, — but very, very low, and for two months and a half not one glimpse of his face shall

we see, not one sunbeam will fall upon the little turf-covered Parsonage of Onegjaard.

But a chill creeps over Dalen, and I find that I am sitting in shadow; the sun shines now only on the cliffs of distant Fuglô. Sigga will be waiting at the dike to escort me past the bull again. The Delectable Mountains are turning black, the clouds are falling low, the curlew are silent, the kittiwakes

have put to sea. Now if Nikon should appear would I have the nerve to confront him, and put him to flight by the terror of his own name? Decidedly it is time for me to join Sigga at the dike.

"Ak du! Ak du!" exclaims Sigga, peering into my basket, "what a beautiful wreath we shall make for little Absalom!"

Elizabeth Taylor.

LIBIN, A NEW INTERPRETER OF EAST SIDE LIFE.

A SEQUEL TO HOWELLS'S CRITICISM AND FICTION.

GEKLIBENE SKITSEN¹ is the title of a neat volume of some fifty sketches from East Side life in Gotham. Most of them have appeared in the columns of *The Forward*, the New York radical Yiddish daily, and are now collected in book form. Libin, the author of this volume, is a poor, untutored proletaire, a newsdealer by trade. He created something of a literary furore by his pen-sketches or rather snap-shots of the East Side reality. His little volume was hailed with delight in many a Jewish home throughout the country. His numerous admirers regard him as little short of a Yiddish classic, a pioneer in a new departure of realistic fiction. Thousands of intelligent readers in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and elsewhere, read and re-read his sketches, and discuss warmly their merits and their weak points. The general verdict of his readers and critics assigns to his work a permanent place in good Yiddish fiction; and good, or even tolerable, Yiddish fiction, as well as good literature in general, the American reader must keep in mind, is a very rare article, especially in this country. A heap

of rubbish is annually dumped on the Yiddish book market by a host of pensters without a shadow of literary quality about them. Amid this insipid stuff offered the Yiddish readers as an apology for tolerable fiction, Libin's volume stands out in striking relief as something unique, refreshing, and of lasting literary worth.

This keen appreciation on the part of the Yiddish-reading public is in itself a sufficient warrant for assuming that there must be some very solid qualities in these sketches, especially if account is taken of the character of that public itself. The more progressive element of Russian Jews in large industrial centres of this country was nourished at home on the works of Russian classics, from Pouchkine to Tolstoi; Byelinski, Dobroliùbov, Pisaryov, and Shelgunòv — masters of Russian criticism — have helped not a few of these Yiddish readers to a more than average insight into true literary value. These Russian emigrants have been more or less fed on this wholesome nourishment which refined their art taste and sharpened their judgment. Nothing trashy, no printed matter below a certain literary level, will permanently appeal to them. An

¹ *Geklibene Skitsen*. By Z. LIBIN. New York: The Forward Press. 1902.

American of culture and of fine discrimination, should he once gain an intimate familiarity with this class of Jews, would be astonished to find how superior their literary taste is to that of many a college-bred reader of magazines. These "ignorant foreigners," many of them grimy shop-hands, news-venders, or peddlers, with the marks of culture long worn off from their faces by years of fierce struggling for daily bread and a place in the world, will frequently display an unusual degree of literary, dramatic, and general art appreciation, a keen relish for a really good novel, poem, a Shakespearean or other classic play, or a symphony; they often show an instinctive insight into what is true realism in art, — an insight that might grace with profit even an editorial sanctum, to judge by many a book review. This, then, is the character of the public which reads exclusively in Russian and in Yiddish. Its literary taste at least, if not its critical judgment, should command some respect. It will, therefore, be of interest to the American student of letters to find here an account of this literary phenomenon called *Libin's Sketches*. I shall try to present a clear view of the subject matter of this book, of its literary merits, and of its author, and shall also show the significance of all this for American fiction.

What is the woof and thread of these sketches? It is the East Side reality, a peculiar complex of material and psychological elements inseparably bound up with American economic conditions, and a vital part of the larger American reality. This complex engrafted on American life is, on its material side, a huge aggregation of shops and tenement prisons with hundreds of thousands of emigrant folk congested there. This aggregate is apparently bounded by the East River, the Bowery, and the fringe of "up-town;" it is not, however, strictly speaking, a "ghetto," as some reportorial folk delight to dub it, since

the people and the material conditions of the East Side ramify into all parts of Gotham, Williamsburg, Harlem, and other sections of Greater New York; besides, the East Side does not materially differ in aspect from similar aggregations of sweat-shops, tenements, and their inmates, in any other large industrial centre where a mixed community of emigrants more or less Americanized and of natives has grown up as a product of American industrial development. On its material side, then, the East Side is an immense industrial beehive just like any other, only more congested. It is the temporary home of the Jewish proletariat. There is a sprinkling, here and there, of the so-called "better classes:" "intellectuals," professional people, embryonic "capitalists," "bosses," and other more or less parasitic outgrowths in a community of toilers; principally, however, the East Side is the home of the Jewish mass that knows many of the curses of modern industrialism and very few of its boons. There, as at the domicile of any other section of the "great unwashed," as the "overwashed" gentry delight to brand the mass of wage-toilers, is the dire poverty with its victims ground down daily to a spiritless pulp called the "submerged proletariat;" there is the blank despair of thousands of families doomed to waste away their health and vitality; manhood, womanhood, and budding childhood are there stunted amid unspeakable misery of dingy garrets, dark holes, stifling in summer, cold in winter; there sunshine is a rare vision, where everlasting gloom reigns supreme. There are the thousands of shop-hands, dull and haggard, with the hollow cheek and the lustreless eye; they are crushed by incessant toil, and stultified by the constant din and whirl of the machine and the galling lash of the boss, that implacable parvenu himself recently sprung from the ranks of toil. There is going on the fierce struggle for daily bread of a whole army

of workers racked by overwork; the horrid spectre of "slack" time constantly stares in their faces. This is the East Side in its economic phase. So far it presents nothing that cannot be found in any other home of the proletariat, irrespective of race, native or foreign; the curse is here, only more intense.

Big, pathetic, soul-stirring, rich in content as the life-story of the general proletariat is, it is far behind the reality of the East Side; we have here the great tragedy of the wreck of thousands of lives, the maiming, the blighting of character, the coma of the soul. Life in the East Side, however, surpasses anything else in the wealth of psychical elements. This huge monster of sweatshops and tenement-holes with their human contents offers a mine of psychological material hardly to be found in any other variety of American life. Why is it so? Because we deal here with a community made up of emigrants and their immediate descendants. In a community uniformly composed of native elements, that is, of people and conditions, there is something of stability in character and in habits of mind. The mental and moral make-up of such people is more or less fixed, inert. Violent changes in the psychics of individuals and groups are extremely rare at ordinary times, when the social or economic environment in which these people live is not convulsed. It is only at long intervals, after great economic or political changes, that new types, new tendencies or modifications of character appear. So it was in reconstruction times after the civil war, and after other landmarks of political, industrial, and social evolution. At times of comparative equilibrium, the real process of character-building and character-evolution in such a community is partly latent, partly disguised by outward uniformity.

It is quite different in a community made up of emigrants in various stages

of assimilation with the surrounding native element. Each emigrant, torn off from quite a different economic and social environment at home, is transplanted into new conditions, economic and social, let alone the influence of a new climate and of a new habitat in general. By this violent change of surroundings, by this clash with a new environment, the emigrant undergoes a more or less violent, because sudden, psychical change. His old habits of thinking and feeling, down to his very manners and trifling allures, begin to be jarred by the new conditions and the people; the ideals he once cherished, his preferences, his sentiments, his way of looking at things, his estimates of moral worth, aesthetic standards, national predilections and bias, — in short, his whole past personality comes into collision with the new environment. As a result of this constant friction we note moral ulceration of the emigrant; his character, the character of whole groups of emigrants, begins to disintegrate. The emigrant, internally scarred, is never the same person, never his old self again. This is especially true in the case of foreigners in this country, where the clash is between older, simpler, as well as more idealistic, civilizations of Eastern Europe on the one hand, and the more complex, materialistic, industrial régime of the New World on the other. It is the clash between the contemplative, slow life, where rural conditions prevail, and the rush and turmoil of urban and industrial centres of this country. Emigrants themselves and those who have lived among them know well how true all this is. Not only ideas and habits, but deep-rooted sentiments and character have changed materially among emigrants, to such an extent that foreigners fresh from home are often startled by the immensity of the change. They do not recognize their own countrymen, their very kinsmen, in their new moral state. A shiftless fellow at home, without a bit of energy, becomes

here often a wide-awake business man, full of the dash and "push" of a native Yankee; an effeminate city lounge becomes a hardy, dare-devil Western cowboy. I have known city-bred old men, all nerves and sensibility, who knew nothing but the graces of the salon and the red tape of a government bureau, men without a grain of pluck, enterprise, or daring about them, kid-gloved gallants, who would not muster up courage enough to face a day of toil or privation, or to walk a few miles; I knew these same men to turn steady farmers away out in the Dakotas or in Kansas. The change on the emotional side, in the mode and intensity of feeling, is especially striking. Parental and filial affection, so typical of family life in Russia, and the consequent relations between children and their parents, between brothers and sisters, between young and old, — all this is here radically changed; filial affection especially is in most cases irretrievably gone. Space will not permit to cite many of the thousands of other cases of a similar kind; what is said is sufficient to show how deep and far-reaching is the psychical transformation of emigrants.

The East Side, therefore, as an emigrant community in close touch with the natives, is an inexhaustible mine of material for character-study. The social psychologist and the man of letters can trace here, step by step, how character is disintegrated and built up anew. It is a great psychological laboratory, where, amid a constantly changing environment, soul-evolution is taking place on a large scale. New types and group-characters, their origin and their various interactions, can be best studied here.

This remarkable phenomenon of psychical change is especially peculiar to the East Side, since the underlying cause, the clash between two environments, is more potent here than elsewhere; most of the East Siders are natives of Russia. I leave it to the

reader to grasp the immensity of the contrast. People are born in a vast plain, in agricultural communities, under Russia's political régime; these people at once settle on the Atlantic seaboard, in the heart of Yankeedom; the outcome is a violent clash; the psychical disturbance produced on these people is, therefore, the most intense.

We see, then, that the East Side, both as the home of the Jewish proletariat and as a great community of Russian emigrants, is rich in psychical content and dramatic interest to a degree that would tax the powers even of a Tolstoi, should he undertake adequately to portray this immense and complex reality.

But what makes the East Side more challenging to literary portrayal is the fact that these emigrants are Russian Jews, that is Jews, and moreover coming from Russia. They are a race with a peculiar mental and moral structure, of Oriental and Slav warp and woof, a complex nature too subtle and elusive for the ordinary methods of any fiction and especially American. The Jew, retaining some remote traces of Oriental buoyancy and vitality, has, under the influence of a few centuries of Russian landscape and of contact with Slav life, acquired many of the qualities peculiar to Slavs. He, like his Slav neighbor, is subject to long spells of depression as well as to high spirits, or serene moods. A dreamer, a visionary, often poetical, a noble idealist, full of universal sympathy; he is just as often the reverse: dry, practical, matter of fact, patient, with a wonderful power for adapting means to ends. At times very active, energetic, developing remarkable will power, grim determination; he is at other times, like his prototype Oblomov in Gontcharoff's famous novel, a victim to paralysis of the will. He is, in fact, a bundle of contradictions most of the time. Coupled with all this is the Jew's high degree of susceptibility and his internal life. In this regard he is

essentially different from his American neighbor. The Russian Jew not only observes, perceives, or knows an external fact; he also *feels* it, and this intensely. He is also given to introspection and intellectual rumination. An experience, great or small, joyful or sad, tragic or comical, leaves a distinct and lasting mark upon his sensitive nature. Many a family trouble, business reverse, any sort of disappointment or vexation that will hardly affect the placid nature of the "sporty" American, will shake the Jew's emotions and disorganize permanently his delicate mental machinery. It is this internal, contemplative life of the East Side Russian Jew, along with the complexity of his nature, this subtle psychic life of his, which is so hard to portray.

Now this immense material and psychological reality of the East Side has been waiting long for an adequate literary interpreter, but in vain. The American man of letters that should take up the work where Howells, the father of realism in American fiction, has left off, the man of a wide literary training and of keen psychologic insight, the man of broad sympathies who could understand the masses, their external and internal life, who could note and interpret new tendencies in character, new types and psychic groups, this man does n't show up. The "intellectuals" of the East Side have done very little to reveal that complex life to itself and to the American world at large. The rich vein has hardly been touched. With the exception of Cahan's *Jekl*, a work full of irresistible humor, but touching only the comic fringe of East Side life, there has been, up to Libin, no attempt, whether in English or in Yiddish, to deal with East Side life in the manner demanded by Howells in his *Criticism and Fiction*. The reason for this is that the problem of literary interpretation of that complex life is too vast for the powers of one man, no matter how gifted, if he is to proceed in the conventional

way of the *littérateur*. No story, no novel, however comprehensive, not even a series of such novels, can catch and crystallize that life; the possibilities of conventional fiction, its resources, are inadequate to the task, especially with regard to the East Side reality, because of the facts I pointed out above: the psychological instability, the liquidity of character so to say, the subtle change going on before our eyes in the psychical make-up of the East Siders. A novel or story can successfully cope with individual character more or less stable amid an environment comparatively constant. A novel, or any conventional form of fiction, in spite of all the advantages of style and of the creative power of a master, cannot render or interpret such an indefinite variable, where we have to deal with a constantly changing social environment where new economic and social classes and groups are born, new types are in process of formation, in short, where we have beginnings and tendencies. The novelist, even Tourgenyef himself, cannot pause at each stage of this constant transformation, going on in individuals and groups, and record it. A rounded-out story can properly take care of the grosser forms of character-development, as, for example, the psychic career of a Silas Lapham; it can portray large phases of life. The artificial methods of the novel unfit it for the task of interpreting human nature by spying it out at every twist and turn of its changeful course. Such minute work is best done by a series of sketches drawn close to Nature, in her very workshop. This is what Libin attempts to do, and does it, in my opinion, not without success.

A young man without literary training, Libin came to the East Side some ten years ago. His life in a sleepy little town of White Russia, where he was born, equipped him with nothing that would in any way facilitate his future work as a snap-shot portrayer of the East Side proletariat life. His only

equipment is a rare gift of observation, a native ability to note the significance, the psychical meaning of everything about him, and an insight into the human heart. For ten years he has lived himself, so to say, *into* East Side life, has tasted all its bitterness and its humor, has gone through the very trying school of an East Side proletarian. He is himself a product of that life, where man has to grapple daily and hourly with an implacable economic world for a chance of a wretched existence. In knocking about Gotham on his newspaper "route," Libin learned the ins and outs of East Side life, and the human tragedy going on there all the time.

Unhampered by literary tradition or convention, of which he had not an inkling, he set about his work as a true realist ought to do. With the valves of his mind and heart open, he let the life he is now portraying stream in upon him in all its freshness and directness, in this way getting reality at first hand, the reality in all its psychical significance. Having so absorbed life, he goes about secreting it in the manner he had obtained it, that is, piecemeal, in episodic succession. His sketches are therefore a series of such episodes from real life, the life he not only observed, but also felt.

His little volume embodies a new departure in realistic fiction; this consists in letting the life the author has lived *ooze* out drop by drop. It is, seemingly, the absence, the negation of all art; and yet, as one plods through Libin's volume, sketch after sketch, episode after episode, one feels in these artless, spontaneous attempts of an untutored, untrained mind to portray the life of the East Side some fundamental principles of a new art, a truer art than the one known to the conventional storyteller or novelist. A would-be reviewer in a Boston weekly slightly remarked about Libin that he, Libin, "has a lot of stories to tell, but does not know how." The naïve reviewer's notions of

what constitutes good, interpreting art did not as yet advance beyond a juvenile conception of a story. There is, in Libin's Sketches, hardly anything approaching a story of the conventional type; neither is there any so-called style, as there is none of this in real life. The only art that really pervades all his sketches is the spontaneous, unconscious art of selection. Every sketch of his is simply a moment, a situation in that East Side life; but that moment or situation is so chosen and so told as to be typical, highly suggestive, and to afford the reader a sort of double perspective, a twofold vista; as you read sketch after sketch, you feel back and forth, you feel what has gone before the particular moment, and you also dimly divine what *must* come in front in the vague beyond, extending further away into life from the point where the author left off telling. Libin leads you into the life of the proletarian, his tenement prison, his shop, his rare amusements, his picnic parties. The shop-hand, the "finisher," the "operator," the "peddler," the half-Americanized young "swell" of the East Side, the "missis" with all her troubles and trials, the boarder with all his vexations and comic mishaps, the little waif tramping the streets, the newsboy, the "intellectual" with all his strivings and disappointments, his internal conflicts, and his struggles with a rude environment, the budding capitalist, the boss, — these and many other types and varieties peculiar to the East Side figure in his sketches. All these talk, and move, and feel, and struggle, strive, and succumb just as they do in that real life; they are so intensely alive when Libin, in his extremely artless manner, in his distressingly colloquial diction, in his innocent disregard of all the canons of style, sketches them with a few careless strokes, that you spurn any suggestion of associating his work with that of the glib reporter; you feel that Libin's unconscious art of realistic interpreta-

tion of a complex reality is as remote from newspaper aping of the meaningless externals of life as the gross fibre of the reporter himself is from the delicate vein of an artist, trained or untrained.

The art of Libin, as I mentioned before, consists in his unconscious choice of typical moments in the life of the East Sider, moments extremely suggestive, a method somewhat similar to the one adopted by the Greek sculptors. Does he tell you an unpretentious tale of how the longed for picnic of Sam the cap-maker and his family, that "have not seen a green blade" in all their cursed tenement existence, — how this picnic, after all the laborious preparations, the scrubbing and washing and fitting out of all the party, after all the wonderful financiering, *saltus mortales*, of scraping together the necessary funds to defray this frightful plunge into "luxury," how this picnic fell through at the very nick of time when the whole "outfit," after an eventful career of various mishaps and tribulations, safely reached the picnic ground, and how it all ended in the utter discomfiture of the poor cap-maker, succumbing under the volleys of reproach and curse fired at him by his ferocious Sarah, and the deafening concert of his disappointed progeny, — all this is told in such a way that you have the whole past and the future of these tenement folk opened before your vision; their whole wretched existence both before and after the picnic, the whole external and internal drama of these people keeps haunting you long after you are through with this sketch. And so on through all his volume, there is the same unconscious art of drawing East Side life in its man-

ifold manifestations by unfolding before you a typical moment, a situation in which a good deal is said because left unsaid, when a slight turn of a phrase, a suggestive incident, a bit of colloquial talk, a deft plunge into the recesses of a proletarian's soul, reveals to you interminable vistas of his outer and inner life.

The author's lack of style and his extreme colloquialism are such as to render an English version well-nigh impossible; English literary diction, besides, is very little adapted to portray the emotions and psychic life in general, let alone the peculiar internal world of the Jew. There is hardly a phrase in Libin's volume that has not some emotional flavor in it, a flavor and subtle meaning often untranslatable because strange to the Anglo-Saxon mind. An English version of these sketches would rob them of their chief power, — their directness, the pathos emanating from many a word and phrase like a delicate perfume, and the subtle psychical suggestiveness which only those feel and perceive who have a more or less intimate knowledge of Jewish life and whose habits of mind and feeling are somewhat akin to the internal life of Libin's creations. Still, some attempt may be made to introduce Libin's work to the American public. It will then repay the American littérateur to delve into this new realistic art. He will discover there true methods; how to study life and how honestly to record it. It is high time that American fiction wake up and interpret life as it is in this country, life in its process of becoming, of transformation; American life, the American reality with its various foreign ingredients and stratifications, this life awaits its literary interpreter.

Charles Rice.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

LITERATURE AND LIFE.

"FOR my own part," writes Mr. Howells in prefacing his latest collection of papers,¹ "I have never been able to see much difference between what seemed to me Literature and what seemed to me Life. If I did not find life in what professed to be literature, I disabled its profession, and possibly from this habit, now inveterate with me, I am never quite sure of life unless I find literature in it. Unless the thing seen reveals to me an intrinsic poetry, and puts on phrases that clothe it pleasingly to the imagination, I do not much care for it; but if it will do this, I do not mind how poor or common or squalid it shows at first glance: it challenges my curiosity and keeps my sympathy." Mr. Howells is suggesting that a certain unity may be discoverable in the miscellany of sketches and essays which he here offers; but the passage as a confession of faith by a leading professional man of letters is of no little interest on its own account. It suggests, in the first place, an important quality in Mr. Howells's own work, the result of his attempt to identify life and art. His art, especially when it takes the form of criticism, is likely to be compromised by his desire to be merely human. On the other hand, he cannot help approaching life by way of literature; and is indeed whimsically fond of detecting himself in the fact of regarding life as material for literature, instead of regarding literature as a mode of life. This is a limitation which in some degree exists in nearly all creative work; for only in the most elementary and the very highest forms of art is the natural equilibrium between art and the

other modes of life instinctively maintained. The genius which can produce a folk-song or an *Odyssey* need not trouble itself with the question from which critics and novelists can never escape: unless one except here and there a critic like Bagehot, or a novelist like Fielding.

I.

Mr. Howells offers, on the whole, a rather discouraging picture of the literary person, both as other people see him and as he sees himself. "In the social world, as well as in the business world, the artist is anomalous, in the actual conditions, and he is perhaps a little ridiculous. . . . He must still have a low rank among practical people; and he will be regarded by the great mass of the American people as perhaps a little off, a little funny, a little soft!" This is not a pleasant fact to face. Mr. Howells's practice elsewhere in this very volume may perhaps do something toward suggesting the reason for it. Such sketches as *Worries of a Winter Walk*, and *The Midnight Platoon*, express with a somewhat disturbing irony the instinct of the literary producer to detect "copy" in the spectacle of human stress. One reflects that the public does not consider the present coal famine as a situation affording material for art. Of course every human exigency does afford such material; and we cannot fairly suppose that the public would be altogether deaf to the account which art might later have to give of it. Perhaps the final usefulness to the race of any such exigency might be really conditioned by its life in art; for without the creative touch its record might be soon forgotten. But the chances are not great that art will be able to make

¹ *Literature and Life*. By W. D. HOWELLS. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1902.

such magnificent use of any given facts; and the public has its own immediate use for them. It takes them at first hand, feels itself absorbingly implicated in them, and is impatient of the disinterestedness with which the man of broad cultivation presumes to speak. Thus one of the obvious questions of the relation between literature and life is, How far can the literary artist, if he is to deal with contemporary life at all, afford to detach himself from the prepossessions of the hour? And how strictly must he stand true to the color of his own conscience as an artist?

The question may be answered readily in the large, for it is evident that when an artist ceases to be true to his conscience, he ceases to be an artist at all; and his conscience will deal with public events as it deals with the other facts of human experience. There is no special problem to be solved in this case, therefore; one is merely reminded afresh of the general question, Upon what combination of human and creative qualities must the artist base his hopes of effectiveness? As has been suggested, the perfect balance of these qualities is rarely achieved; but probably it is oftener approximated than one might think. Possibly even it has never been approached so nearly by the average writer of influence as it is now.

But the condition is not to be altogether argued out of the way. A certain amount of misunderstanding is bound to exist between the creative artist and the people whom he strives to please. The great public likes plain speaking, not to say dull speaking. It thinks in blocks and feels in grooves, and it is greatly put out by the qualifying subtlety of the liberal mind. This is Mr. Howells's own habit of thought. Except upon the subject of the art of fiction, he is disinclined to commit himself flatly, even to himself. He prefers a delicate balancing of probabilities to the palpable, not to say crass, statement of conviction. The reader

who wishes to be convinced of something may be distinctly disconcerted by the opening essay, in the present volume, on *The Man of Letters as a Man of Business*; for the essayist begins with the remark that he thinks no man ought to live by an art, that in fact some shame attaches, and ought to attach, to that way of life; and then by a somewhat devious path arrives at the conclusion that art is, after all, only a form of trade, in which he himself is "proud to be a worker, eating his bread in the sweat of his own brows."

II.

This is the discursive method of the old-fashioned "lyrical" essay, as in lamenting its present decay Mr. Howells has recently called it; the form of prose in which a series of mental impressions is cheerfully and profitably suffered to take the place of disquisition. One fact is clear about such work: wherever it may lie in tone and content between the extremes, say, of Thackeray's *Roundabout Papers* and Emerson's *Essays*, it is a daring form, rarely found in its perfection, and then perfect because it expresses a personality of distinction. One need only think a moment of the idle triviality of *Rambler*, or *Chatterer*, or *Onlooker* columns in the daily press to be assured of this. In the hands of the ordinary journalist the medium becomes worthless from the literary point of view, its fine audacity becomes mere presumption, and its easy familiarity mere impertinence.

We have never had a Montaigne or a Lamb in America, but cheerfully accepting as we now do for the most part the fact that our literature is a department, or, as Mr. Howells calls it, a condition of English literature, we are still at liberty to be proud of what we have done in this field of the discursive essay. For scholarship and for technical criticism there is an undoubted

advantage in a logically articulate structure, and even a requirement of it. But there is a sort of creative prose which owes its charm to spontaneity, and at its best comes nearer gaining the effects of poetry than any other prose form, — even than the carefully modulated inventions which are called rhythmic prose. In a sense, that is, the discursive essay is a purer form of literature than the logical essay. It comes more direct from the personality of the author, less compromised by mere thinking, and less hampered by set method: and this is why a considerable personality must stand behind it.

Of course, a considerable personality does not always succeed in expressing itself in terms of art, but it may say a good deal for all that. One of the most interesting and original people I have known was a middle-aged negress who could neither read nor write. One did not straightway begin to grieve that she had not learned enough of literature to fancy it superior to life. Only too frequently life itself ceases to be an art to persons who are over-absorbed in turning it to literary account.

Among living American writers there is hardly a personality so effective as that of Mr. Burroughs. He is a lover of nature and of literature, but above all a lover of life. The effect of his work can hardly be described better than in his own words: "Now and then a man appears whose writing is vital; his page may be homely, but it is alive; it is full of personal magnetism." Mr. Burroughs is not a critic of academic mind, and those who are impatient of any method but that which, furnished with a critical vocabulary and a store of historical precedent, passes for the impersonal, will find much that is frankly personal in his latest judgments.¹ He believes, indeed, that the personal method is the only true method of criti-

cism; and probably goes a trifle far in doubting the usefulness of a more formal and regular method from the results of which his own results really differ very little. "The standard of the best," he says, "is not some rule of thumb or of yardstick that every one can apply; only the best can apply the best." No doubt there are dangers in the scholastic acquirement of a critical method. The critic's individual taste is, as Mr. Burroughs asserts, his final test. But taste is subject to laws, so that the taste of the sound critic is as nearly a reliable quality as any other human virtue is. A critic may be sound without being creative, and though it is a pity he should not be that too, there is room for a good deal of dullness and thoroughness in the world just now, particularly in the world of American criticism. The academically trained critic is at least not likely to be stupidly conciliatory or irresponsibly hostile. But rare personalities are not common; the chances are that most critical writing will at best be sound rather than creative, will lack the note of personal authority upon which the greatest criticism has always depended for its permanent usefulness.

It is not improbable that Mr. Burroughs's book will carry more weight in its plain and forcible expression of critical theories upon which other good critics have agreed as sound, than in its occasional production of a really novel or individual point of taste. But the creative critic is yet to be found who has not at least one predilection which most other critics fail to share. With the exception of his estimate of Whitman and the corollary or subsidiary conception of democratic literature, there is nothing of importance in the present volume which can be impugned as unsound by the academic mind. And it has the immeasurable advantage over most criticism of being literature in itself. Mr. Burroughs's style is here, as always, clear, simple, and strong, an adequate expression of the man.

¹ *Literary Values*. By JOHN BURROUGHS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

III.

That is what style is now generally admitted to be: nothing more nor less than, as Mr. Howells puts it, "a man's way of saying things." An affected or artificial manner of writing is, we perceive, as unprofitable as the same manner in walking or speaking. The main objection to such a manner is that one is left absolutely in doubt as to what sort of person the writer really is. The chances are he is not distinctly any sort of person. People who have something to say, something, that is, which must be said for their own peace of mind, and who are used to saying things, are not likely to fidget about their manner of speech. They will of course need to take every care short of fidgeting. Few men are conscious from the outset of a sure and distinguishable "way" of speech; and the fearsome thing is not that a man should take thought, but that he should so often mistake fastidious predilection for creative impulse, and deliberately worry himself into an unnatural habit of utterance. In the effort to rise above commonplaceness, he sinks to imitation or contortion, and the world sees in the attempt nothing but a pitiful flutter of waxen wings, or a lamentable straining at the boot-straps.

Unfortunately this mistake, common to those who can only fidget, and important only to them, is sometimes made by their betters; as in the instance of Louis Stevenson, for example, who as a boy began to imitate and to contort, and who never quite outgrew the notion that art was a trick. Luckily his humor and love of life kept him at all times from the worst excesses of the stylist, and his indomitable personality insisted upon making itself felt through the many disguises with which his perverse and Pucklike ingenuity attempted to veil it.

¹ *Horae Solitariae*. By EDWARD THOMAS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

The Defendant. By G. K. CHESTERTON.

Two new volumes of discursive essays¹ have just come from England, each of which might send one back to the shelf where, beside Sir Thomas Browne and Lamb, *Virginibus Puerisque* reposes. They represent quite distinct types of prose: that of the scholar, dreamer, and dilettante, absorbed in his fancies and his periods; and that of the active, alert, humorous intelligence to which no human experience comes amiss, and which prefers to be downright at cost, if need be, of delicacy. Mr. Thomas is a stylist, not in the extreme sense of one who looks for a theme to fit his cadences, but as one to whom words have a charm apart from thought. The usual result follows, that only in passages where the author loses himself does he effectually find himself, — does he achieve style at all, that is. The reader is too seldom permitted to forget that the writer is a man of classical training, of æsthetic sensibility, and of certain notions as to the way in which such a man ought to write. He sculls two miles up a river, and stops at a farmhouse for luncheon, whereupon this happens: "The farm folk gave me a bowl of cream and a golden loaf with honey; then left me. Something puritanic in the place — or was it something in the air before the cockerow of civilization? — endowed the meal with a holy sweetness as of a sacrament." Passages like this are a little irritating to the hardy mind; it is inclined to imagine the author at the moment of composition not eating the food of a hungry man in the open air, but mincing about a library at dusk with the world well shut out, firing up now and then with a sip of tea and, as his voice melodiously rises and falls, beating time delicately with a slice of buttered toast.

This would not matter if the writer were really nothing but a lover of the New York: Dodd, Mead & Co; London: R. Brimley Johnson. 1902.

coddled sensation and the fetched phrase; but his work as a whole shows that he is a good deal more than that. There are personalities which cannot be expressed in bare terms, and to which a simple style would be an affectation. Mr. Thomas has a vein of true imagination. When the fire of it fairly possesses him, the elaboration of his style ceases to appear labored. But the manner which assumes force and a certain richness in moments of rhapsody is too prone, in the expression of common moods, to become ingenious and precious. It is seldom that the essayist allows himself to speak so simply of a simple matter as in the sentence: "There are two obvious remarks to make about nearly everything, and it is one of the charms of *The Young Man's Best Companion* that it usually says both."

This is more like the habitual manner, though it does not suggest the characteristic point of view, of Mr. Chesterton. As "the defendant" he has set himself a task which might easily have been carried out in a spirit of mere effrontery. It has actually been done in a spirit of creative humor, so that even the extravagances from which such an attempt could not be altogether free are full of suggestion. In the score of brief essays which make up the book the author undertakes a defense of modern life against conventional pessimism. "Pessimism is now patently, as it always was essentially, more commonplace than piety. Profanity is now more than an affectation,—it is a convention. The curse against God is Exercise I. in the primer of minor poetry. . . . The pessimist is commonly spoken of as the man in revolt. He is not. Firstly, because it required some cheerfulness to continue in revolt, and secondly, because pessimism appeals to the weaker side of everybody, and the pessimist, therefore, drives as roaring a trade as the publican. The person who is really in revolt is the optimist,

who generally lives and dies in a desperate and suicidal effort to persuade all the other people how good they are."

In the course of his trade as optimist, Mr. Chesterton takes occasion among other matters to defend from the abuse of pessimism such institutions as Detective Stories, Useful Information, Ugly Things, and Patriotism, — a selection of titles which suggests fairly well the range of his argument. The general character of the papers is not unlike that of Stevenson's *Apology for Idlers*, but they are written in a bolder and less conscious style, which is evidently the natural manner of the author; they are, that is, literary without being bookish. Of the many passages which ought to be quoted we may give just one, from *A Defense of Penny Dreadfuls*:—

"In this matter, as in all such matters, we lose our bearings entirely by speaking of the 'lower classes' when we mean humanity minus ourselves. This trivial romantic literature is not especially plebeian: it is simply human. The philanthropist can never forget classes and callings. He says, with a modest swagger, 'I have invited twenty-five factory hands to tea.' If he said 'I have invited twenty-five chartered accountants to tea,' every one would see the humor of so simple a classification. But this is what we have done with this lumberland of foolish writing: we have probed, as if it were some monstrous new disease, what is, in fact, nothing but the foolish and valiant heart of man." Perhaps the most charming paper in the collection is that called *A Defense of Baby-Worship*; but all of them are delightful, with the possible exception of the *Defense of Patriotism*, in which the performer appears to sweep the string somewhat too loudly for his purpose.

It is a pity that no important volume of discursive essays should have been published in America since the day of the Autocrat. Dr. Holmes was our greatest master, and the Breakfast-Ta-

ble Series is still our finest product in this kind. So fresh and engaging are these papers still that it is hard to realize how long ago most of them were written. Nor does it seem probable that eleven years have now passed since the last prefatory note to *The Autocrat* was written, and that no further message can come from that beloved hand. Most of us possess thumb-ed copies of his work, which have been household companions for a decade or a generation; but there really ought to be room beside them for the new and beautiful edition which has just been produced.¹ These volumes are printed by Dent in a style much like that which gave the recent editions of English novelists such popularity; and Mr. Brock's delicate drawings in pen and ink — a grateful relief from the muddy wash drawings now in vogue — are illustrations in the best sense. The artist has, indeed, done for the *Autocrat* and his companions at the Breakfast-Table very much what Mr. Thomson has done for the immortals of *Cranford* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

Dr. Holmes, though reared in an older school, which he never cared to outgrow, though an aristocrat and romanticist, had a sense, quite as keen as that of Mr. Howells, of the intimacy of literature and life. His method is of course different; he is an autocrat as well as a speculative observer. But it is evident that his office of tyrant only increased his love of the human nature for which he framed his kindly fiat. He is one of those to whom Mr. Burroughs's saying would certainly apply: "The great artist, I take it, is primarily in love with life and things, and not with art."

H. W. Boynton.

¹ *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, The Poet at the Breakfast-Table, The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.* By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. With Illustrations by H. M. BROCK. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1902.

On the whole one is inclined to think it a cruel judgment that forced out into the world of books, in all the ironical dignity and pomp of two noble octavo volumes embellished with rare illustration, Sidney Lanier's casual and sketchy lectures upon Shakespeare and his Forerunners.² Doubtless these amiable discourses upon Lanier's best beloved poets from Cynewulf to Habington, and upon his pet theories of verse, stirred the sympathetic enthusiasm of the ladies and gentlemen of Baltimore two decades ago; but in ripe scholarship and criticism they are all to seek. It is ungracious, but only honest, to say frankly that from the point of view of scholarship they are discredited at the outset by an inaccuracy which is not altogether the genial disregard of facts which we sometimes excuse in a mind preoccupied with truth. The placing of Dunbar and Douglas in the *fourteenth* century and the description of a page of savory Latin manuscript as Anglo-Saxon are probably printer's indiscretions, but for the sake of Lanier's reputation we can but wish that his lectures, instead of being printed apparently verbatim as he delivered them, had been rigorously edited. To discuss the quality of Chaucer's art on the basis of *The Flower and the Leaf* was a misfortune even in 1880; to print Sir Philip Sidney's best known sonnet with two most poetic lines missing from its octave, and no indication of the loss, is a disaster; and an allusion to the "twelve long books" of the Faërie Queene suggests too vividly Maecaulay's lamentable essay at the *Blatant Beast*. Moreover in the account of Shakespeare's forerunners, which occupies nearly all the first volume and a

Lanier's
Lectures on
Shakespeare.

² *Shakespeare and his Forerunners: Studies in Elizabethan Poetry and its Development from Early English.* By SIDNEY LANIER. Illustrated. 2 vols. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1902.

considerable portion of the second, there is no real grasp and coördination of the intellectual forces at play in English literature before the emergence of Shakespeare. Rather the lecturer's method was to dwell upon the poets of his own predilection, not indeed with very firm critical handling, but with ardent admiration, reading copiously, and doubtless charmingly, from their works. This, too, was his procedure when he came at last to the great dramatist himself. It is quite obvious that such lectures could never appear to the best advantage in octavo state.

But if these volumes do not tend to advance Lanier's repute as a scholar and critic they do at least show in many passages the working of a truly poetic imagination; here, if anywhere, their justification is to be sought. The romantic form of the chapters on *The Domestic Life of Shakespeare's Time* makes them pleasant and suggestive reading, and shows a considerable skill at weaving quasi-fictitious narrative, while throughout the chapters upon the relations of man and nature in Shakespeare's plays runs that analogical, or rather mystical, sense of the "correspondence" of music and meaning, matter and spirit, which is so largely the source of impressiveness in Lanier's poetry. It assumes particular form in many quaint yet convincing comparisons, and it inspires a train of somewhat dreamful philosophizing which culminates in a cosmic formula like that of Poe's *Eureka*, — a formula not calculated to do more than warm momentarily the imaginations of most of us prosaic folk, but the very blood and bone of a young poet's genius: "As modern science has generalized the whole universe into a great congeries of modes of motion, so rhythm pervades all these modes: everything not only moves, but moves rhythmically, from the etherization in light to the great space globes; and so we get back by the most modern

scientific path to the old dream of Pythagoras which blindly guessed out the music of the spheres."

Still one wonders if, after all, the fresh exemplification of this quality of poetic imagination is a sufficient excuse for the being of two such tall tomes. One turns the last page with no uncertain wish that life might have been kinder to Lanier; that instead of going the ways of the lecturer, he might have kept for poetry alone the imaginations, which he wove in melody with such ravishing division. F. G.

THE general opinion of Webster has inevitably changed during the Two Books about Webster. fifty years which have elapsed since his death. His oratory is not now taken quite so seriously: perhaps no oratory is; and his statesmanship appears, when shorn of the magnificent generalities with which he loved to adorn its manifestoes, to have been the fruit of a sane opportunism. Yet the name of Webster has come down armed with a certain awe even for the youngest generation. His very physical presence will not be forgotten; the vision of that dark, austere, and massive figure, "in shape and gesture proudly eminent," the echo of that sounding voice, still linger in the American consciousness; and we have a feeling that the man who looked and spoke like that must have had something demonic if not Satanic in his power. The generation of Americans is yet to arise which has not been bred in the fear of Webster. Yet Webster has never been loved. Even in his hour of greatest authority the public could find no affectionate nickname for him. There was something withdrawn, even a little forbidding, in the man as the people saw him; some quality whether of lack or of reluctance which the public admired and could not quite forgive.

I confess to have taken up two recently

published books about Webster¹ mainly in the hope of correcting or modifying this impression. It would not have been reasonable to expect any radically new interpretation of the public policy, or appraisal of his public speeches; these matters have been pretty well settled by time. The remaining question, on the other hand, — what kind of man he really was, — has been only obscured by the passage of years. Mr. McMaster's book offers nothing toward answering this question. It is clearly a by-product of his work in American history, and valuable simply as it affords a compact account of Webster's public acts and speeches.

The new edition of Webster's letters, on the contrary, yields the best evidence to the point now obtainable. "It is for Webster, the man," says the editor in his preface, "that one comes to the letters. The statesman, the jurist, and the orator are in the volumes which we call his works." Mr. Van Tyne's method of classifying the letters is on the whole an aid to this end. Except to students of history, the only noteworthy fact about the large number of letters printed under the heading *The National Statesman* will be that they are so dull. The present editor frankly calls attention to the fact that Webster's literary ability (that is, his power of putting things in the way most effective for him) exerted itself only upon extraordinary occasion: "There is abundant evidence that the massive mind of Webster needed, if it was to manifest its greatest power, the spur of a great national crisis. Webster had to feel that the fate of a nation hung upon his words if he was to render the best that was in him. . . . His mind had little subtlety, and his letters have none of that ingenuity in the phrasing of trivial matters which is characteristic of the typical literary

man." He excelled, that is, only in the grand style; and it must be said further that his greatest efforts in that style were gained largely by his physique, his eye, his voice, and his rhetoric. That is why the man remains, as no great writer can, a mystery in spite of his works; and that is why, in the present collection of his letters, under the headings which have to do with his private life, we may get rather better evidence of what his private character must have been from the letters written to the man by his family and friends than from his own letters.

The letters of his two wives are particularly interesting. They were very different women. Mrs. Grace, the wife of his youth and the mother of his children, was, as she says meekly, "the daughter of a poor country clergyman, — all the early part of her life passed in obscurity, toiling with hands not 'fair' for subsistence." Mrs. Caroline was the daughter of a wealthy New York merchant, a person of fashion according to the modest standard of that day, and a woman of some ambition. The first wife seems more domestic, more devoted, more exacting; altogether more womanly, in short. She is a little plaintive about her husband's remoteness in Washington and in public life, though she most wishes to desire what he himself desires. She believes him a very great man, but at the bottom of her pride lurks a pitiful and wholly human regret that he could not have been a little less great and a little more hers. It is easy to understand how she might have bored her busy and absent husband. At times she prosed and at times she undeniably nags; but there is so much sweetness and ingenuousness behind it all. "How many hundred of times I have written you love and kisses, — I think you must be tired of both. Charley asked me this morning, 'Where is papa?' I told him.

¹ *Daniel Webster*. By JOHN BACH McMASTER. New York: The Century Co. 1902.

The Letters of Daniel Webster. Edited by

C. H. VAN TYNE, Ph. D. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

'Why don't he come home?' said he, and, I confess the truth, this has been a very long fortnight since you left. It seems as though you had been gone long enough to return."

It is a pity that Webster's part of this correspondence should not have been preserved; though it is easy to guess that he may have destroyed his own letters in the first moment of his loss. Webster was, Mr. McMaster tells us, prostrated for a time after his wife's death; a supposition mercifully reconcilable with the fact that he was married again within the year.

Mrs. Caroline Webster is a far less humble person. She takes pride in her distinguished husband, but she offers him a face dressed with smiles rather than a heart full of yearning. She addresses him in a tone of affectionate civility, congratulates him properly on his public successes, and tells him whom she has been drinking tea with. Altogether the most eloquent and human letter of hers in the present collection gives an account of her first New Year's Day in Boston. It is written at six o'clock in the evening: "A gloomy day this, I have been dressed up all day, and the only creature who called was Alleyne Otis, and he sent his card in. I had my table spread with cakes, liquor, and wine, and not a soul to take them." This is apparently as near tragedy as Heaven allows Mrs. Caroline to approach, and it is near enough, Heaven knows.

Whatever whimsical interest one may find in comparing these letters, there is no doubt that they help correct one's estimate of Webster as a mere historical bogey. Mrs. Grace Webster feared her husband not as an imposing figure in national life, but as a man who might not give her quite enough love in return for her passionate devotion; and Mrs. Caroline made a social confidant of him because she found him approachable and

human. People who have a weakness for humanity as opposed to mere greatness will find much to interest them in Mr. Van Tyne's collection. B.

It is doubtless the attraction of levitation which makes any book of the West readable, provided it be sincerely done; but such a book as Florence Merriam Bailey's *Handbook of Birds of the Western United States*¹ is its own excuse. In pursuance of the late discovery that the real service of scientific books is to make knowledge handier, Mrs. Bailey presents her work with technical accuracy without technical finality. One feels particularly grateful for such concessions as the reduction of measurements to inches rather than to centimeters, which the lay mind never quite masters.

Besides the key to genera the book contains several interesting local check lists, bibliographia, and over six hundred illustrations as an aid to identification. Most acceptable to the amateur collector is the chapter of instruction on the taking of field notes and the preservation of specimens.

The notes on the life history of species by the author and Vernon Bailey have the literary charm. Such happy touches as the account of the flight of the sandhill cranes, such hints of human interest as Brigham Young praying for the flocks of Franklin gulls, make the book an acquisition to the nature lover whose bird knowledge is neighborly rather than scientific. Quite as admirable is the restraint with which the notes are selected. Very evidently Mr. Bailey does not tell all he knows, nor weary with telling what you know too well. Naturally the Westerner turns for a touchstone to the most notable examples, the water ousel, the cañon wren, the burrowing owl, and the road-runner. It is reassuring to mark that in the case of the last-named free lance of the chaparral, Mr. Bailey has

BAILEY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

¹ *Handbook of Birds of the Western United States*. Illustrated. By FLORENCE MERRIAM

contented himself with merely hinting at, without relating, the pipe yarns of the Old Timer; but it is a little surprising to find no mention of the road-runner's predatory attacks on the eggs and young of ground-nesting birds.

Throughout the book credit is given very handsomely where it is due, so that one reads what Mr. Loomis observed, or Mr. Grinnell says, with that comfortable sense of fellowship that it is the business of serious books to promote. Altogether this handbook of Western birds gives just that impression of impartial ease that is possible only to the competent. Certainly Mrs. Bailey has done nothing better.

Very different in scope, but quite as much to the point, is Leander Keyser's *Birds of the Rockies*.¹ The book is beautifully made up, with illustrations by Bruce Horsfall and Louis Agassiz Fuertes, who have done some excellent work for Mrs. Bailey, and it has the generous margins that all outdoor books should have to admit of annotations.

In this work Mr. Keyser gives the field notes of his rambles in and about the Rockies, with an additional check list of the birds of Colorado. The tone of the book is fresh and interested,

though perhaps not compelling; and the observations are of real value. Doubtless many such books as Mr. Keyser's must be written before one such as Mrs. Bailey's could be produced. There is no method that yields so much as the daily recording of insistent looking, and the author of *Birds of the Rockies* has looked to some purpose. One could wish, however, that he had overcome his confessed indifference to the burrowing owl to have made such a study of its habits as would have saved him from giving even casual support to the attenuated fable of the bird, the rattlesnake, and the prairie dog. It is evidently an oversight by which he claims the Rocky Mountains as the sole habitat of the water ousel, for he plainly mentions, a few pages further on, the existence of that feathered delight in the mountains of California and Alaska, but no Westerner should be forgiven such spelling as "coyotte." One makes these suggestions with no misgiving, for Mr. Keyser is too evidently in search of realities not to be worth reminding. It would be pleasant to think that there were other quarters in the West from which work of such quality could be confidently expected.

Mary Austin.

REAL FORCES IN LITERATURE.

THERE are two main currents, two streams of tendency, in the popular taste for literature, although only one is usually visible to the eye of the superficial observer. The first and more obvious appears in the advertisements of publishers, in the lists of "best-selling books," in the columns of current criticism. If we were to depend exclusively upon these sources of knowledge,

we should be forced to conclude that all the world was engrossed in the perusal of modern fiction. The triumphs of those who number their readers by the hundred thousand are dazzling to the unaccustomed mind. Such rapid and enormous sales would have been inconceivable a few years ago. At best they were confined to books of exceptional interest. Uncle Tom's Cabin, we know, is the classical example of well-nigh universal circulation; but it did not leap to its supremacy at a single bound and

¹ *Birds of the Rockies*. By LEANDER S. KEYSER. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1902.

keep the presses hot for weeks to supply the demand. In these days one could not count on the fingers of both hands the novels which have reached this distinction within a twelvemonth. It is undeniable, then, that writers of fiction at the present time can command larger audiences than any of their predecessors, and that success in reaching these audiences is more easily attained than ever before. And it is equally undeniable that many of the volumes they produce have little artistic value.

Is there really any connection whatever between popularity and merit? Perhaps it is too natural for critics who try to keep their heads among the loud hurrahs which greet the favorites of the moment to denounce these favorites somewhat indiscriminately, and to conclude that the novel which every one is reading is *ipso facto* unworthy of serious attention. The truth is, rather, that in this, as in other matters, we are eclectic in our enthusiasm, and permit the sun of our approval to stream alike on the just and on the unjust. All experience denies the assumption that the great books of the world have not been appreciated by the multitude. If sometimes in our day it seems as if these books were neglected, the blame may lie more with our methods of instruction in literature than in the perversity of the uninstructed. But certainly a fine critical judgment at first hand is not to be expected of the public at large. It will take what is provided for it without much hesitation. If "every one" is reading a book that is enough. Thus the excellence of the "best-selling books" might vary from the standard of Miss Marie Corelli to that of Mr. Thomas Hardy. It is doubtless a subject for congratulation, on the whole, that the circulation of the bound volume has reached a point where it rivals the circulation of the daily newspaper. For the same agencies that float the trash serve also to keep in the current the complete and rounded work of art.

Possibly a nicer choice might be exercised by the uncritical if the reviewers for their part were less given to "a derangement of epitaphs." He who seeks light from them will find Cimmerian darkness. It is idle to put the responsibility upon the publisher, whose separation of the sheep from the goats is provisional and commercial, who may justly be expected to maintain a decent æsthetic and ethical level, but who cannot be a competent judge in his own suit. Criticism has the office of selection; and at a time when it appears in every guise it should be especially effective; whereas the melancholy fact is that, with a few honorable exceptions, we hear little concerning each new defendant but one loud swelling chorus of praise. Not to speak tropically, criticism is becoming rapidly incompetent to guide us.

Much may fairly be said against the slating habits of the older critics. No doubt rank injustice has often been done by the sharp words of those who preferred being brilliant to being honest. Nor has the reviler, whether vocal on Saturday or another day, utterly vanished. But criticism as a whole would be benefited by a more general admixture of judicious severity. Every writer cannot be an incipient Thackeray; every new novel cannot be a work of genius. It would be unkind to some of our appraisers of literary values to preserve the tickets they affix to the literary goods of a year. A hundred volumes "of absorbing interest," a score "of transcendent power," a dozen which are "permanent additions to the great novels of the world," are a simple coming-in for a generation so clever as this. Seriously, all this profusion of admiring adjectives indicates a lamentable lack of the sense of proportion. It is not strange that readers are confused and take all geese for swans. The space given to notices of novels, too, would lead the unwary to fancy that these monopolize the domain of literary art. Nothing is more foolish, of course, than

the traditional outcry against the reading of novels as mere intellectual dissipation. Fiction, whether in prose or in poetry, has been the chosen mode of utterance of some of our finest minds. It doubtless will always occupy, and rightly, the first place. But we should demand a reasonable measure of truth to life and fidelity to art, and these are what we seldom find in the popular tale of the moment. Indeed, it would be base flattery to call the ordinary compounder of romance an artist at all. His decoction may be harmless; in most cases it probably is; but let us moderate our transports when we recommend it as a specific for blue devils — or for insomnia. On the whole, the old-time slating did less harm than the contemporary rapture. It never really killed genius; the story of Keats and the *Quarterly Reviewer* was long ago discredited. When Mr. Lang says that he proposes to treat modern incompetents as Macaulay treated Montgomery, he commands approval from those who still believe that the dignity of literature is not an empty phrase.

Yet the second current of taste, though less swift and strong than the first, and sometimes invisible to the superficial observer, may none the less develop unexpected force. There are readers who have other ideals than those of the popular journal, and critics who have other standards. The general level of culture may be lower than we would have it, but ten righteous men may be found even in the most debased cities of the plain. The figures which spell success for the modern novelist do not make up the whole account. We may arrive at a fairer estimate of public preferences by noting the large and constant sales of reprints of the classics. There has been of late a remarkable increase in the number of these reprints; nor has it been confined to our gods or even to our giants. It would not be in the least surprising to discover that Shakespeare and Thackeray are still

among our "best-selling" authors. If we take the novelists only, we shall have to confess that many writers too hastily pronounced unread, and consigned to oblivion down among the dead men, have shown surprising signs of continued vitality. The revived vogue of Jane Austen is no longer a novelty; perhaps Charlotte Brontë never lost her hold upon sentimental girlhood; Cranford has long been an accepted classic. But even the warmest admirers of Trollope had begun to feel that his gifts — hardly second in some respects to Thackeray's own — had not sufficed to save him with the present generation. Once again, however, his name creates a stir of interest; and his singularly vivid and vital characters, Mrs. Proudie, Archdeacon Grantly, Lily Dale, and the rest, are no longer caviare to all but the chosen few. The fact probably is that Trollope has always retained an audience; on more than one occasion I have found him an unexpected bond of sympathy with some one whom I should never have suspected of caring for him. When Mrs. Oliphant died, unkind gibes were flung at her. She had written herself out, we were told; no one read her in these days; her books would soon be forgotten. Carlingford was to be blotted from the map, and the ancient kingdom of Fife was to lose one of its most loving chroniclers. The prediction so far may seem to be verified; the purveyors of "literary gossip" care nothing for the creator of a whole world of living figures. Yet, as in Trollope's case, I have frequently come across those who care for her as I do, and it would surprise some of those who decry her merits to find how constant is the demand for her novels among cultivated readers. As with these writers, so with others: Reade, Bulwer, and not a few others down the list, even to G. P. R. James and Ainsworth, may yet have their day again despite the immense flood of contemporary fiction.

It is unnecessary to assume, of course,

that the only good authors are dead authors. Undue depreciation of the literature of the day may be quite as futile as undue approval, though it is apt to be less mischievous in its effects. But it would certainly be well for those who trumpet so loudly the praises of the favorite of the moment to remember that there were emperors before Cæsar.

Literary taste in the highest sense may always be the possession of the few; but even the many may have keener perceptions than they are sometimes credited with having. If the appetite for poor fiction is discouraging, let us not forget that other dishes in the menu are not wholly neglected. There has been a gratifying demand for history and biography of late years. To unaccustomed readers such volumes may have a portentous look; but familiarity will breed ease. It is here that the heads of public libraries can do good service. In more than one such institution the experiment has been tried of directing inquirers by means of carefully prepared lists to works that are within the capacity of any person of ordinary education. One who would be dismayed by the formidable array of the voluminous Dr. Gardiner or repelled by the serious and philosophic pages of Mr. Lecky, or even unequal to the sustained attention demanded by masters of a fluent style like Froude and Macaulay, might still find in the briefer books now so frequent both pleasure and profit. This is one of the chief advantages, perhaps, of the many excellent series of historical and biographical studies which are now being issued. The volumes contained in them are, as a rule, both entertaining and scholarly, and they tell the unprofessional reader practically all he wishes or needs to know. Of course it may be said that history and biography are only incidentally literature, and that their influence upon culture is indirect; even so they may save from utter intellectual anæmia minds to which

fiction of the higher order makes slight appeal. From the literature of knowledge, to use De Quincey's admirable classification, to the literature of power, it is only a step. The chance that it will be taken is not altogether remote. But there seems to be no good reason for believing that a taste for poor novels will easily develop into a taste for good. That argument is sometimes advanced. There is a theory, especially prevalent among the half-educated who are so large a class in these days, that any kind of reading is better than none at all. Parents rejoice that their children are "fond of books," as if the printed page were in itself a guarantee of merit. The fact is that this fondness may in the end do more harm than dislike would be able to accomplish. If a boy or girl grows up without having learned the elementary principles of discrimination, the probability of learning them later in life is exceedingly small. Nothing is more important than a wise supervision of the reading of the young. The lack of all interest in literature among the mass of adults may be traced in the last analysis to the lack of this supervision. I do not believe that any one was ever admitted to a genuine appreciation of the best books by the back door. The person whose taste is formed on trash will have a trashy taste to his dying day. The most that can be done is to divert him from his natural bent, to add to his mental equipment some few valuable ideas. It is worth while, of course, to do this; but how much more worth while it would have been to guide him aright at the start!

As a matter of fact, the ordinarily intelligent mind, if habits of desultory or unprofitable reading be not too firmly fixed, may quite as easily be turned to the good as to the bad. We are too apt to assume, as I have intimated, that the admirers of Miss Corelli could not in any case have cared for Mr. Hardy. But the very boy who devours eagerly

the juvenile literature (so called) of the day might have become absorbed in the pages of Shakespeare or Scott had any one put those authors into his hands. A great mistake is made in "adapting" too freely the reading of children. It is quite unnecessary that they should understand everything they read. If they get confused or even ridiculous ideas, that is of little consequence; larger knowledge will come by and by, and meanwhile the imagination has been stimulated by the light that never was on sea or land. What we are able to do for men and women in the way of increasing their love for the best in literature must be mainly remedial. But with boys and girls we have a freer and fuller opportunity. Education, then, is one of the real forces in literature, and perhaps the education that is obtained by those who have a good library to range through is the most potent of all. Even in our schools, usually the last to feel the impulse of new life, the principle of "supplementary reading" is recognized, and the best authors are more and more brought within the vision. This is a departure which must in time remedy in some degree the defects in home training and sharpen that appetite for wholesome literary food of which I have spoken. It is from the existence of such an appetite that a hopeful view of the future of literature may be most plausibly derived. In other words, the greatest authors will become also the most popular authors under any fair system of competition. The fact that they are even now read so widely, despite all the influences in favor of books of merely passing interest, is sufficient testimony to the truth of this conclusion.

Criticism is, or used to be, a real

force in literature, and the critics have a duty in this matter which they should not forget. Unfortunately the tendency to universal praise has become almost overwhelming; comparatively few writers have the ability or the disposition to withstand it. Yet now and again some one is found who in a humble and anonymous way is doing good service. Such an one may be a real force in literature. It has seemed at times, indeed, as if the day of his usefulness were over. The desire for a famous name has set eminent politicians and distinguished capitalists to discoursing in print on Shakespeare, taste, and the musical glasses. Unfortunately success in one line does not imply capacity in all; and I cannot help feeling that current criticism has been on the whole debased by those who were supposed to give it splendor. It is easy, however, to overestimate the strength of evil tendencies. The truth must never be forgotten that the mass of mankind is sound at heart; and this applies to literature as to other things. The influence of a critical journal of high repute cannot be calculated, and one who has conducted such a journal may die almost unknown to the general public and still deserve a place high among the really useful men of his time. There are still such journals and such men, and we must count them among the real forces in literature. Their work may sometimes seem wasted, but it is not lost. Of the two streams of tendency of which I have spoken it is only the second that flows on unbroken. Time, as one of the finest of our poets has said, is the only righteous judge, and its verdicts mock our own. No modern methods of "booming," no forgetfulness of critical duty, can keep the perishable from perishing.

Edward Fuller.

EARLY PERSIAN LITERATURE.¹

To write a literary history of Persia is to chronicle the thought and development of the land of Iran, from the time of the prophet Zoroaster and the laws of the Medes and Persians down to the latest minstrel in whose ear echoes the soft note of the nightingale's song or on whose lip still lingers the praise of the rose. In short, it is to sweep with rapid glance over a period whose age counts little less than three thousand years, and whose works number hundreds on hundreds, though the names of the authors are sometimes sunk in oblivion, or the author's name is known and his writings have long since perished. The theme cannot fail to be an attractive one, especially when we consider that of the early Asiatic peoples which came into closer touch with the history of ancient Greece and Rome, Persia alone has maintained a real degree of independence, and her present Shah may well boast of sitting on the throne of Cyrus the Great. Lessons are to be learned, moreover, from Persia old and new, and to present the history of that interesting land, from the literary standpoint, is a worthy task, and worthily has Professor Browne accomplished it.

The scope of the work is broad enough, and is indicated in the sub-title "from the Earliest Times until Firdawsî," — for so the author prefers to transliterate the poet's name rather than Firdausi (with *u*), which most scholars favor. But as in the title of Edmund Gosse's interesting volume *From Shakespeare to Pope* one is sometimes a bit disappointed in finding little if anything regarding the two catching names, so in the present volume there may be a moment of disappointment in discovering there is so little about Firdausi, although

there is an abundance about the earlier times that preceded him. But this momentary regret is at once dispelled when we learn that the author has in preparation a succeeding volume, which is to begin with Firdausi and to complete the history of Persian literature in the narrower sense of the term down to our own times. The present work Professor Browne regards practically as the *Prolegomena* of the one to follow; we must join him therefore in so considering it.

As to the aim, which is in keeping with the rest of the series, we can give hearty accord to the author when he states that his purpose is to write the intellectual history of the Persians. It is his wish and desire to trace the movements that have made Persia what it was and is, and the various ways in which the genius of its people manifested itself in religion, philosophy, and science, quite as much as its expression in the domain of literature in the more restricted application of that term. Well has he carried out his design, almost too well some might claim, who are unwilling to see the historical side at times outweigh the literary side. But such critics forget that this is not unnatural in the period covered, where we are dealing with *Prolegomena*.

In extent, arrangement, and disposition of material we may note that over a third of the volume, or practically two of the four books into which the work is divided, is devoted to the earliest history of Iran from ancient days down to the Arab invasion in the seventh century of our era. For this earlier period of Iranian literature Dr. Browne professes himself no specialist, but when he reaches the Arab invasion of Persia

¹ *A Literary History of Persia*, from the Earliest Times until Firdawsî. By EDWARD G. BROWNE, of the University of Cambridge,

England. (Library of Literary History Series.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

(seventh century A. D.) we can see at once he is on his own ground. The Muhammadan conquest meant a mighty change for Persia, religiously and politically. In church and state a new faith supplanted the old. Zoroaster gave place to Muhammad, the Avesta to the Quran, and the chanting voice of the Magian priest in the fire temple was drowned by the muezzin call of the Moslem to prayer from the top of the high-domed mosque. The author here goes out of his way to show, as far as he can, that the conversion of the Persians from Zoroastrianism to Islam was less a matter of compulsion and force than is generally supposed. This is unquestionably true in a measure, and it is well to have it brought out; the impartial judge must give due weight in the picture to the claims which this unintentional barrister makes in the pages devoted to the rise of the Crescent of Islam, even though he may feel it is a case of special pleading, or an over-emphasis of the defense in order to offset the extravagant claims made on the other side. In any event the question is ably argued, whatever the decision may be.

Most important in the author's entire treatment of the Arab conquest is the stress he lays upon the influence it exercised on Persian thought and the counter influence of Persian ideas on Arabic literary development. That the Norman conquest was a factor beneficent as it was great in the history of the English race, English letters, and English speech is generally conceded by every one, even though he may have some hesitancy in granting the last point of the three. Professor Browne might perhaps find some suggestive parallels to draw in the matter of his presentation of the Muhammadan conquest of Iran. Almost the entire second third of his book is divided between Arabs and Persians, so that at times the reader might fancy that he had a history of Arabic literature before him, so great is the

attention given to that branch. But one of the things that the author is seeking to demonstrate is how much of what we call Arabic literature really is the work of Persians using the tongue of their conquerors as a medium of expression. This is a matter which is often lost sight of, or not given sufficient consideration; and it becomes quite striking when we learn that nearly a third of the most celebrated contributors to the classical period of Arabic literature were really of Persian extraction. To scholars who may think that Dr. Browne has laid undue weight on the Muhammadan side because of his growing predilection for Arabic studies we may perhaps respond that the Venerable Bede is always included among early English writers, though he wrote almost entirely in Latin. Nor again in tracing the development of the English mind would any one think of disregarding the Latin writings of Bacon and Milton; no, nor during the twelfth, thirteenth, and early fourteenth centuries following the Norman conquest should we discard those British writers who employed French until Chaucer reopened the well of English undefiled.

In following the courses of the different streams of religious and philosophic thought which played a part in developing or changing the national character of Persia, special stress is laid by the author on the various heresies that arose from time to time. The great Manichæan schism which was anathematized alike by Zoroastrians, Christians, and Jews is duly recorded; and consideration is given to the less known heresy of Mazdak with all its communistic ideas. Among the great Persian heresiarchs, moreover, there is an opportunity for including "the Veiled Prophet of Khorasan," and the pages devoted to the rising which he headed will be read with interest by all who care for Lalla Rookh.

The fourth book into which the volume is divided treats of the period from

A. D. 850 to A. D. 1000, or from the decline of the caliphate to the accession of Firdausi's great patron, Sultan Mahmud of Ghazna, whose capital was situated in the territory which would now be called Afghanistan. In connection with this period our scholarly guide has chosen to anticipate a part of his second volume, and to devote a chapter to Sufi mysticism. The beginnings of this he thinks he can trace back as far as the Sasanian period or earlier, and he believes that the full development of this idealistic, pantheistic, and theosophic system of thought owes more to Greece and Neo-Platonism than it does to Indian Vedantism and Hindu philosophic pantheism.

For those who have some acquaintance with Hafiz and Omar Khayyam, or have dipped into the Shah Namah, it will be interesting to see how much more information we are gathering about the forerunners of the poet of the great epic. There were brave men before Agamemnon, and neither Chaucer nor Shakespeare was without predecessors, nor was Firdausi unheralded. Scholars of course well know of Rūdāgī and Daqīqī, and will be glad to have more general information made accessible regarding these two poets. Daqīqī, we may remember, was Firdausi's direct predecessor, the herald of the dawn. He had conceived the plan of rendering into epic verse the glories of his ancient race; but he was cruelly slain before he could fully carry out his plan. Some think that the assassin's dagger was used because of the poet's strong leaning toward the old Zoroastrian creed, — too strong to meet with Muhammadan approval. However that may be, a thousand of Daqīqī's verses have been rendered immortal because Firdausi has incorporated them into the Shah Namah. They are the very portion in which Firdausi himself would have had to deal with Zoroaster and the development of fire-worship — a delicate subject to treat in the midst of Moslem believers.

And some have thought there was as much wisdom on Firdausi's part as loyalty to his dead predecessor in adopting this chapter instead of committing himself on the situation.

Another point that is well brought out in various parts of the volume which touch upon the great Persian epic is the dependence of the Shah Namah on the earlier Pahlavi chronicles. Students in the field are thoroughly acquainted with this fact, but Dr. Browne has emphasized still more that Firdausi — so true a Persian at heart — drew directly from the old stock of Iranian traditions when he composed in melodious verse the spirited descriptions of the valorous deeds of his heroes that make up the Book of Kings. Parallels with the use of old British legends by Layamon in his Brut, or of Celtic themes by Geoffrey of Monmouth and Sir Thomas Malory, would not be far to seek.

In the name of Rūdāgī, as mentioned above, we have one of the pioneers of Persian poetry. He lived in the early part of the tenth century of our era, and is said to have written no less than a million and three hundred thousand verses! Most of these have perished, but Professor Paul Horn, of Strassburg, has recently been doing grateful service in restoring some scattered verses and *disjecta membra* of this early poet, by collecting chance quotations preserved in later Persian writers, so that some day we may have an edition of the fragments of this minstrel and know more about his character and life. From what is already known, however, Dr. Browne finds certain striking resemblances between him and a bard that is dimly visible in the old Sasanian days under the name of Barbad or Bahlabad. Regarding the latter he quotes a delightful tale of the king who swore he would slay the man that brought him tidings of the death of his favorite horse. The difficult mission was entrusted to the child of the Muses, and he contrived so skillfully to weave the story into

verse that the king divined the truth, and in anguish of heart himself cried out, "My favorite steed is dead!" This exclamation at once removed the necessity of carrying out the menace, for otherwise it must fall upon his own head.

In conclusion, if we make due allowances for the emphasis given to the Arabic side of literature, as is proper on the premises laid down above, we may rightly regard this work as the

most important that has appeared in English, or elsewhere, in the particular field that it covers and in the way in which it is done. We shall look forward with lively interest to the second volume, as that will treat more fully of Firdausi than does the present, and will deal with all the great lyric, romantic, mystic, and didactic poets that have given Persian literature a high place in the general literature of the world.

A. V. Williams Jackson.

COÖPERATIVE HISTORICAL WRITING: THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY.

THE eager historical activity of the half-century just past has been applied chiefly in two directions: first, in bringing to light and presenting in usable form the documentary material on which, in the last analysis, all history must rest, and then in telling with much detail the story of many small sections cut out of the vast record of human progress. The historical monograph in all dimensions, from the pamphlet to the stately volume, has been the ideal of the modern historian. He has set that ideal over against another earlier one to which he alludes with a fine contempt as the "literary," and has been proud to rank himself with that great company of investigators in natural science to whom also anything savoring of "literature" has been an unpardonable offense. It has been a splendid service on the one side and on the other. The spirit of accuracy, of honesty, and of thoroughness it has engendered has been a contribution of inestimable value to our modern world. Some, indeed, have even fancied that with this change of method the last word in historical as well as in physical science had been spoken, and that we were to go on indefinitely piling up the record of observation and experiment before a world

of men who have long since passed the limit of possible first-hand comprehension of what is offered them.

But now, as was to have been expected, a reaction is beginning. Our world is asking itself, where, after all, is its share in this genial activity, and it is demanding that somehow the meaning of it all shall be made plain to its unprofessional understanding. And here it is that we touch once again the function of literature. Every science must find its art, whereby the crude material in which it works, which it observes and classifies and tries to understand, shall be transmuted into a something finer and more subtle. It is this finer perception, this subtler gift of expression, that makes the artist, and that brings him into closer sympathy with the mass of listeners, seers, or readers, and, so far as the world has gone, nothing but this art will do that. The science of the musician is impotent until the art of the composer finds its way to the heart of the listener. The science of line and color, with all the added lore of harmony, rhythm, and what not, is lost until the incommunicable sense of form and shade that makes the painter compels the wonder and the interest of every one who has

eyes to see. So the science of the historian — for his is a true science — can never find its response in the world until it too discovers its own form of artistic expression. We may fairly say, too, that as artistic form varies with the time, no prediction, certainly no prescription, can be made as to precisely what form shall come to meet the evident demand. It is not likely that we are to be called upon again to admire the tiresome magnificence of Gibbon, or the fervid partisanship of Macaulay, or the dramatic pose of Michelet. The new science must bring its own art; the only thing that concerns us here is that there shall be an historical art. The only medium for its expression is literature.

These reflections have taken form in view of the latest attempt to solve the problem of historical presentation to English readers. The Cambridge Modern History¹ is a vast coöperative undertaking, said to have been planned by the late Lord Acton, and now carried on under the auspices of the University of Cambridge and the editorship of three members of the University staff. The work is planned for twelve large octavo volumes, each to be devoted to some phase of modern life. According to the editors' preface to the first volume, now before us, the present plan was chosen mainly because the time seemed to have come when the vast results of individual research in the field of modern history ought to be put into shape for the general reader, and yet this was a task too great for any one mind to undertake. No one, it was said, could be expected to know enough of the various and widely divergent currents of life in the modern world to furnish even the necessary material. Still less could any one, even if he were possessed of superhuman erudition, be equal to the task of combining it all into one comprehensive presentation.

¹ *The Cambridge Modern History*. Vol. i. *The Renaissance*. Edited by A. W. WARD,

The obvious alternative was coöperation.

Already we can point to great coöperative undertakings — the editors name the *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, the *Rolls Series*, and the *Dictionary of National Biography* — which have been successful, and have no doubt immensely advanced the cause of historical learning. The inference which the editors plainly wish us to draw is that the same method is equally well adapted to narrative history. But is this a sound inference? It would be a stretch of language to describe any one of these great encyclopædic undertakings as a work of literary art. Those ponderous volumes were never written to be read; they were made to serve as quarries for the historical student, and furnish therefore but the slightest analogy to the present venture. The artistic element, which in an encyclopædic work would be out of place, must, in a book intended to find readers, be the dominating principle. As in the encyclopædia inclusiveness is the natural aim, so in a presentation of results to the general reader it is only by the method of exclusion that any approach to satisfaction can be made. To select the thing that tells, to reject everything else, to set the telling thing against a background of detail, enough and not too much, to lead the reader on from the familiar to the less familiar, to keep up the sequence of ideas, to make the reader feel the spirit of the time he is studying, to excite his interest without appealing to the baser motives of partisanship, above all to touch him with sympathy for every phase of honest human effort, — this is the function of literary art as applied to history.

The real problem, then, raised by this new venture is whether such a work of art can be done by the combined labor of many hands. It would evidently be unfair to prejudice any G. W. PROTHERO, and STANLEY LEATHES. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1902.

work before its completion. The most we can fairly do is to form some anticipation of the whole from the specimen offered in this first volume on the period of the Renaissance. A short apologetic introduction to the whole work by the late Bishop Creighton defends the principles which have governed the editors in their labors. There follow nineteen chapters by eighteen authors. Each chapter treats of some aspect of the period as a whole, or of some incident characteristic of one or another phase in its development. For example, Dr. William Cunningham gives a chapter on Economic Change, Professor Jebb on the Classical Renaissance, Dr. Henry C. Lea, the only American contributor, on the Eve of the Reformation. Savonarola is treated by Mr. E. Armstrong, and Machiavelli, by Mr. L. A. Burd, these two chapters being intended to show the position of Florence in the movement of Italian politics. Dr. Richard Garnett writes upon Rome and the Temporal Power, Dr. Horatio Brown upon Venice, and Professor Bury on the Ottoman Conquest; Dr. A. W. Ward on the Netherlands, and James Gairdner on the Early Tudors. Surely no better names to conjure with could have been found in the whole range of English historical scholarship. If the coöperative method can ever succeed, it ought to be with such an array of specially equipped talent as this, guided by intelligent editorship toward a well-conceived aim.

Certain characteristics of this volume are at once noticeable. First, as was to have been expected, the treatment is very uneven. Some chapters, as for instance that on Economic Change, are well-considered essays, with a definite point, and leaving, therefore, a fairly distinct impression on the reader. Others appear to have been written under pressure, as a man learned in a large way throws together an article for an encyclopædia, trying to get in as much

as possible, and by the way to do full justice to his own hobbies. It is interesting to note that almost every attempt here to compress into a chapter the narrative of a considerable period or of a phase of culture has resulted in the rather dull, more or less mechanical presentation that has become characteristic of modern English historical writing. Then we find a good deal of repetition. It is true that repetition in the hands of a master is an effective and altogether justifiable method of enforcing an idea; but that is not the kind of repetition we meet here. It is the mere accidental repeated allusion to things that do not need reinforcement. Whether each contributor was permitted to see the manuscript of every other before finishing his own is not clear, but without such comparison, how could we look for a unity of result? For example, Erasmus of Rotterdam is naturally referred to in several chapters; twice an attempt is made to give a sketch of his career and an estimate of his value; this was perhaps inevitable, but nowhere can the reader find such a comprehensive treatment of Erasmus as would be expected in a volume on the Renaissance. This same evil of repetition appears also in the fairly extensive but uncritical bibliography, which is placed at the end of the book, but is arranged according to the several chapters. Here, too, one might easily miss an important work, or find it where it would least be looked for.

In short, to return once more to our main theme, it may fairly be said that our satisfaction in reading these somewhat disjointed chapters will be in proportion to the opportunity given in each for the use of literary art, so that we are left at the close still occupied with the problem whether a better effect could have been produced if the right man could have been found to study the special contributions already made by these several writers to the history

of the Renaissance, and then, fixing them on a background of personal knowledge and personal insight, to weave them into a consistent narrative that should carry the reader along by a rational process. Such a writer would have known how to give its due proportion to each event and to each phase of progress. We should have had the best of the specialists, who in these days of great things are after all mainly compilers of other men's results, and all this would have been interpreted to us by the convincing art of one man. Such a gift is indeed rare: Mr. John Fiske had it; Mr. Parkman had it; Mr. Froude had it and abused it. If it be said that this power of presenta-

tion is a thing of the past, that is only saying that literary art is no more to concern itself with history. It is only the confession that for a generation past we have deliberately discouraged this whole side of the historical field. We have been captured by "Geschichte," — that which has happened, and have slighted "historia," — the telling of what has happened. So, on the other side, literature has left history out of sight as a subject for its interest. Signs are not wanting that an approach between these two things, literature and history, is being effected from both sides, and that the day of great historical writing is once more to dawn. When it is demanded it will come.

Ephraim Emerton.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

MAY an old neighbor of Thomas B. Reed talk about him a moment, in the presence of the Club? Perhaps it is needless to do so, for every man is, in one sense, his own biographer, using deeds for words. Mr. Reed's deeds were of the difficult kind. The way to a college training was steep and beset with difficulties. He began the practice of law without the aids that bring business, among numerous and able competitors, and he gained eminence. He kept himself in Congress in spite of serious and sharp opposition. His widest fame was won by mastering the House of Representatives and forcing it to do its work. He belonged to the class of men of whom Montaigne wrote: "Who doth ever so greedily search after restful ease and quietness as Alexander and Cæsar have done after difficulties and unquietness?" His place was by the Hill Difficulty. He could say, did say in fact, —

"The Hill though high I covet to ascend,
The difficulty will not me offend."

But how did Mr. Reed get to the top of the hill, as he generally did? Arts of the demagogue and small politician he did not use. He did not make himself familiar with men, was not where the multitude was. There are many in the city of his birth and long residence who did not know him by sight. Public favor did not come to him through advocacy of personal or local schemes. He did not purchase devotion by patronage. His congressional career was not distinguished by great speeches, nor by the initiation and defense of great measures. None of his deeds was of the kind that ordinarily brings popularity. He did not win men, he mastered them. Like the primitive man, the modern man is a worshiper of power, and power Mr. Reed had, — not the power to flatter and please, nor the power to invent, but the power to do. He coveted to ascend the Hill Difficulty.

The first time I heard Mr. Reed was during a presidential campaign. He

was preceded by an eminent senator who failed to get a hold upon the audience. It was tumultuous, disorderly, frequently interrupting the speaker, putting various disturbing questions. Mr. Reed sat upon the edge of his chair, hands on his knees, evidently in leash, waiting his opportunity. The senator was forced to close before completing his address. Mr. Reed moved forward, put one foot on the footlight screen, confronted the noisy crowd, stood still for seconds, then uttered a few mild words, — went on quickly and wittily, meeting questions, moving steadily toward his main thoughts, compelling attention which continued till he was done. It was a victory of power. Something was due to his unique appearance, something to his inimitable but natural drawl, something to his wit, something to his ample and ready knowledge, but more to his ability and eagerness to do a difficult thing. He coveted to ascend "the Hill."

"Faith has an eye to power," is an old saying. It has an eye, possibly a sharper eye, to something else. Power is not all that faith, confidence, devotion require. Underneath or behind it must be a righteous purpose. This Mr. Reed had. Fidelity to convictions clarified and reinforced his will. He saw broadly as well as straight. He surveyed a large field through connection with national affairs, through much and varied reading, and his own thinking; and he chose a path. The choice was not however determined by knowledge alone. He had a discerning mind; he saw the permanent, not the transient; the right, not the expedient. His was the prophet's vision, and his devotion was the devotion of a righteous prophet. It was natural for men to follow him.

Mr. Reed was not a vain man. He did not make the mistakes vain men make, did not attempt what he could not do. He once said of a preacher, "He has less to take back than any preacher I know." The comment is a

self-revelation. He had few words or deeds to take back. There will always be different explanations of his withdrawal from public life: political disappointment, desire to provide for his own, — one or the other of these reasons will be given. Whatever the reason, unless he forgot himself and contradicted all previous conduct, his course had for himself justification.

He was a lover of good books. When at his home in Portland he was certain to be seen almost at any hour of the day seated at his library window, book in hand, — not the same book, nor books of the same kind. He read and delighted in poetry, — had the sensibilities it moved and gratified. He had what so many truly great men have had, — love for children. It was a sight to be remembered when, on the beach by his seaside home, the large man walked leading a child by the hand, enjoying the intercourse quite as much as intercourse with his equals in age and knowledge. He bound the members of his own household most closely and tenderly to himself.

What the world has conceded to Mr. Reed, power, fidelity to convictions, wit, sarcasm, is not a complete catalogue of his personal possessions. Having gifts, he was not destitute of graces which make men lovable, which attract children, secure the devotion of intimates, make life for others richer and sweeter. In these graces the best in men has revelation. They are of a shy nature; their habitat is not the public arena, but the fireside. They bear their fruit in secret places. When all the deeds of this man are told, it will be found that he did not expend his entire self in wit, in sarcasms, in ruling assemblies, in public acts, but put much of what was richest and finest in him into lowly, kindly deeds.

What place Mr. Reed will have among the great men of the Republic time will determine. That he has a secure place in the esteem of contempora-

ries is certain; and so long as men honor power controlled by a right purpose, so long will he be held in remembrance. Herein may be his greatest service. He may not have coveted posthumous fame, but this is certain: no young man can live imaginatively in his presence and not be better. Therefore he deserves well of his country.

At a certain point in *The Virginian* Mr. Owen Wister, after permitting himself some exercise of logic, apologizes to the reader for having asked him to use his mind. The apology implies the author's knowledge that the novel-reader does not expect to be put to this particular task. But in reality is it not the thing which the author who puts some mind of his own into his fiction silently requires and often gets, though the reader may be unaware of it?

Certainly in such a book as *The Virginian* the reader's mind is richly replenished with the knowledge of scenes and lives well worth knowing about. Certainly the same may be said of much of the best imaginative writing in the English tongue. What makes such writings more significant than books of information is, in varying measure, the very quality which makes *The Virginian* what it is. Above and apart from the exercise of mind required both in writing and in truly reading such a book, its potent appeal to the sympathies, the emotions, the spirit of fellowship with whatever is really human, its art in urging this appeal, — these are the things which separate the story of Mr. Wister's nameless hero from the mass of "popular fiction."

But to regard only the qualities of mind which enter into distinguished fiction — are they not the qualities which the biographer of distinction must also possess? Both the biographer and the novelist must apprehend with entire clearness the human beings, and the scenes with which they have to deal; and they

must be masters of the art which shall breathe life into these persons and places. It may be too much to say that the good biographer could often turn his hand to novel-writing with success. It is not a groundless belief that the novelist, with some of the patience and method of a scholar, may almost always become a notable writer of biography.

Mr. Wister is eminently a case in point. The same grasp and vision which have given his stories their unusual historic and human value made his short *Life of General Grant* a masterpiece in its kind. Thus having shown his power to draw a man of action, what wonder that he has now promised himself to depict a philosopher, Franklin, and a humorist, Dr. Holmes? A man of action, a philosopher, a humorist, — surely the Virginian himself has much in common with each of these essential characters. The completion of Mr. Wister's portrait gallery is worth waiting for. Yet there remains, when all is said, an important advantage in favor of the novelist turned biographer; he need not apologize for the frank use of his own mind or the frank demand upon the reader to employ the corresponding agency.

I HAVE been strongly impressed by the extraordinary coincidence, *Justice in France*, in one respect, between two recent French novels which have come into my hands within the last month: *L'Arriviste* (*The Man Who Gets There*), by one Félicien Champsaur, of whom I never happened to hear before, although this is not his first book; and *Les Deux Vies*, by the brothers Paul and Victor Margueritte, who have been somewhat favorably known, I believe, as collaborators, mainly in fiction, for a number of years. The books have little else in common, save perhaps a sort of all-pervading gloom unrelieved by a single ray of cheerfulness. Paul Barsac, the man who "gets there" (I can think of no other exact synonym for *arriuer* in the sense in which it is used as the parent of

arriviste—a pure neologism), is an advocate of uncommon ability and of lofty aspirations; but he is poor and without a "pull," and because of those disadvantages is unable to make any substantial progress in his profession. He finally "arrives" by resorting to the amiable expedient of robbing the mistress of his dearest friend of a million francs, and then murdering her to cover up the robbery. His friend, being accused of the double crime, is successfully defended by Barsac, who, by his masterly conduct of the defense, insures his own reputation and fortune.

Messieurs Margueritte, on the other hand, tell the story of a mother and daughter, the former of whom, being unhappily married, submits to every sort of indignity to which a wife may be subjected, partly from an exaggerated respect for the world's opinion, and partly because she believes such submission to be best for her daughter. The latter, in her turn, equally unhappy in her choice of a husband, refuses to submit to her fate, although she too has a little daughter; and she attempts to obtain a divorce, to which, even under the peculiar French law, she is clearly entitled. After two or three years of harassing litigation, her suit is finally denied.

The first story is little more than a bitter diatribe against what is alleged to be the universal, unrelieved corruption of Parisian society.

Les Deux Vies is an arraignment of the tyranny of the laws governing marriage and divorce in France. A mistreated wife seems to be in no better case in that country now than when George Sand wrote *Indiana* and *Valentine*, nearly three quarters of a century ago.

The striking coincidence between the two books consists in the openly contemptuous method in which the administration of justice in France is treated in both alike, although from a somewhat different standpoint. I am not now speaking of the legal procedure which

obtains in that enlightened republic, and which presents such a strange anomaly to us who are accustomed to the procedure in English and American courts of justice. That is taken for granted by both authors. But M. Champsaur, without circumlocution or innuendo, boldly asserts that all prosecuting officers and judges (with no more exceptions than are necessary to prove the rule), owing their elevation sometimes to actual crime, and very frequently to influence due to powerful connections or to the basest truckling and fawning, are guided in their official conduct by unworthy motives, seldom, if ever, by the evidence, or by the abstract principles of justice.

In *Les Deux Vies* the magistrates who compose the tribunal before which the unhappy wife's divorce suit drags its weary length along are represented as being susceptible to the influence brought to bear upon them by the husband's connections in society and in political circles. M. Tracassier, the president of the tribunal, was "incorruptible, but, like every man, open to influence." The husband had an uncle in the Court of Cassation, a cousin in the Senate, etc., and M. Tracassier's mind was insensibly poisoned by them before the case came before him in his magisterial capacity.

And so, although the husband's infidelity was proved so conclusively that it could not be denied, a majority of the court, being determined to *débouter* the plaintiff, seized upon the pretext afforded by a pretended "reconciliation," which was based upon a most palpable trick on the part of the husband; the law providing that even a momentary reconciliation works automatically, as it were, to defeat an application for divorce.

In the Court of Appeal to which the wife carried her cause, the prospect seemed a little brighter, mainly because the president of that court made it a rule to reverse M. Tracassier's judgments "whenever it was possible for him to

do so!" But he died before the cause came before him, — although not before he had been "seen" in the interest of the appellant, — and the same influences which had defeated her in the court below prevailed with a majority of the remaining judges, one of whom, who had a wife and five children, yet "protected" an actress, had such a horror of divorce that he was invariably against granting one!

Imagine such a sweeping arraignment of the courts of any state in this country, to say nothing of the Federal courts, by a reputable writer! For the brothers Margueritte may certainly be so described, whether M. Champsaur is or is not anything more than a mere *boulevardier* (as to which I know nothing). What does it mean? Is it a true bill? or does public opinion in France differ so radically from our variety of that article as would seem to be the case if these charges are unfounded?

TO THE EDITOR:

DEAR SIR, — I take the liberty of addressing you, to call your attention to a work which I believe will interest you. I beg to assure you that I have determined to consecrate the efforts of my life to the task.

I am a believer in evolution, and I have endeavored to apply its principles to the facts that I have observed, to trace the progress of specialization and organization in every department of life, the realm of literature not excepted. I believe that more and more the making of books is to become a *business* and a *system*; I believe that we are destined to find less and less of the individual initiative, less and less waste of energy, and more and more productiveness. I believe that there are laws of literary excellence and interest that can be studied and understood and followed just as much as any other laws. I am convinced that literary composition is, before another half-century is past, des-

tined to be entirely reduced to system, regulated by laws as well known as those that move the planets to their infinite variety of positions. To bring about this consummation there is but one thing needed, which is knowledge.

I hereby announce, to all whom it may interest, the beginning of The Authors' Encyclopædia; a Practical Compilation for the Use of All Literary Craftsmen; being a Digest of all Extant Material and Knowledge of the Science of Fiction; in thirty volumes, folio. I shall content myself with touching upon a few of the more important features of the work.

The first ten volumes of the Encyclopædia will be given up to the subject of plots; here the reader will be able to find information about all that any human mind has ever devised in the way of plots. There will be, first, a general disquisition upon the *principles* of plots, and second, a summary of all possible plots in their various classes and subclasses, genera, species, and variations. Thus, for instance, the reader desires to vary his tale by the incident of a fire; he turns to the first section of the Authors' Encyclopædia, and looks up the word fire. He may then read of all the possible varieties of fires that have occurred in fiction; fires on shipboard, forest fires, Sienkiewicz-Nero fires, De Foe-London fires, and so on. He will read of all the possible deeds of valor by which a bold hero may rescue his lady-love from a fire; of all the possible contrivances by which a villain may be burned in a fire of his own kindling. He will find all the various effects of fire; all the complications that make fire more dreadful, as the presence of powder, or naphtha, or babies, or wild Indians in the vicinity. There will be a special section treating of vocabulary, in which he may learn all the most effective phrases; the billowing surges of flame, and the dense rolling volumes of murky smoke. Also there will be a full bibliography, referring the reader by

The Authors' Encyclopædia.

volume and page to all existing descriptions of conflagrations since the days of the youth that fired the Ephesian dome. And with the same thoroughness will be tabulated the information about plots of every other species. There will be adventures on Greek galleys, in Egyptian Pyramids and Christian catacombs, in African jungles, and on Aztec teocalis; the submarine torpedo-boat and wireless telegraphy will be fully discussed, and the subject of dungeons and prisons will receive a special volume.

In the plot section there will appear likewise all statistics of plots; here will be settled forever the vexed question of which the public prefers, happy endings or sad endings; here too will be discussed all possible and actual *openings* of stories; here will be statistics as to success of landscape openings and the "Hist, what's that?" style of opening; here too the unhappy playwright may escape the servant-girl and dust-brush opening, and may learn how to put the audience in possession of the fact that the hero is twenty-one, handsome and disinherited, without having the butler tell it all to the housekeeper. Here also the practical artists will be able to ascertain just what proportion of humor and pathos is preferred; it will be possible to put into a work exactly the right proportions of exactly the choicest ingredients, just as if one were making a Christmas pudding. Each artist will be able to have his own private receipt, thus: Two quarts of finely sifted adventure, and two cups of tears; sweeten with three cups of love-making, and flavor to taste with the spice of impropriety; bake in an oven of red-hot excitement, and crown with the savory white-icing of a happy marriage. Does not the reader's mouth water at the thought of such a treat?

But to continue: the second ten volumes of the Authors' Encyclopædia will contain information on the subject of characters. The subject will be divided

into two sections, characters "externally" portrayed, and those whose interest is psychical. In the former will be presented, carefully classified, a complete list of all possible characters after the fashion of Dickens and Laura Jean Libbey; here will be every trick and peculiarity of face, language, and thought; here will be Uriah and his humility and Cap'n Cuttle with his hook; here will be the old gentleman who whistles, and the fat boy who goes to sleep. Here too will be a volume discussing the names of the heroes and heroines of fiction, humorous, or intense and suggestive of passion as the case may require; here will be a table of the most successful names, so that the author who is about to portray a tragic infidelity may ascertain in a moment the chances of Vivian and Beatrice as against John and Mary Ann. Here too will be full information as to "labeled" characters, — Sergeant Short and Corporal Crimp, Sir Anthony Absolute, Lydia Languish and Mrs. Malaprop, together with an extensive alliterative index. Under the subject of characters portrayed "internally" there will appear full information about proud and haughty characters, mean and cringing characters, winsome and winning, snobbish and cold, dashing and slashing characters, with all kinds of complications of each. That this is an extensive subject the reader will of course perceive immediately.

But the most wonderful of all parts of this monumental work will be the ten remaining volumes; the subject is Local Color!

What a subject that is, and what its adequate treatment would mean, none but a practical author can know. Here will be every nation, every age, every circumstance. Here the author will find a description of the corner grocery in New York; of the lumber camp in Maine; of the ranch-house in Texas; of the negro cabin in Virginia; here will be every circumstance, — every article

about the buildings, every stitch of clothing worn by the inmates. Here likewise will be the Chinese pagoda, the Lapland snow-house, the Indian wigwam, the Paris salon; here the Roman forum, the Saxon drinking hall, the Dutch windmill. A special volume will be devoted to castles of all ages; here the author may learn the names and uses of castellated moat, mullioned arch, and creaking drawbridge; here will be the aged seneschal, his costume and duties fully portrayed; here, in short, the castle, from its waving pennons to its subaqueous depths and its moaning captives. Another volume will be devoted to dueling; all weapons, and all rules, and all possible events will be portrayed; the author will learn how to stand on guard, when to try a *flaconade* and when a *pasquinade*; he will know just what a tierce is, too.

Of these volumes several will be devoted to language. Here will be the most elaborate dictionary of foreign phrases ever attempted; the hero will be able to say anything at a moment's notice in any language known. Two volumes will be devoted to dialect; and so in conjunction with the other local-color volumes and the local-color bibliography any one will be able to tell a Gentleman of France story, an Irish pastoral, and a negro comedy in one afternoon. One can write as much *Eternal Nonsen-City* as desired without even visiting Italy at all. It must be added that half a volume on the dialect part will be especially given to ejaculations; there will be an "attatai" class, a "per Baccho" and "di immortales" class; a "parbleu" and "mon Dieu" class; a "carramba" and a "diavolo" class; a "zounds," "egad," and "oddzooks" class; a "b'gosh" and "Jehoshaphat" class; a "fo' de Lord" class, and a "hully gee" class. There will be likewise all the picturesque oaths of all picturesque swearers from Falstaff and Pan Zagloba down to Bob Acres and Asa Bird Gardiner.

To leave the endless subject of language, there will be three or four hundred pages devoted to the subject of music, a feature which authors will find an especial boon. Here will be described all kinds of musical compositions for the uses of heroes and heroines; so that the author may luxuriate in dreamy and mournful melody, may lightly finger a technical exercise, or may carol a bright and cheerful lay with impunity; there will be a list of bright and cheerful lays to carol, with appropriate remarks as to each one. Also the instrument for each composition will be carefully specified and described, so that Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith would not again need to torture one of the heroes to execute a Beethoven symphony on a 'cello, nor Professor Matthews to trouble his heroine to play the Moonlight Concerto on the piano; neither perhaps would Tennyson have his dancers "dance in tune to the flute, violin, bassoon," and neither would Charles Lamb discuss the disagreeableness of the singing of "thorough-bass."

I CONTINUE to note with great gratification in my reading of the *Atlantic Monthly* that there is a place left over in it, at the very end of the magazine, for Pleasant-Suppressed People. I turn to these people first, generally. They seem to me very companionable. Almost any one would be willing to be suppressed a little, I should think, to be one of them.

I am far from flattering myself that I would fit, exactly, in this gentle company, but I am in the way of having a good many anonymous sorts of things on my mind from time to time. I could do the anonymous part of it. And more than once I have caught myself wondering if The Club would not let me, also — be anonymous awhile. Then that is the end of it. Or rather it looks as if it were the end of it. But every now and then something starts me up. Before I know it, I get to feeling pleasantly suppressed about something, and

sit down and write it out for The Club, promptly, — as one ought, — and put it in a drawer. I (and The Other One) enjoy the drawer, some, — probably more than we ought. The Other One every little while tries edging me along with one of these bits toward the great public precipice. Not infrequently one of them really gets a chance — an almost chance, not to be wanted for The Club. I lift it over as far as the envelope, but before I quite know what has happened it is back in the drawer again, softly appreciating itself, like all my other things. The Other One looks at me half-superior, half-rebuking. When she has things, "little things like this," she says she "sends them right in" (almost before she has them). Many and many a time, kind people who have read as far as this have heard her saying out in the open — things from under my bushel. Things I thought of and threw away, or as good as threw away, she has had checks for in these columns, and glory, the pleasant furtive glory that seems to come with this corner, from the right people, — people who have a right to you and who guess who you are, and who are not always guessing who you are not, and would not be for the world.

The way some people go blundering about The Contributors' Club with their minds — people who seem to think they have a private latch-key to nearly everybody's soul — is one of the things we have had to learn in our family. We are gradually getting used to it. The

latest principle we have arrived at is, that one is really exposed more, exposed to more people for not signing things than one is for signing them. One cannot help feeling when the latest copy of the Atlantic has come in, and people are talking about it, as if one's soul might be let out to almost anybody. It makes The Other One almost wish she had never had a soul, sometimes, anonymous or not. Often it is the other way. I will find her going about the house for days with some celebrated soul that does n't belong to her. She will be almost bewilderingly agreeable. But it's a little monotonous. I like her better with just her own, even though it's a bit wearing at times, and I must say (and I have told her) that with some souls she gets (and likes) and goes about the house with, she makes a perfect spiritual guy of herself.

But of course this is strictly apropos of "Clubs." She has been about to become the author of a book lately, and has retired from this little trysting place for the time being, and she has been living strictly in her own soul so long that both the pleasures and pains of anonymousness in our family just now take hold as mere memories. But the facts remain (and are not herewith suppressed). Next the book. Next time you see or suspect The Other One, in her old place, Gentle Reader, in this duly loved and doted-on corner of the literary earth, I hope that you will have read It, and that you will not have guessed who she is.

